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GALLIATT MAKES A DISCOVERY

GALLERY OF MAPS & DISCOVERY

The Toilers of the Sea

VICTOR HUGO

THE CONTINENTAL PRESS

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PREFACE.

RELIGION, Society, and Nature,— these are the three struggles of man. These three struggles are his three needs. He has need of a faith, hence the temple; he must create, hence the city; he must live, hence the plough and the ship. But these three solutions comprise three conflicts. The mysterious difficulty of life results from all three. Man strives with obstacles under the form of superstition, under the form of prejudice, and under the form of the elements. A triple *ἀνάγκη* (fate) weighs upon us, — the *ἀνάγκη* of dogmas, the *ἀνάγκη* of laws, the *ἀνάγκη* of things. In "Notre-Dame de Paris" the author denounced the first; in "Les Misérables" he exemplified the second; in this book he indicates the third. With these three fatalities which environ man mingles that inward fatality, the supreme *ἀνάγκη*, the human heart.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, *March*, 1866.

I dedicate this book to the rock of hospitality and liberty, to that portion of old Norman ground inhabited by the noble little nation of the sea: to the island of Guernsey, austere yet kind, my present refuge, my probable tomb.

V. H.

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PART I.

SIEUR CLUBIN.

BOOK I.

THE HISTORY OF A BAD REPUTATION.

CHAPTER I.

A WORD WRITTEN ON THE SNOW.

THE Christmas of 182– was a memorable day in Guernsey. There was a heavy fall of snow on that day; and in the Channel Islands a winter when ice forms is unusual, and a snow-storm an event.

On Christmas morning the road that extends along the beach from St. Peter's Port to the Vale was shrouded in white, for snow had been falling from midnight until daybreak. About nine o'clock, soon after the rising of the winter's sun, this road was well-nigh deserted, it being too early for the Church of England people to go to St. Sampson's, or for the Wesleyans to repair to Eldad Chapel. In that portion of the highway leading from the first to the second tower only three

persons were visible. These were a child, a man, and a woman. Walking at a distance from each other, these pedestrians had no apparent acquaintance with each other. The child, a boy about eight years old, had stopped, and was looking curiously at the wintry scene. The man walked behind the woman, at a distance of about a hundred paces. Like her, he was coming from the direction of St. Sampson. The appearance of the man, who was still young, was like that of a workman or a sailor. He wore his working-day clothes, — a kind of Guernsey shirt of coarse brown stuff, and trousers partly concealed by tarpaulin leggings, — a costume which seemed to indicate that, notwithstanding the holy day, he was going to no place of worship. His heavy shoes of rough leather, with their soles covered with large nails, left upon the snow, as he walked, a print more like that of a prison lock than the foot of a man. The woman, on the contrary, was evidently dressed for church. She wore a large wadded mantle of black silk, over a coquettishly made dress of Irish poplin, trimmed with red and white bands ; and but for her red stockings she might have been taken for a Parisian. She walked with such a light, free step, so little suggestive of the burden of life that it was easy to see that she was young. Her movements possessed that subtle grace which indicates that most delicate of all transitions, that soft intermingling, as it were, of two twilights, — the transition from girlhood into womanhood. The man seemed to take no notice of her.

Suddenly, near a group of oaks in the corner of a field, at a spot called the Basses Maisons, she turned, and the movement seemed to attract the attention of the man. She stopped, seemed to reflect a moment, then stooped, and the man fancied she was tracing some letters in the snow with her finger. Then she rose again, went on her

way at a quicker pace, turned once more, this time smiling, and disappeared to the left of the roadway, in the footpath which leads to the Ivy Castle. When she turned for the second time, the man recognized Déruchette, a charming girl of that neighbourhood.

The man felt no inclination to quicken his pace; but some minutes later he found himself near the group of oaks at the cornor of the enclosure. Already he had ceased to think of the vanished Déruchette; and if, at that moment, a porpoise had appeared above the water, or a robin had caught his eye in the hedges, it is probable that he would have passed on with his gaze fixed on the redbreast or the porpoise. But it happened that his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and his gaze fell mechanically upon the spot where the girl had stopped. Two little footprints were plainly visible there; and beside them he read this word, evidently written by her in the snow, —

"GILLIAT."

It was his own name.

He lingered for awhile motionless, looking at the letters, the little footprints, and the snow; then walked on, in a thoughtful mood.

CHAPTER II.

THE BÛ DE LA RUE.

GILLIATT lived in the parish of St. Sampson. He was not liked by his neighbours; and there were good reasons for the fact.

To begin with, he lived in a queer kind of "haunted" dwelling. In the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, in the country, or even in the town, as you pass some deserted spot or walk through some street with many inhabitants, you will come upon a house the entrance to which is completely barricaded. Holly bushes obstruct the doorway, rough boards conceal the windows below; while the casements of the upper stories are neither closed nor open: for all the window-frames are barred, but the glass is broken. If there is a little yard, grass grows between its stones; and its wall is crumbling away. If there is a garden, it is choked with nettles, brambles, and hemlock, and strange insects abound in it. The chimneys are cracked, the roof is falling in; as much of the rooms as can be seen from without presents a dismantled appearance. The woodwork is rotten; the stone mildewed. The wall-paper has peeled off and hangs loose, until it presents a history of the bygone fashions of paper-hangings, — the scrawling patterns of the Empire, the crescent-shaped draperies of the Directory, the balustrades and pillars of the days of Louis XVI. The thick draperies of cobwebs, filled with flies, indicate the quiet reign long enjoyed by innumerable spiders. Sometimes a

broken jug may be noticed on a shelf. Such houses are considered haunted. The devil visits them by night.

Houses are like the human beings who inhabit them. They become to their former selves what the corpse is to the living body. Superstition kills them. Then their aspect is terrible. These dead houses are common in the Channel Islands.

Rural and maritime populations are very much troubled with regard to the Evil One. In the Channel Isles, and on the neighbouring coast of France, the ideas of the people on this subject are very precise. In their opinion, the devil has representatives in all parts of the earth. It is certain that Belphegor is the ambassador from the infernal regions in France, Hutgin in Italy, Belial in Turkey, Thamuz in Spain, Martinet in Switzerland, and Mammon in England. Satan is an emperor just like any other: a sort of Satan Cæsar. His establishment is well organized. Dagon is grand almoner, Succor Benoth, chief of the Eunuchs; Asmodeus, banker at the gaming-table; Kobal, manager of the theatre, and Verdelet grand-master of the ceremonies. Nybbas is the court-fool. Wierus, a savant, a good strygologue, and a man of much learning in demonology, calls Nybbas the great parodist.

The Norman fishermen, who frequent the Channel, have many precautions to take at sea, by reason of the illusions with which Satan environs them. It has long been an article of popular faith that Saint Maclou inhabited the great square rock called Ortach, in the sea between Aurigny and the Caskets; and many old sailors used to declare that they had often seen him sitting there, reading in a book. Accordingly the sailors, as they passed, were in the habit of kneeling many times before the Ortach rock, until the day when the fable was destroyed, and the truth took its place. For it has been discovered, and is now well established, that the lonely

inhabitant of the rock is not a saint, but a devil. This evil spirit, whose name is Jcchmus, had the impudence to pass himself off for many centuries as Saint Maclou. Even the Church herself is not proof against delusions of this kind. The demons Raguhel, Oribel, and Tobiel were regarded as saints until the year 745, when Pope Zachary, having at length detected them, turned them out. To accomplish feats like this, which are doubtless very useful, you must be a regular connoisseur in devils.

The old inhabitants of these parts relate — though all this refers to bygone times — that the Catholic population of the Norman Archipelago was once, though quite involuntarily, in even more intimate relations with the powers of darkness than the Huguenots themselves. How this happened, however, we do not pretend to say; but it is certain that this minority suffered considerable annoyance from this cause. It appears that Satan had taken a fancy to the Catholics, and sought their company a good deal, — a circumstance which might give rise to the belief that the devil is more Catholic than Protestant. One of his most insufferable familiarities consisted in paying nocturnal visits to married Catholics in bed, just at the time when the husband had fallen asleep, and the wife had begun to doze, — a fruitful source of domestic trouble. Patouillet was of the opinion that such was Voltaire's paternity. The truth of all this is perfectly well known, and is even mentioned in the forms of excommunication in the rubric *de erroribus nocturnis et de semine diabolorum.* The practice was particularly common at St. Helier's towards the end of the last century, probably as a punishment for the Revolution; for the evil consequences of revolutionary excesses are incalculable. However this may have been, it is certain that this possibility of a visit from the demon at night, when it is impossible to see distinctly, or even in slumber,

caused much embarrassment among orthodox dames. The idea of giving to the world a Voltaire was by no means a pleasant one. One of these anxious ladies, consulted her confessor on this extremely delicate subject, and the best means for a timely discovery of the cheat. The confessor replied, "In order to be sure that it is your husband who is by your side, and not a demon, place your hand on his head. If you find horns, you may be sure . . ." "Of what?" said the lady.

Gilliatt's house had been haunted, but was no longer in that condition. It was only regarded with even more suspicion on that account, however. No one versed in demonology can be ignorant of the fact that when a sorcerer has installed himself in a haunted dwelling, the devil considers the house sufficiently occupied, and is polite enough to abstain from further visits there, — unless called in, like the doctor.

This house was known by the name of the Bû de la Rue. It was situated at the end of a small rocky promontory which formed a small harbourage in the creek of Houmet Paradis. The water at this point is quite deep. The house stood quite alone upon the point, almost separated from the island, and with just enough ground around it for a small garden, which was sometimes inundated by the high tides. Between the port of St. Sampson and the creek of Houmet Paradis rises a steep hill, surmounted by the block of towers covered with ivy, and known as Vale Castle, or the Château de l'Archange; so that, at St. Sampson, the Bû de la Rue was shut out from sight.

Sorcerers are common in Guernsey. They exercise their profession in certain parishes in profound indifference to the nineteenth century. Some of their practices are positively criminal. They set gold to boiling, they gather herbs at midnight, they cast sinister looks upon

the people's cattle. When the people consult them they send for bottles containing "water of the sick," and they are heard to mutter mysteriously, "the water has a sad look." In March, 1857, one of them discovered, in water of this kind, seven demons. They are fearful and feared. Another, quite recently, bewitched a baker "as well as his oven." Another had the diabolical wickedness to wafer and seal up envelopes "containing nothing." Another went so far as to have on a shelf three bottles labelled "B." These monstrous facts are well authenticated. Some of these sorcerers are obliging, and for two or three guineas will take on themselves the complaint from which you are suffering. Then they roll upon their beds, and groan with pain; and while they are in these agonies the believer exclaims, "There! I am well again." Others cure all kinds of diseases by merely tying a handkerchief round their patients' loins, — a remedy so simple that it is astonishing that no one had thought of it before. In the last century the Cour Royale of Guernsey bound such folks upon a heap of fagots and burnt them alive. In these days it condemns them to eight weeks' imprisonment; four weeks on bread and water, and the remainder of the term in solitary confinement. *Amant alterna catenæ.*

The last instance of burning sorcerers in Guernsey took place in 1747. The city authorities devoted one of its squares, the Carrefour du Bordage, to that ceremony. Between 1565 and 1700, eleven sorcerers suffered death at this spot. As a rule the criminals made confession of their guilt. They were helped to confess by the application of torture. The Carrefour du Bordage has indeed rendered many other services to society and religion. It was here that heretics were burned at the stake. Under Queen Mary, among other Huguenots burnt here, were a mother and two daughters. The name of this mother

was Perrotine Massy. One of the daughters was pregnant, and was delivered of a child in the midst of the flames. The new-born infant rolled out of the fiery furnace. A man named House took it in his arms; but Helier Gosselin, the bailiff, like a good Catholic, commanded the child to be again cast into the fire.

CHAPTER III.

FOR YOUR WIFE: WHEN YOU MARRY.

WE must return to Gilliatt.

The country people told how, towards the close of the great Revolution, a woman, bringing a little child with her, came to live in Guernsey. She was an Englishwoman; that is, unless she was a Frenchwoman. She had a name which the Guernsey pronunciation and the country folks' bad spelling had finally converted into "Gilliatt." She lived alone with the child, which, according to some, was a nephew; according to others, a son; according to others, again, a strange child whom she was protecting. She had some means, — enough to struggle on in a poor way, — and she purchased a small plot of ground at La Sergentée, and another at La Roque Crespel, near Rocquaine. The house of the Bû de la Rue was haunted at this period. For more than thirty years no one had inhabited it. It was falling into ruins. The garden, so often invaded by the sea, would produce nothing. Besides noises and lights seen there at night-time, the house had this alarming peculiarity: any one who should leave there in the evening, upon the mantel-piece, a ball of worsted, a few needles, and a plate filled with soup, would assuredly find, in the morning, the soup consumed, the plate empty, and a pair of mittens ready knitted. The house, demon included, was offered for sale for a few pounds sterling.

The strange woman became the purchaser, evidently tempted by the devil, or by the low price.

She did more than purchase the house, — she took up her abode there with the child; and from that moment peace reigned within its walls. "The Bû de la Rue has found a fit tenant," said the country people. The haunting ceased. There was no longer any light seen there save that of the tallow candle of the new-comer. "A witch's candle is the same as the devil's torch." This proverb satisfied the public.

The woman cultivated several perches of land which belonged to her. She had a good cow, of the sort which produces yellow butter. She gathered her white beans, cauliflowers, and "Golden drop" potatoes. She sold, like other people, "her parsnips by the tonneau, her onions by the hundred, and her beans by the denerel." She did not go to market herself, but disposed of her crops through the agency of Guilbert Falliot, at the sign of the Abreveurs of St. Sampson. The account-book of Falliot bears evidence that he sold for her, on one occasion, as much as twelve bushels of rare early "three months'" potatoes.

The house had been only partially repaired; but sufficiently to make it habitable. It was only in very bad weather that the rain came in. The interior consisted of a ground-floor suite of rooms, and a garret overhead. The ground-floor was divided into three rooms, — two for sleeping, and one for meals. A ladder connected it with the loft above. The woman attended to the kitchen and taught the child to read. She did not go to church or chapel, which, all things considered, led to the conclusion that she must be French. To attend no place of worship is a serious offence.

In short, the new-comers were a puzzle to the neighbourhood.

That the woman was French seemed probable. Volcanoes cast forth stones, and revolutions men, so fami-

lies are removed to distant places; human beings are compelled to pass their lives far from their native homes; groups of relatives and friends disperse and decay; strange people fall, as it were, from the clouds, — some in Germany, some in England, some in America. The people of the country view them with surprise and curiosity. Whence come these strangers? Yonder Vesuvius smoking with revolutionary fires casts them out. These aërolites, these famished and ruined people, these foot-balls of destiny, are known as refugees, *émigrés*, adventurers. If they sojourn among strangers, they are tolerated; if they depart, there is a feeling of relief. Sometimes these wanderers are harmless, inoffensive people, strangers, — at least, as regards the women, — to the events which have led to their exile, objects of persecution, helpless projectiles astonished at their fate. They take root again where they can. They have done no harm to any one, and scarcely comprehend what has befallen them. So I have seen a poor tuft of grass thrown into the air by the explosion of a mine. No great explosion was ever followed by more of such waifs than the first French Revolution.

The strange woman whom the Guernsey folks called "Gilliatt" was, possibly, such a tuft of grass.

The woman grew older; the child became a youth. They lived alone, shunned by all; but they were sufficient to each other. "Wolf and wolf-cub lick each other." This was another of the kindly proverbs which the neighbourhood applied to them. Meanwhile, the child grew to youth, the youth grew to manhood; and then, as the old and withered bark falls from the tree, the mother died. She left to her son the little field of Sergentée, the small property called La Roque Crespel, and the house known as the Bû de la Rue; with the addition, as the official inventory said, of "one hundred guineas in

gold in the *pid d'une cauche*, — that is to say, in the foot of an old stocking." The house was already sufficiently furnished with two oaken chests, two beds, six chairs and a table, besides necessary household utensils. On a hanging shelf were some books, and in the corner a trunk, by no means of a mysterious character, which had to be opened for the inventory. This trunk was of drab leather, ornamented with brass nails and little stars of white metal, and it contained a bride's outfit, new and complete, of beautiful Dunkirk linen, — chemises and petticoats, and some silk dresses, — with a paper on which was written, in the handwriting of the deceased, —

"*For your wife: when you marry.*"

This death was a terrible blow to the young man. He had always been unsociable; he now became sullen. The solitude around him was complete. Hitherto it had been mere isolation; now it was a blank. So long as we have one companion, life is endurable; left entirely alone, it seems as if it is impossible to drag on, and we refuse to try, which is the first sign of despair. As time rolls on, however, we discover that duty is a series of compromises; we contemplate life, we contemplate death, and submit; but it is a submission which makes the heart bleed.

Gilliatt was young, and his wound healed. At that age the tissues of the heart reunite. His sadness, disappearing by slow degrees, seemed to mingle itself with Nature, and to become a sort of charm, attracting him to inanimate things and away from man, and amalgamating his soul more and more to solitude.

CHAPTER IV.

UNPOPULARITY.

GILLIATT, as we have said, was not popular in the parish. Nothing could be more natural than this antipathy. The reasons for it were abundant. To begin with, as we have already explained, there was the house he lived in; then there was his origin. Who could that woman have been? and why this child? Country people do not like mysteries about strangers. Then his clothes were the clothes of a working-man, while he had, although certainly not rich, sufficient to live upon without labour; then there was his garden, which he succeeded in cultivating, and from which he produced fine potatoes, in spite of the equinox; and then there were the big books which he kept on a shelf, and used to read.

There were yet other reasons: Why did he lead that solitary life? The Bû de la Rue was a kind of lazaretto, in which Gilliatt was kept in strict quarantine. Hence it was quite natural that people should be astonished at his isolation, and should hold him responsible for the solitude in which he lived.

He never went to chapel. He often wandered about at night. He held converse with sorcerers. He had been seen, on one occasion, sitting on the grass with an astonished air. He haunted the druidical stones of the Ancresse, and the fairy caverns which are scattered about in the country here and there. It was rumoured that he had been seen politely saluting the Roque qui

Chante, or Crowing Rock. He bought all the birds people brought to him, and set them at liberty. He was civil to the worthy folks in the streets of St. Sampson, but willingly turned out of his way to avoid them if he could. He often went out on fishing expeditions, and always returned with fish. He worked his garden on Sundays. He had a bagpipe which he had purchased from one of the Highland soldiers who are sometimes in Guernsey, and on which he played occasionally at twilight, on the rocks by the seashore. He had been seen to make gestures, like a sower. What could a country become with a man like that?

As regards the books which had been left him by the deceased woman, and which he was in the habit of reading, they were alarming. The Reverend Jaquemin Hérode, rector of St. Sampson, when he visited the house at the time of the woman's funeral, had read on the backs of these books the titles "Rosier's Dictionary," "Candide," by Voltaire, "Advice to the People on Health," by Tissot. A French noble, an *émigré*, who had retired to St. Sampson, remarked that this Tissot "must have been the Tissot who carried the head of the Princess de Lamballe upon a pike."

The Reverend gentleman had also remarked upon one of these books, the highly fantastic and threatening title, "De Rhubarbaro."

In justice to Gilliatt, however, it must be said that this volume being in Latin — a language which it is doubtful if he understood — the young man had probably never read it.

But it is just those books which a man does not read, which constitute the strongest evidence against him. The Spanish Inquisition deliberated on that point, and settled it beyond a doubt.

The book in question, however, was no other than the

Treatise of Doctor Tilingius "on Rhubarb," published in Germany in 1679.

It was by no means certain that Gilliatt did not prepare philters and unholy decoctions. He undoubtedly had some phials.

Why did he walk on the cliffs in the evening, and sometimes even at midnight? Evidently to hold converse with the evil spirits who, enveloped in smoke, frequent the seashore at night.

On one occasion he had helped the witch of Torteval to clean her chaise. This was an old woman named Moutonne Gahy.

When a census was taken on the island, and he was questioned concerning his calling, he replied, "Fisherman; when there are any fish to catch." Imagine yourself in the place of Gilliatt's neighbours, and you must admit that there is something unpleasant about answers like this.

Poverty and wealth are comparative terms. Gilliatt had some land and a house, his own property; compared with those who had nothing, he was well off. One day, to try him, and perhaps also as a step towards an acquaintance, — for there are women who would marry the devil if he were rich, — a young girl of the neighbourhood said to Gilliatt, "When are you going to take a wife, neighbour?" He answered, "I 'll take a wife when the Roque qui Chante takes a husband."

This Roque qui Chante is a big rock, standing in a field near the house of Mons. Lemézurier de Fry. It is a queer sort of stone. No one knows what it is doing there. At times you can hear an invisible cock crowing there, — an extremely disagreeable circumstance. Then it is commonly asserted that this stone was originally placed in the field by the *Sarregousets*, who are the same as the *Sins*.

At night, when it thunders, if you should happen to see men flying in the lurid light of the clouds, or on the rolling waves of the air, you may be sure they are the Sarregousets. A woman who lives at the Grand Mielles knows them well. One evening, when some Sarregousets happened to be standing at a cross-road, this woman cried out to a carter, who did not know which route to take, "Ask them. They are civil folks, and always ready to direct a stranger." You can bet that this woman was a sorceress.

The learned and judicious King James I. had women of this kind boiled alive, and then, by tasting the water of the caldron, was able to determine from its flavour which one was a sorceress and which one was not.

It is to be regretted that the kings of these days no longer possess a talent which makes one realize the utility of monarchical institutions.

It was not without serious grounds that Gilliatt lived under this charge of sorcery. One midnight, during a storm, Gilliatt being at sea alone in a bark, on the coast by La Sommeilleuse, he was heard to ask, —

"Is there room to pass?"

And a voice cried from the heights above, —

"Aye! Go on!"

To whom could he have been speaking, if not to those who answered him? This seems pretty convincing proof.

Another time, one stormy evening, when it was so dark that nothing could be distinguished, Gilliatt was near the Catiau Roque — a double row of rocks where witches, goats, and spectres dance on Fridays — and here, it is firmly believed, that the voice of Gilliatt was heard mingling in the following terrible conversation: —

"How is Vesin Brovard?" (This was a mason who had fallen from a roof.)

"He is getting better."

"Ver dia! he fell from a greater height than yonder peak. It is a comfort to know that he did not break a limb."

"Our folks had fine weather for gathering sea-weed last week."

"Ay, finer than to-day."

"I believe you. There will not be many fish in market to-day."

"It blows too hard."

"They can't lower their nets."

"How is Catherine?"

"She is as charming as ever."

Catherine was evidently the name of a Sarregouset.

According to all appearances Gilliatt had work at night: at least none doubted it.

Sometimes he was seen with a pitcher in his hand, pouring water on the ground. Now water, cast upon the ground, is known to take a shape like that of devils.

On the road to St. Sampson, opposite the Martello tower, stand three stones, arranged in the form of steps. Upon the platform over these stones, once stood a cross, or perhaps a gallows. These stones are full of evil influences.

Staid and worthy people, and perfectly credible witnesses, testified to having seen Gilliatt at this spot conversing with a toad. Now there are no toads in Guernsey. Guernsey has all the snakes, and Jersey has all the toads. This toad, consequently, must have swum across from the neighbouring island, in order to hold converse with Gilliatt. This conversation was of a very friendly kind.

These facts were clearly established; and the proof is that the three stones are there to this day. Those who doubt it, may go and see them; and at a little distance, there is also a house on which the passer-by may read this inscription:—

"*Dealer in cattle, alive and dead, old cordage, iron, bones, and rags, prompt payment and every attention.*"

A man must be sceptical indeed to contest the existence of those stones, and of the house in question. Now both these circumstances were injurious to Gilliatt.

Only the most ignorant are unaware of the fact that the greatest danger of the coasts of the Channel Islands is the King of the Auxcriniers. No inhabitant of the seas is more redoubtable. Whoever has seen him is certain to be wrecked between one St. Michel and the other. He is little, being a dwarf; and is deaf, being a king. He knows the names of all those who have been drowned in the seas, and the places where they lie. He knows the ocean cemetery from end to end. A head, massive below and narrow above; a squatty figure; a protruding stomach like a mass of jelly; a cranium, covered with warty excrescences; short legs, long arms, fins for feet, claws for hands, and a broad green face, — such is this king. His claws have palms; his fins, nails. Imagine a spectral fish with the face of a human being. To get rid of him he must be exorcised, or fished up. Meanwhile he brings bad luck. He is horrible to look upon. Amid the rolling waves and breakers, or in a dense fog, the sailor sometimes discerns a beetling brow, wide nostrils, flattened ears, an enormous mouth, gap-toothed jaws, peaked eyebrows, and great grinning eyes. When the lightning is livid, he looks red; when it is purple, he looks wan. He has a stiff, square-cut, dripping beard, overhanging a sort of cape ornamented with fourteen shells, seven before and seven behind. These shells are curious to those who are versed in conchology. The King of the Auxcriniers is only seen in stormy seas. He is the dread harbinger of the tempest. His hideous form shows itself in the fog, in the squall, in the tempest of rain. His breast is hideous. A scaly coat covers his

body like a vest. He rises above the waves which fly before the wind, twisting and curling like shavings of wood beneath the carpenter's plane. Gradually his entire form emerges out of the foam, and if there should happen to be any vessel in distress, in sight, his face lights up with a sinister smile, terrible to behold, and he fairly dances with delight. It is an evil omen indeed to meet him. At the time the people of St. Sampson were so much excited on the subject of Gilliatt, the person who had seen the King of the Auxcriniers last declared that his cape had only thirteen shells now. Thirteen! He was all the more dangerous on that account. But what had become of the fourteenth? Had he given it to some one? And to whom? No one would say positively; and folks confined themselves to conjecture. But it was an undoubted fact that a certain Mons. Lupin Mabier, of Godaines, a man of property, paying a large amount of land tax, was ready to testify on oath, that he had once seen a very remarkable shell in Gilliatt's possession.

It was not uncommon to hear dialogues like the following among the country people: —

"I have a fine bull here, neighbour, what do you think of him?"

"Too puffy! neighbour."

"It is a fact, tho' 't is I who say it."

"He is better for tallow than for meat."

"Ver dia!"

"Are you sure that Gilliatt has n't cast an eye on him?"

Gilliatt would stop sometimes beside a field where some labourers were assembled, or near gardens in which gardeners were engaged, and utter these mysterious sayings: —

"When the *mors du diable* flourishes, harvest the winter rye."

(The *mors du diable* is the scabwort plant.)

"The ash-tree is coming into leaf, there will be no more frost."

"Summer solstice, thistle in flower."

"If no rain falls in June, the wheat will mildew. Look out for smut."

"When the wild cherry fruits, beware of the full moon."

"If the weather on the sixth day of the new moon is like that of the fourth, or like that of the fifth day, it will be the same nine times out of twelve in the first case, and eleven times out of twelve in the second, during the whole month."

"Keep your eye on neighbours who go to law with you. Beware of evil influences. A pig that has had warm milk given it will die. A cow that has had its teeth rubbed with leeks will eat no more."

"In spawning time with the smelts; beware of fevers"

"When frogs appear, sow your melons."

"When the liverwort flowers, sow your barley."

"When the limes flower, mow the meadows."

"When the elm-tree flowers, open the hot-bed frames."

"When tobacco flowers, close your greenhouses."

And, fearful to relate, following these counsels led to success.

One night, in the month of June, when Gilliatt was playing on his bagpipe, upon the sand-hills on the shore of the Demie de Fontenelle, the mackerel fishing failed.

One evening, at low water, it came to pass that a cart filled with wrack upset on the beach, in front of Gilliatt's house. It is probable that he was afraid of being brought before the magistrates, for he took considerable trouble in helping to raise the cart, and he reloaded it himself.

A little girl of the neighbourhood being troubled with vermin, he had gone to St. Peter's Port, and had returned with an ointment, with which he rubbed the child's head

As Gilliatt had removed the lice, it was clear that it was Gilliatt who had caused them.

For everybody knows that there is a charm for giving vermin to people.

Gilliatt was suspected of looking into wells, — a dangerous practice with those who have an evil eye; and, in fact, at Arculons, near St. Peter's Port, the water of a well became unwholesome. The good woman to whom this well belonged said to Gilliatt, —

"Look at this water;" and showed him a glassful. Gilliatt complied.

"The water is foul," he said; "that is true."

The good woman, who had her suspicions of him, said, "Then make it clear again for me."

Gilliatt asked her some questions, — whether she had a stable; whether the stable had a drain; whether the gutter of the drain did not pass near the well? The good woman replied in the affirmative. Gilliatt went into the stable, worked at the drain, turned the gutter in another direction; and the water became good again. People in the neighbourhood might think what they pleased, but a well does not become foul one moment and sweet the next without good cause; it is not natural; and, in short, it was difficult to escape the conclusion that Gilliatt himself had bewitched the water.

On one occasion, when he went to Jersey, it was remarked that he had taken a lodging at St. Clement, in the street called the Rue des Alleurs. Now the word *alleurs* signifies phantoms from the other world.

In villages it is the custom to collect all the petty details of a man's career; and when they are put together, the sum total constitutes his reputation.

It happened that Gilliatt was once seen with his nose bleeding, — a grave circumstance. The master of a barque who had sailed almost entirely round the world, affirmed

that among the Tongusians all sorcerers were subject to bleeding at the nose. When you see a man bleeding at the nose, you know the cause at once. Some persons, however, argued that the characteristics of sorcerers among the Tongusians might possibly not apply equally to the sorcerers of Guernsey.

One Michaelmas day Gilliatt had been seen to stop in a close belonging to the Huriaux, on the highway from Videclins. He whistled in the field, and a moment afterwards, a crow alighted there; a moment later, a magpie The fact was attested by a worthy man who has since been appointed a member of the Douzaine, authorized to make a new survey and register of the sovereign's fief.

At Hamel, in the Vingtaine of L'Epine, there lived some old women who were positive of having heard some swallows calling "Gilliatt" one morning.

In addition to all this he had a terrible temper.

A man was beating an ass one day. The ass was obstinate. The poor man gave him a few kicks in the belly with his wooden shoe, and the ass fell. Gilliatt ran to raise the ass, but he was dead; whereupon, Gilliatt thrashed the poor man.

Another day, Gilliatt, seeing a boy come down from a tree with a brood of woodpeckers, newly hatched and unfledged, took the brood away from the boy, and carried his malevolence so far as to replace them in the tree.

Some passers-by took the boy's part; but Gilliatt made no reply, except to point to the parent birds, who were hovering and crying plaintively over the tree, as they looked for their nest. He had a weakness for birds, — another sign by which people distinguish a magician.

Children take great pleasure in robbing the nests of the gulls and sea-mews along the cliffs. They bring home quantities of yellow, blue, and green eggs, with which they make chains for mantelpiece ornaments.

As the cliffs are perpendicular, they sometimes slip, fall, and are killed. There seemed to be no end to Gilliatt's mischievous ingenuity. At the risk of his life he climbed the almost inaccessible cliffs and hung up bundles of hay, old hats, and all kinds of scarecrows, to deter the birds from building, and, as a consequence, to prevent the children from going there.

These were some of the reasons why Gilliatt was so generally disliked thoughout the country. Perhaps nothing less could have been expected.

CHAPTER V.

MORE SUSPICIOUS FACTS ABOUT GILLIATT.

PUBLIC opinion was not quite decided yet with regard to Gilliatt.

He was generally regarded as a *Marcou:* some even went so far as to call him a *Cambion.* A cambion is a child begotten by a devil.

When a woman bears her husband seven male children consecutively, the seventh is a marcou. But the series must not be broken by the birth of a girl.

The marcou has a natural *fleur-de-lis* imprinted upon some part of his body; for which reason he has the power of curing scrofula, exactly like the King of France. Marcous are found in all parts of France, particularly in the Orléanais. Every village of the Gâtinais has its marcou. It suffices for the cure of the sick that the marcou should breathe upon their wounds, or let them touch his *fleur-de-lis.* The night of Good Friday is particularly favourable for these ceremonies. Ten years ago the marcou of Ormes in Gâtinais, nicknamed the Beau Marcou, and consulted by all the people of Beauce, was a cooper, named Foulon, who kept a horse and carriage. It was found necessary to call in the gendarmes to put a stop to his miracles. His *fleur-de-lis* was on the left breast; other marcous have it on different parts of the body.

There are also marcous in Jersey, Aurigny, and Guernsey. This fact is doubtless in some way connected

with the rights France possessed over the duchy of Normandy: or why the *fleur-de-lis?*

There are also people afflicted with scrofula in the Channel Islands, which, of course, makes marcous a necessity.

Some people, who happened to be present one day when Gilliatt was bathing in the sea, fancied that they could discern a *fleur-de-lis* upon him. When interrogated on the subject he made no reply, but merely burst out laughing, for he laughed like other men sometimes. From that time on, however, no one ever saw him bathe: he bathed henceforth only in solitary places, probably by moonlight, — a thing in itself somewhat suspicious.

Those who persisted in regarding him as a cambion, or son of the devil, were evidently in error. They ought to have known that cambions scarcely exist out of Germany. But The Vale and St. Sampson were places remarkable for ignorance fifty years ago.

To fancy that any one in Guernsey could be the son of the devil was evidently absurd.

The very suspicion with which Gilliatt was regarded led people to consult him. The peasants came in fear to consult him about their ailments. This very fear showed faith; for in the country, the more the doctor is suspected, the more certain is the cure. Gilliatt had sundry simple recipes of his own, which he had inherited from the deceased woman. He gave them to all who had need of them, and would never accept pay for them. He cured whitlows with applications of herbs. A liquor in one of his phials allayed fever. The chemist of St. Sampson, or *pharmacien*, as they would call him in France, thought that this was probably an extract of chincona. The more generous of his critics admitted that Gilliatt was a good enough fellow in his dealings with the sick, so far as ordinary remedies were con-

cerned. But as a marcou, he would do nothing. If persons afflicted with scrofula came to him and asked to touch the *fleur-de-lis* on his skin, the only answer he gave them was to shut the door in their faces. He obstinately refused to perform any miracles, — a ridiculous stand for a sorcerer to take. No one is compelled to be a sorcerer; but when a man is one, he ought to do his duty.

One or two exceptions might be found to this almost universal animosity. Sieur Landoys, of Clos-Landès, was clerk and registrar of St. Peter's Port, custodian of documents, and keeper of the register of births, marriages, and deaths. This Landoys boasted of his descent from Peter Landoys, treasurer of the province of Brittany, who was hanged in 1485. One day, when Sieur Landoys was bathing in the sea, he ventured out too far, and was on the point of drowning; Gilliatt plunged into the water, narrowly escaping drowning himself, and succeeded in saving him. From that time Landoys never spoke an evil word of Gilliatt. To those who expressed surprise at this change of feeling, he replied, "Why should I detest a man who never did me any harm, and who has rendered me a great service?" The parish clerk and registrar even came at last to feel a sort of friendship for Gilliatt. This public functionary was a man without prejudices. He did not believe in sorcerers. He laughed at people who were afraid of ghosts. As for himself, he had a boat in which he amused himself by fishing in his leisure hours; but he had never seen anything extraordinary, except on one occasion, — when he saw a woman clothed in white rise up out of the waters in the moonlight, — and he was not quite sure even of this circumstance. Moutonne Gahy, the old witch of Torteval, had given him a little bag to wear under his cravat, as a protection against evil spirits; he ridiculed the bag, and had

no idea what it contained, though, to be sure, he kept it about him, feeling rather more safe with the thing around his neck.

Some courageous persons, emboldened by Landoys' example, ventured to cite, in Gilliatt's favour, certain extenuating circumstances, and such signs of good qualities as his sobriety, his abstinence from gin and tobacco; and sometimes they even went so far as to utter this elegant eulogium upon him: "He neither smokes, drinks, chews, nor snuffs."

Sobriety, however, can count as a virtue only when there are other virtues to support it.

Public opinion was against Gilliatt.

Still, as a marcou, Gilliatt could be of great service. So one Good Friday, at midnight, a day and an hour propitious to this kind of cure, all the scrofulous people of the island, either by inspiration or by concerted action, presented themselves in a crowd at the Bû de la Rue, and with pitiable sores and imploring gestures, called on Gilliatt to make them clean. But he refused; and herein the people recognized his malevolence.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DUTCH SLOOP.

SUCH was the character of Gilliatt.

The young women considered him ugly.

But he was not ugly. He was, perhaps, even handsome. There was something of the ancient barbarian in his profile. In repose it bore some resemblance to that of the Dacian on Trajan's column. His ears were small, delicate, without lobes, and of a form admirably adapted for hearing. Between his eyes he had that proud vertical line, which indicates boldness and perseverance in a man. The corners of his mouth were depressed, giving a slight expression of bitterness. His forehead had a calm and noble fullness. The clear pupils of his eyes possessed a steadfast look, although troubled a little with that winking which fishermen contract from the glitter of the waves. His laugh was boyish and pleasing. No ivory could be a finer white than his teeth; but exposure to the sun had made him swarthy as a Moor. The ocean, the tempest, and the darkness cannot be braved with impunity. At thirty he looked like a man of forty-five. He wore the sombre mask of the wind and sea.

The people had nicknamed him "the wicked Gilliatt."

An Indian fable relates that one day Brahma inquired of Strength, "What is stronger than thou?" and the spirit replied, "Ingenuity." A Chinese proverb says, "What could n't the lion do, if he was a monkey, too?"

Gilliatt was neither a lion nor a monkey; but his achievements proved the truth of the Chinese proverb, and of the Hindoo fable. Although only of ordinary height and strength, he was able, so inventive and powerful was his dexterity, to lift the burdens of a giant, and to accomplish the feats of an athlete.

He was gifted, too, with considerable skill as a gymnast, and could use his left hand and his right equally well.

He never carried a gun; but was often seen with a net. He spared the birds, but not the fish. Woe to the dumb! He was an excellent swimmer.

Solitude makes either men of talent, or idiots. Gilliatt presented himself under both aspects. At times, when his features wore that air of strange surprise already mentioned, he might have been taken for a blockhead. At other moments he had a strangely wise look. Ancient Chaldea possessed some men of this stamp. At times the dullness of the shepherd became transparent, and revealed the magian.

After all, he was only a poor plain man; who could read and write a little. It is probable that he was on the boundary line which separates the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer submits. Solitude has a great effect upon pure natures and modifies them to a certain extent. They become, unconsciously, penetrated with a kind of sacred awe. The shadow in which the mind of Gilliatt dwelt was composed of two elements, both obscure, but very different. Within himself all was ignorance and weakness; without, infinity and mystery.

By rambling over the rocks, scaling the rugged cliffs, going to and fro among the islands in all weathers, navigating any sort of craft that came to hand, and venturing in difficult channels, night and day, he had also become an unusually skilful seaman.

He was a born pilot. The born pilot is a man who navigates the bed of the ocean rather than its surface. The surface of the sea is continually modified by the submarine configuration of the places where the vessel is sailing. To see Gilliatt guiding his craft through the reefs and shoals of the Norman Archipelago, one would have supposed that he carried a chart of the bottom of the sea in his head.

He was better acquainted with the buoys in the channels than the cormorants who make them their resting-places. The almost imperceptible differences which distinguish the four upright buoys of the Creux, Alligande, the Trémies, and the Sardrette were perfectly apparent to him, even in a fog. He hesitated neither at the oval, apple-headed buoy of Anfré, nor at the triple iron point of the Rousse, nor at the white ball of the Corbette, nor at the black ball of Longue Pierre; and there was no fear of his confounding the cross of Goubeau with the sword planted in the earth at La Platte, nor the hammer-shaped buoy of the Barbées with the curled-tail buoy of the Moulinet.

His rare skill in seamanship showed itself in a striking manner one day at Guernsey, on the occasion of one of those sea tournaments which are called regattas. The feat to be performed was to sail a sloop, unaided, from St. Sampson to the Isle of Herm, a distance of one league, and then bring the boat back from Herm to St. Sampson. To manage, without assistance, a boat with four sails, is a feat which almost any fisherman is equal to, and the difficulty seemed trifling; but there was a condition which rendered the task far from easy. The boat, to begin with, was one of those big heavy old-fashioned sloops which the sailors of the last century knew by the name of "Dutch Smacks." This ancient style of flat, pot-bellied craft, carrying on the larboard and starboard sides, to

compensate for the lack of a keel, two wings, which are lowered in turn according to the wind, may still be met with occasionally at sea. In the second place, there was the return from Herm, a journey which was rendered more difficult by a heavy cargo of stone. The conditions were to go empty, but to return loaded. The sloop was to be the prize. It was promised to the winner. This "Dutch Smack" had been used as a pilot-boat. The pilot who had rigged it and sailed it for twenty years was one of the most robust sailors on the channel. When he died, no one had been found capable of managing the sloop; and it was consequently determined to make it the prize at the regatta. The sloop, though not decked, had some excellent sea-going qualities, and was a tempting prize for a skilful sailor. Her mast was set rather far forward, which increased the motive power of her sails, besides having the advantage of not being in her skippers way. It was a strong-built vessel, heavy, but roomy, and taking the open sea well, — in fact, a good, serviceable craft. Many were eager for the prize; the task was a hard one, but the reward was worth winning. Seven or eight of the most stalwart fishermen on the island presented themselves. One by one they tried their skill, but not one could succeed in reaching Herm. The last one who made the attempt was famed for having crossed the dangerous channel between Sark and Brecq-Hou, in a row-boat. Overcome by his exertions, he brought the sloop back, and said, "It is impossible." Gilliatt then entered the bark, seized first of all the oar, then the mainsheet, and pushed out to sea. Then, without either making the sheet fast to the cleats, which would have been imprudent, but leaving it free to move with the wind without drifting, he grasped the tiller with his left hand. In three quarters of an hour he was at Herm.

Three hours later, although a strong breeze had sprung up and made the sea very rough, the sloop, guided by Gilliatt, returned to St. Sampson with its load of stone. He had, out of bravado, even added to the cargo a little brass cannon from Herm, which the people were in the habit of firing on the 5th of November, when they celebrated the death of Guy Fawkes.

Guy Fawkes, by the way, had been dead one hundred and sixty years, — a remarkably long period of rejoicing.

Gilliatt, thus burdened and encumbered, although he had the Guy Fawkes'-day cannon in the boat and the wind against him, steered, or rather rowed, the heavy craft back to St. Sampson.

Seeing which, Mess Lethierry exclaimed, "There 's a good sailor for you!"

And he held out his hand to Gilliatt.

We shall have occasion to speak of Mess Lethierry again presently.

The sloop was awarded to Gilliatt.

This adventure detracted nothing from his evil reputation, however.

Several persons declared that the feat was not at all astonishing, as Gilliatt had concealed a branch of wild medlar in the boat. But this could not be proved.

From that day on, Gilliatt used no boat but the old sloop. He always went fishing in it, and kept it moored in the excellent little anchorage which he had all to himself, under the very wall of his house. At nightfall, he threw his nets over his shoulder, crossed his little garden, climbed over the stone parapet, stepped lightly from rock to rock, and jumping into the sloop, pushed out to sea.

He brought home heavy hauls of fish; but people said that a medlar branch was always hanging up in the boat. No one had ever seen this branch, but every one believed in its existence.

When he had more fish than he wanted, he did not sell them but gave them away.

The poor people accepted his gifts, but were not at all grateful, on account of that medlar branch. Such frauds cannot be permitted. No tricks should be played on the sea.

He was a fisherman ; but he was something more. He had, by instinct, or for amusement, acquired some knowledge of three or four trades. He was a fair carpenter, blacksmith, wheelwright, calker, and engineer. No one could mend a broken wheel better than he. He manufactured, in a fashion of his own, all the articles which fishermen use. In one corner of the Bû de la Rue he had a small forge and an anvil; and the sloop having but one anchor, he had succeeded, without help, in making another. The new anchor was excellent. The ring had the necessary strength; and Gilliatt, though entirely unacquainted with this branch of the blacksmith's art, had ascertained the exact dimensions for preventing any overbalancing of the fluke ends.

He had patiently replaced all the nails in his sloop with trunnels, thus rendering rust impossible.

In this way he had greatly improved the sea-going qualities of his craft, and sometimes used it to go and spend a month or two on some lonely island, like Chousey or the Caskets. People said, "Ah, yes, Gilliatt is away!" but this was a fact that nobody regretted in the least.

CHAPTER VII.

A FIT TENANT FOR A HAUNTED HOUSE.

GILLIATT was a dreamer, hence his daring, hence, too, his timidity. He had ideas of his own.

There was a little of the visionary and the trascendentalist in his character, perhaps. Hallucinations may haunt a poor peasant like Martin, as well as a king like Henry IV. There are times when the Unknown makes its power felt. A sudden rent in the darkness reveals the unseen, and then closes again. Such visions occasionally effect a complete transformation. They convert a camel-driver into a Mahomet; a peasant girl tending her goats, into a Joan of Arc. Solitude generates a certain amount of sublime exaltation. It is like the smoke arising from the burning bush. A mysterious mental excitement results, which converts the student into a seer, and the poet into a prophet: hence result Horeb, Kedron, Ombos; the poetic inspiration of Castalian waters, the revelations of Busion. Hence, too, result Peleia at Dodona, Phemonoe at Delphi, Trophonius in Lebadea, Ezekiel on the banks of the Chebar, and Jerome in Thebais. More frequently these visions overwhelm and stupefy a man. There is such a thing as divine besottedness. The Hindoo fakir is burdened by his visions as the Cretin is by his goître. Luther holding converse with devils in his garret at Wittenburg; Pascal shutting out the view of the infernal regions with the screen in his cabinet; the African Obi conversing with the white-

faced god Bossum; are each and all the same phenomenon, diversely interpreted by the minds to which they manifest themselves, according to their capacity and power. Luther and Pascal were grand, and are grand still; the Obi is simply half-witted.

Gilliatt was neither so exalted nor so low. He was a dreamer: nothing more.

Nature presented itself to him under a rather peculiar aspect.

Having often found in the limpid waters of ocean strange creatures of the Medusa type, of varied form and considerable size, which resemble soft crystal out of the water, but which become invisible when restored to that element, by reason of their being identical with it in texture and colour, so he imagined that other transparent creatures similar to those in the sea might inhabit the air. The birds are not inhabitants of the air, but amphibious. Gilliatt could not believe the air a mere desert. He used to say, As the water is filled with life, why not the atmosphere? Creatures of the same colour as the air would escape our observation. What proof have we that there are no such creatures? Analogy indicates that the air must have its swimming habitants, even as the waters have theirs. These aërial fish would be diaphanous; a provision of their wise Creator for our sakes as well as their own. Allowing the light to pass through their forms, casting no shadow, having no definite outlines, they would necessarily remain unknown to us, and beyond our grasp. Gilliatt cherished the wild fancy that if it were possible to exhaust the atmosphere of the earth, or if we could fish in the air as we fish in a pond, we should discover the existence of a multitude of strange animals. "And then, some day, many things would be made clear," he would add in his reverie.

Reverie, which is thought in a nebulous state, borders

closely upon sleep, by which it is bounded as by a natural frontier. An atmosphere filled with transparent creatures would be the beginning of a knowledge of the unknown. Beyond, opens up the illimitable domain of the possible, teeming with other beings, and other facts. All this would be nothing supernatural, but merely the occult continuation of infinite nature. In the midst of that laborious idleness, which was the chief feature in his existence, Gilliatt was oddly observant. He even carried his observations into the domain of sleep. Sleep is closely connected with the possible, which we also call the improbable. The nocturnal world has an existence of its own. Night, regarded as night, is a universe in itself. The material nature of man, upon which the philosophers tell us a column of air forty-five miles in height continually presses, is tired out at night, sinks into lassitude, lies down, and seeks rest. The eyes of the flesh are closed; but in that drooping head, far more active than is supposed, other eyes are opened. The unknown appears. The shadowy existences of the invisible world draw near to man. Either because there is a real communication, or because things far off in the abyss have a visionary enlargement, the impalpable creatures inhabiting space seem to come then to contemplate our natures, eager to comprehend the denizens of earth. Shadowy creatures ascend or descend to walk beside us in the dim twilight: some being altogether different from ourselves, composed partly of ourselves, partly of something or somebody else, quits his fellows to whom he returns again, after presenting himself for a moment to our inward sight; and the sleeper, not wholly slumbering, nor yet entirely conscious, beholds around him weird types of existence, strange vegetations,— pale spectres, smiling or terrible, dismal phantoms, uncouth masks, unknown faces, hydra-headed monsters, undefined shapes,

reflections of moonlight where there is no moon, vague fragments of monstrous forms, things which come and go in the troubled atmosphere of sleep, all those mysteries to which men give the name of dreams, and which are, in fact, only the presence of invisible realities. Dreams are the aquarium of night.

At least, that was Gilliatt's opinion.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GILD-HOLM-'UR.

THE curious visitor, in these days, would search Houmet Bay in vain for the house where Gilliatt lived, or for his garden, or the creek in which he moored his Dutch sloop. The Bû de la Rue no longer exists. Even the little peninsula on which the house stood has vanished, levelled by the pickaxe of the quarryman, and carried away cart-load by cart-load, by dealers in rock and granite. It must be sought now in the churches, palaces, and quays of the capital. That entire ledge of rock was conveyed to London long since.

These long lines of irregular cliffs projecting into the sea are, in reality, miniature chains of mountains. They give one the impression that a giant might be supposed to have in contemplating the Cordilleras. In the language of the country they are called "Banques." These banques vary considerably in form. Some resemble a long spine where each rock forms one of the vertebræ; others are like the backbone of a fish; while some bear an odd resemblance to a crocodile in the act of drinking.

At the extremity of the ridge on which the Bû de la Rue stood was a large rock, which the fishing people of Houmet called the "Beast's Horn." This rock, a sort of pyramid, resembled, though it did not equal in height, the "Pinnacle" in Jersey. At high water the sea separated it from the ridge, and the Horn stood alone; at low water it was approached by an isthmus of rocks. The

remarkable feature of this "Beast's Horn" was a sort of natural seat hollowed out by the water, and worn smooth by the rain on the side next the sea. The seat, however, was a treacherous one. The stranger was insensibly attracted to it by "the beauty of the prospect," as the Guernsey folks said. Something detained him there in spite of himself, for there is a wonderful charm in an extended view. The seat seemed made for his convenience; it formed a sort of niche in the sheer wall of the rock. To climb up to it was an easy matter; for the sea, which had fashioned it out of the rock, had also constructed beneath it, at convenient distances, a kind of natural staircase composed of flat stones. The sea is full of these little attentions; beware of its courtesies. The seat was tempting: the stranger climbed up to it, and sat down. There he found himself quite at his ease; for his seat he had the granite rounded and hollowed out by the foam; for arms, two rocky elbows which seemed made expressly for him; against his back the high vertical wall of rock which he gazed up at and admired, without thinking of the impossibility of scaling it. Nothing could be more natural than to sink into a reverie in that capacious armchair. All around stretched the wide sea; far off the ships could be seen passing to and fro. One could follow a sail with the eye, till it sank below the horizon beyond the Caskets. The stranger was entranced; he gazed around him, enjoying the beauty of the scene, and the soft murmur of the wind and wave. There is a vampire found in Cayenne, which has the power of fanning people to sleep in the shade with a gentle beating of its dusky wings. The wind is like this invisible bat, alternately ravaging and lulling into security. So the stranger contemplates the sea, listens to the wind, and yields himself up to dreamy indolence. When the eyes are satiated with light and beauty, it is a luxury to close them for a

while. Suddenly the loiterer wakes; but it is too late. The sea has stolen up inch by inch; the rock is surrounded with water.

The stranger is lost.

The tide rises at first imperceptibly, then violently. When it reaches the rock a sudden fury seems to seize it, and it foams wildly. Swimming is difficult in the breakers: excellent swimmers have been lost near the Horn of the Bû de la Rue.

In certain places and at certain periods, to look at the sea is fatal; as it is at times to look at a woman.

Old inhabitants of Guernsey used to call this niche, fashioned in the rock by the waves, "Gild-Holm-'Ur" seat, or Kidormur; a Celtic word, some authorities say, which those who understand Celtic cannot interpret, however, but which all who understand French can — "*Qui-dort-meurt:*"[1] such is the country folks' translation.

The reader may choose between the translation, *Qui-dort-meurt*, and that given in 1819, I believe, in "The Armorican," by M. Athenas. According to this learned Celtic scholar, Gild-Holm-'Ur signifies "The resting-place of birds."

There is at Aurigny another seat of this kind, called the Monk's Chair, so well sculptured by the waves, and with steps of rock so conveniently placed, that it might be said that the sea had set a footstool for those who wished to rest there.

At high water, the Gild-Holm-'Ur is not visible; the water covers it entirely.

Gild-Holm-'Ur was a near neighbour of the Bû de la Rue. Gilliatt knew it well, and often seated himself there. Was it his meditating place? No. We have already said that he was a dreamer. The sea, however, never surprised him.

[1] Who sleeps dies.

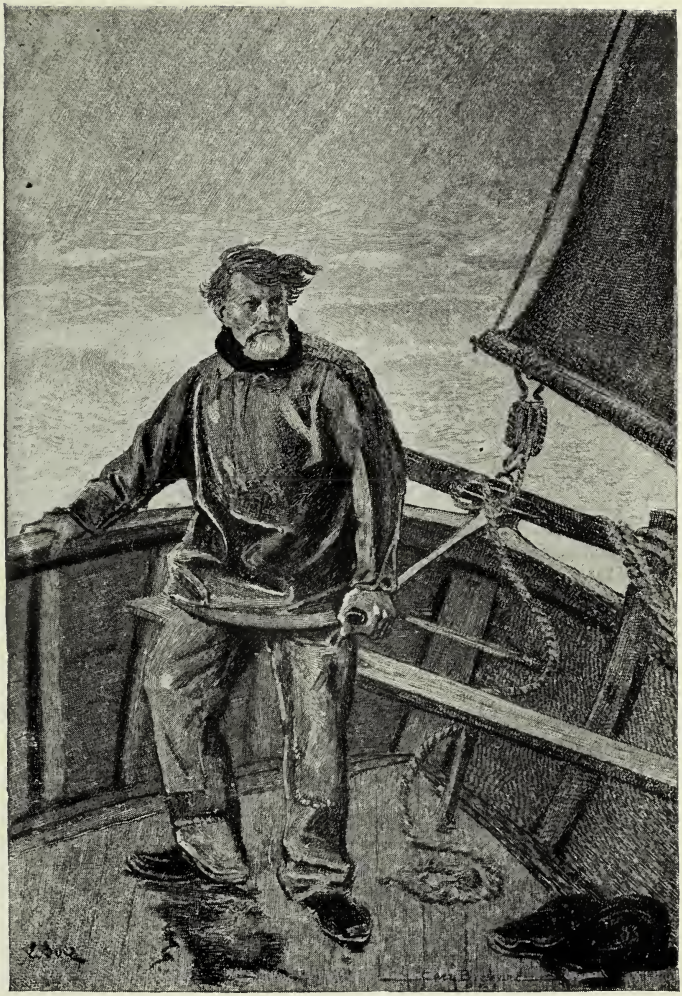
BOOK II.

MESS LETHIERRY.

CHAPTER I.

A TROUBLED LIFE, BUT A QUIET CONSCIENCE.

MESS LETHIERRY, a prominent citizen of St. Sampson, was a famous sailor. He had voyaged a great deal. He had been a cabin-boy, seaman, topmast-man, quarter-master, second mate, mate, pilot, and captain. He was now a shipowner. There was not a man to compare with him in knowledge of the sea. He was brave in putting off to ships in distress. In foul weather he would walk the beach, scanning the horizon. "What is that yonder?" he would say. "Some craft in distress." Whether it were a Weymouth lugger, a cutter from Aurigny, a bisquine from Courseulle, or the yacht of some nobleman, English, French, — poor or rich, or of the very devil himself, it mattered little. He jumped into a boat, called two or three strong fellows, or did without them, as the case might be, cast off, took the oars, pushed out to sea, rose and sank, and rose again on rolling waves, plunged into the storm, and braved the danger face to face. Then afar off, amid the rain and lightning, and drenched with water, he was sometimes seen upright in his boat like a lion with a mane of foam. Often he would pass whole days in struggling with waves, the hail, and the wind, boarding foundering vessels, rescuing



Mess Lethierry

men and merchandise, and wresting its prey from the storm. At night, after feats like these, he would go home and knit stockings.

For fifty years he led this kind of life, — from ten years of age to sixty, — for up to that time he considered himself a young man. At sixty he began to discover that he could no longer lift the great anvil of the forge at Varclin with one hand. This anvil weighed three hundred pounds. Then, rheumatic pains suddenly made him a prisoner; he was forced to give up the sea, to pass from the heroic into the patriarchal stage, to become merely a harmless, worthy old fellow.

Happily, his rheumatism did not come until he had secured a competency. These two consequences of labour are natural companions. When men acquire wealth, then comes paralysis, — the end of life!

Old men say, "Now we can enjoy life." What a mockery!

The population of islands like Guernsey is composed either of men who have spent their lives in tilling the fields or sailing round the world. These are the two classes of labouring people, — the labourers on land, and the toilers of the sea. Mess Lethierry belonged to the latter class; still he knew the land: he had had plenty of hard work. He had been on the continent; had worked for some time as a ship carpenter at Rochefort, and afterwards at Cette. We have just spoken of sailing round the world; he had also made the tour of France, working as a journeyman carpenter, and had been employed at the great salt works of Franche-Comté. Though an honest man, he had led a life of adventure. In France, he had learned to read and think, and have a will of his own. He had done everything, and in all he had done had maintained a reputation for probity. At heart, however, he was only a sailor. The water was his element; he

used to say, "My home is with the fish." In short, his whole existence, except two or three years, had been devoted to the ocean, "spent in the water" as he said. He had navigated both the Atlantic and the Pacific, but he preferred the Channel. He used to exclaim enthusiastically, "There 's a rough sea for you!" He was born at sea, and would have preferred to end his days at sea. After sailing several times around the world, and seeing almost every country, he had returned to Guernsey to remain permanently. Henceforth his only voyages were to Granville and St. Malo.

Mess Lethierry was a Guernsey man, — that is to say, Norman; that is to say, English; that is to say, French. He was of this quadruple extraction, merged and almost lost in that more extensive country, — the ocean. Throughout his life and wheresoever he went, he had preserved the habits of a Norman fisherman.

All this, however, did not prevent him from dipping into some old book now and then, from knowing the names of the philosophers and poets, and from jabbering a little in all languages.

CHAPTER II.

ONE OF HIS WHIMS.

GILLIATT was a savage, Mess Lethierry was another. Lethierry, however, was not without refinement.

He was very fastidious on the subject of women's hands. In his early years, while still a lad, passing from the stage of cabin-boy to that of sailor, he had heard the Bailiff of Suffren say, "There goes a pretty girl; but what devilish, big red hands she has!" An observation from an admiral on any subject is a command, a password, an authority far above an oracle. The exclamation of the Bailiff of Suffren had rendered Lethierry extremely exacting in the matter of small, white hands. His own big, thick fist, the colour of mahogany, a sledge-hammer in lightness, a pair of pincers in softness, tightly closed, would break a paving-stone.

He had never married; he either had no inclination for matrimony, or had never found a suitable mate. This was due perhaps to his being a stickler for hands like those of a duchess. Such hands are somewhat rare among the fishermen's daughters of Portbail.

It was said, however, that at Rochefort, on the Charente, he had, once upon a time, found a certain grisette who realized his ideal. She was a pretty girl with pretty hands; but she cursed and scratched. Woe betide any one who attacked her; yet her nails, capable at a pinch

of serving as claws, though exquisitely kept, were without fear and without reproach. It was these bewitching nails which had first enchanted and then marred the peace of Lethierry, who, fearing that he might not always remain the master of his mistress, decided not to conduct the young lady to the marriage altar.

Another time he met at Aurigny a country girl who pleased him. He was contemplating marriage, when one of the inhabitants of the place said to him, "I congratulate you; you will have a good fuel maker for a wife." Lethierry inquired his meaning. It seemed that the country people at Aurigny had a custom of collecting manure from their cow-houses and throwing it against a wall. There is considerable art in throwing it, and when it is dry, it falls to the ground. Cakes of dried manure of this kind are used for fuel, and are called *coipiaux*. A country girl of Aurigny has no chance of getting a husband if she is not a good fuel maker; but this talent put Lethierry to flight. Besides, he always showed a plain countryman's common-sense, and a sailor's prudence in his love affairs. Always smitten but never enslaved, he boasted of having been in his youth easily conquered by a *cotillon*, — for what is now called a crinoline, was in his time called a *cotillon;* a term which signifies both something more and something less than a woman.

These rude seafaring men of the Norman Archipelago have a vast amount of shrewdness. Almost all of them can read and write. On Sundays, little cabin-boys may be seen seated upon a coil of ropes, book in hand. From all time these Norman sailors have had a peculiar satirical vein, and have been famous for clever sayings. It was one of these men, the bold pilot Quéripel, who said to Montgomery, when he sought refuge in Jersey after giving Henry II. that unfortunate blow with his lance, "Dull

head has cracked empty head." Another, Touzeau, a sea-captain of Saint Brelade, was the author of that philosophical pun, erroneously attributed to Bishop Camus, "*Après la mort, les papes deviennent papillons, et les sires deviennent cirons.*"

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD SEA DIALECT.

THE mariners of the Channel are true descendants of the ancient Gauls. The islands, which are rapidly becoming more and more English now, preserved for many ages their autochthonous character. The peasant of Sark speaks the language of Louis XIV. Forty years ago, the old classical marine language was to be found in the mouths of the sailors of Jersey and Aurigny. It was possible to imagine one's self carried back to the sea life of the seventeenth century. A philologist might have learned the ancient technicalities of manœuvring and giving orders at sea, from the very words which were roared out to his sailors by Jean Bart from that speaking-trumpet which terrified Admiral Hidde. The old French maritime vocabulary is now almost entirely changed, but was still in use in Jersey in 1820.

A ship which "held her wind" was called *bon boulinier*, one that "came up into the wind" in spite of her fore-sails and rudder, was *un vaisseau ardent.* To "go ahead" was *prendre l'aire*, to "lay to" was *capeyer*, to "make fast running rigging" was *faire dormant*, to have the wind aft was *faire chapelle*, to "ride easy to her cable" was *faire teste*, to be "all a-wash" was *être en partenne*, to have the sails filled was *porter plain.* No such terms are heard to-day. To-day it is *louvoyer* (to beat to windward), then it was *leauvoyer;* we say *naviguer*, they said *naviger;* we say *virer rent*

devant (to make boards to windward), they said *donner vent devant ;* we say *aller de l'avant*, they said *tailler de l'avant ;* we say *tirer d'accord* (pull together), they said *halez d'accord ;* we say *derapez* (drag your anchor), they said *deplantez ;* we say *embraquez* (hoist away), they said *abraquez ;* we say *taquets* (cleats), they said *bittons ;* we say *burins* (rollers), they said *tappes ;* we say *balancines* (lifts), they said *valancines ;* we say *tribord* (starboard), they said *stribord ;* we say *les hommes de quart a bâbord* (the port watch), they said *les basbourdis.* Tourville wrote to Hocquincourt *nous avons single.* In place of *la rafale* (the squall), *le raffal ;* for *bossoir* (cathead), *boussoir ;* for *drosse* (truss), *drousse ;* for *loffer* (to luff), *faire une olofée ;* for *elonger* (to lay alongside), *alonger ;* for a "good breeze," *survent ;* for *jonail* (stock of an anchor), *jas ;* for *soute* (hold), *fosse.* Such at the beginning of this century was the language on the coast of the Channel Islands. Ango would have been deeply moved by hearing a Jersey pilot talk. Everywhere else sails *faseyaient* (shivered), in the Channel Islands they *barbeyaient.* A puff of wind was a *folle vente.* They had only the two old Gothic modes of setting up rigging, *la valture* and *la portugaise ;* they only heard the old orders, *Tour-et-choque* and *Bosse et bitte.* A sailor of Granville then used to say *le clan*, and a sailor of St. Aubon or St. Sampson called it *le canal de pouliot.* What was a *bout d'alonge* at St. Malo was *oreille d'arc* at St. Helier. Mess Lethierry, exactly like the Duke of Vivonne, called the concave curvature of the deck (the sheer) *la tonture*, and a calker's chisel *la patarasse.*

It was with this uncouth sea dialect in his mouth that Duquesne beat De Ruyter, that Duguay-Trouin defeated Wasnaer, and that Tourville, in 1681, poured a broadside into the first galley that bombarded Algiers. It is now a dead language. The slang, or *argot*, of the sea is alto-

gether different now. Duperré would not be able to understand Suffren.

The language of signals is no less changed. There is a wide difference between the four red, white, yellow, and blue pennants, of Labourdonnais, and the eighteen flags of the present day, which, hoisted two and two, three and three, or four and four, furnish sixty-six thousand combinations, for distant communication, are never deficient, and, so to speak, foresee the unforeseen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VULNERABLE PART IS WHERE WE LOVE.

MESS LETHIERRY carried his heart in his hand, — a big heart and a big hand. His failing was that admirable one, confidence. He had a certain fashion of his own of undertaking to do a thing. It was a solemn fashion. He said, "I give my word of honour to God above." That said, he persevered to the end. He put his trust in God, — that was all. The little that he went to church was merely out of politeness. At sea, he was superstitious.

Nevertheless, the storm had never yet arisen that could daunt him. One reason of this was his dislike of opposition. He would tolerate it neither from the ocean nor anything else. He meant to have his own way; so much the worse for the sea if it thwarted him. It might try, if it would, but Mess Lethierry would not give in. An angry wave could no more stop him than an angry neighbour. What he wished to say he said; what he planned to do was done. He bowed neither before an objection nor before the tempest. The word "no" had no existence for him, whether it was in the mouth of a man or in the angry muttering of a thunder-cloud. In spite of everything he went his way. He would take no refusal. Hence his success in life, and upon the ocean.

He seasoned his simple meal of fish soup for himself, knowing the quantity of pepper, salt, and herbs which it

required, and enjoyed preparing it as much as he enjoyed eating it. A being whom a pea-jacket transfigured and a great-coat degraded; who, with his hair floating in the wind, resembled Jean Bart, but who, in a round hat, looked like Jocrisse; awkward in cities, wild and redoubtable at sea; shoulders fit for a porter; no oaths, rarely angry, a soft voice, which became thunder in a speaking-trumpet; a peasant who had read the Encyclopædia; a Guernsey man who had seen the Revolution; a learned ignoramus, free from bigotry, but a believer in visions, with more faith in the White Lady than in the Holy Virgin; possessing the figure of Polyphemus, the logic of a weathercock, the perseverance of Columbus, with a little of the bull-dog in his nature, and a little of the child; flat nose, strong cheeks, a set of still perfect teeth, a face filled with wrinkles, and which seemed to have been buffeted by the waves and reddened by the winds for forty years; deeply furrowed brow, on which traces of many a tempest were plainly written, — the very personification of a rock in the open sea; add to this, a good-natured smile, and you have Mess Lethierry.

Mess Lethierry had two objects of affection, — Durande and Déruchette.

BOOK III.

THE DURANDE AND DÉRUCHETTE.

CHAPTER I.

PRATTLE AND SMOKE.

THE human body may well be regarded as a mere sham; it hides our real nature; it darkens our light and our shadow. The soul is the reality. Strictly speaking, the human face is a mask. The real man is that which is concealed beneath the man. If the being which thus exists sheltered and secreted behind that illusion which we call the flesh, could be approached, more than one strange revelation would result. The common error is to mistake the outward for the real being. Yonder maiden, for example, if we could see her as she really is, might figure as a bird.

A bird in the shape of a young maiden, what could be more exquisite? Picture it in your own home, and call it Déruchette. Charming creature! One might almost be tempted to say "Good-morning, Mademoiselle Goldfinch." The wings are invisible, but the soft chirping can be heard. Sometimes, too, she sings. In her prattle she is inferior, but in her song how superior to man! There is mystery in her song; a virgin is an angel in disguise. When womanhood dawns, the angel flies away; but returns later, bringing a little one to a

mother. Meanwhile, she who will one day be a mother remains for a long while a child; the child lingers in a maiden, and makes her remind us of a lark. As we note her movements we feel as if it were very good of her not to fly away. Our dear household companion moves about at her own sweet will; flits from branch to branch, or rather from room to room; goes to and fro; approaches and retires; plumes her wings, or combs her hair, and makes all kinds of gentle sounds, — sounds of unspeakable delight in your ears. She asks a question, and is answered; is asked a question in turn, and chirps a reply. We chat with her. To chat with her is a relief after talking; for this creature carries with her something of the sky. She gladdens your heart; you feel grateful to her for being so light, so volatile, so elusive, and for her kindness in not making herself invisible, when it would be such an easy matter. In this world the beautiful is necessary. There is no duty more important than that of being charming. The forest-glade would be incomplete without the humming-bird. To shed joy around, to radiate happiness, to illumine dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny, and the very spirit of grace and harmony, is not this to render a service? Beauty confers an inestimable boon upon us, merely by being beautiful. Here and there we meet with one who possesses that fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she herself is ignorant of this magical influence, which is, however, for that very reason, only the more powerful. Her presence brightens; her approach warms; she passes by, and we are content; she lingers awhile, and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is Aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply exist; she makes the house an Eden; and she imparts this happiness to all, without taking any greater trouble than to exist beside them.

To have a smile which, for some inexplicable reason has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living drag after them, is it not, — what shall I call it? — divine? Déruchette possessed this smile: we may even say that Déruchette was this smile. There is something that resembles us more strongly than our face, and that is our expression; but there is another thing that resembles us still more, and that is our smile. Déruchette smiling was Déruchette.

There is something peculiarly attractive in the Jersey and Guernsey race. The women, particularly the young women, are remarkable for a flower-like and exquisite beauty. They possess the Saxon fairness, with the Norman freshness, — rosy cheeks and blue eyes; but the eyes lack brilliancy. The English training dulls them. Their liquid glances will be irresistible whenever the secret is found of giving them that depth which is the chief charm of the *Parisienne*. Déruchette was not a Parisian; yet she was certainly not a Guernsiaise. Lethierry had brought her up to be neat and delicate and pretty; and so she was.

Déruchette had, at times, an air of coquetry, and a gleam of mischief in the eye, which were altogether involuntary. She scarcely knew, perhaps, the meaning of the word love, and yet was not unwilling to ensnare those around her in its toils. But all this was mere caprice. She had never once thought of marrying. The old *émigré* nobleman who had taken root at St. Sampson said, "That little girl is a born flirt!"

Déruchette had the prettiest little hands in the world, and feet to match them; *quatre pattes de mouche*, Mess Lethierry called them. Sweetness and goodness reigned in her heart; her only relative and means of support was her uncle Mess Lethierry; her only occupation was to live her daily life; her only accomplishments were a

few songs; her intellectual gifts her beauty; her greatest charm her simple innocence and ingenuous heart. She had the graceful repose of the creole, mingled at times not only with giddiness and vivacity, but with the teasing playfulness of a child, though not without a dash of melancholy. Her dress was somewhat insular, and like that peculiar to her country, — elegant, but incorrect; for she wore flowers on her bonnet all the year round. Add to all this an open brow, a neck supple and graceful, chestnut hair, a fair skin slightly freckled by exposure to the sun, a rather large but wholesome mouth wreathed from time to time by an adorable but dangerous smile. That was Déruchette.

Sometimes in the evening, a little after sunset, when the dusk of the sky mingles with the dusk of the sea, and twilight invests the waves with a mysterious awe, the people beheld, entering the harbour of St. Sampson, a strange, weird thing, — a huge monster that puffed and blew; a horrible thing that roared like a wild beast, and smoked like a volcano; a species of hydra foaming among the breakers, and leaving a dense cloud behind it as it rushed on towards the town with a frightful beating of its fins, and a throat belching forth flame. This was the Durande.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD STORY OF UTOPIA.

A STEAMBOAT was a prodigious novelty in the waters of the Channel in 182–. The whole coast of Normandy was wildly excited by it. Nowadays, ten or a dozen steamers, crossing and re-crossing within the limits of the horizon, scarcely receive a glance from loiterers on the shore, though occasionally some person pecuniarily interested in such matters may try to discover by the colour of the smoke whether they burn Welsh or Newcastle coal. They pass, and that is all. "Welcome," if coming home; "a pleasant passage," if outward bound.

People were much more excited on the subject of these wonderful inventions in the first quarter of the present century; and the new and strange machines, with their long lines of smoke, were regarded with special animosity by the Channel Islanders. In that Puritanical Archipelago, where the Queen of England was strongly censured for violating the Scriptures [1] by using chloroform during her accouchements, the first steam-vessel which made its appearance received the name of the "Devil Boat." In the eyes of these worthy fishermen, once Catholics, now Calvinists, but always bigots, it seemed to be a part of the infernal regions which had been in some way set afloat. A local preacher selected for his discourse the question of "Whether man has a right to make fire and

[1] Genesis, chap. iii. v. 16.

water work together when God has separated them."[1] This beast, composed of fire and iron, did it not resemble the Leviathan? Was it not an attempt to bring chaos again into the universe? This is not the only occasion on which the progress of civilization has been stigmatized as a return to chaos.

"A mad notion — a gross delusion — an absurdity!" Such was the verdict of the Academy of Sciences when consulted by Napoleon on the subject of steamboats, early in the present century. The poor fishermen of St. Sampson are certainly excusable for not being wiser than the savants of Paris in scientific matters; and in religious matters a little island like Guernsey is not expected to be more enlightened than a great continent like America. In the year 1807, when Fulton's first steamboat, built at the expense of Livingston, furnished with one of Watt's engines, sent from England, and managed by two Frenchmen, André Michaux and another man, in addition to her ordinary crew, made her first trip from New York to Albany, it happened that she set sail on the 17th of August. The Methodists noted this important fact, and in numerous chapels preachers were heard calling down the wrath of Heaven on the invention, and declaring that this number 17 was no other than the sum total of the ten horns and seven heads of the beast of the Apocalypse. In America they likened the steamboat to the beast in the book of Revelation; in Europe, to the serpent in the book of Genesis. That was the only difference.

The savants had rejected steamboats as impossible; the priests had anathematized them as impious. Science had condemned them, and religion consigned them to perdition. Fulton was a new incarnation of Lucifer. The simple people on the coasts and in the villages were confirmed in their prejudice by the terror that they felt

[1] Genesis, chap. i. v. 4.

at the strange sight. The religious objections to steamboats may be summed up as follows: "Water and fire were divorced at the creation. This divorce was enjoined by God himself. Man has no right to put asunder what God has joined, or to join what he has put asunder." The peasant's objection was simply, "I don't like the look of the thing."

No one but Mess Lethierry, perhaps, could have been found in those days daring enough to dream of such an enterprise as the establishment of a steamboat line between Guernsey and St. Malo. He, alone, as an independent thinker, was capable of conceiving such an idea, or, as a hardy mariner, of carrying it out. The French part of his nature, probably, conceived the idea; the English part supplied the energy to carry it into execution.

How and when this was done we will now inform the reader.

CHAPTER III.

RANTAINE.

ABOUT forty years prior to the events related in this narrative, there stood in the suburbs of Paris, near the city wall, between the Fosse-aux-Loups and the Tombe-Issoire, a house of doubtful reputation. It was a lonely, dilapidated building, a place well adapted for evil deeds. Here lived, with his wife and child, a sort of city bandit, — a man who had once been clerk to an attorney practising at the Châtelet, but who had subsequently turned thief and later figured unpleasantly in the Court of Assizes. The name of this family was Rantaine. On a chest of mahogany drawers in the old house were two china cups, ornamented with flowers, on one of which appeared, in gilt letters, the words, "A token of friendship," on the other, "A token of esteem." The child grew up in an atmosphere of vice in this wretched home. The father and mother having belonged to the lower middle class, the boy had learned to read. The mother, pale and almost in rags, gave "instruction" as she called it, mechanically, to the little one, heard him spell a few words, pausing in the lesson to accompany her husband on some thieving expedition, or to earn the wages of prostitution. Meanwhile the book, "The Cross of Jesus," remained open on the table as she had left it, and the boy sat beside it, dreaming.

The father and mother, taken *flagrante delicto* in one of their criminal enterprises, disappeared into the night of penal servitude. The child, too, disappeared.

Lethierry, in his wanderings about the world, stumbled one day on an adventurer like himself, helped him out of some scrape, took a fancy to him, and brought him to Guernsey, where, finding him apt in learning the duties of a sailor aboard a coasting vessel, he made him a companion. This stranger was the little Rantaine, now grown to manhood.

Rantaine, like Lethierry, had a bull-like neck, a wonderful breadth of shoulder, and loins like those of the Farnese Hercules. Lethierry and he had the same gait and the same build; but Rantaine was the taller of the two. People who saw only their backs as they walked side by side along the wharf, exclaimed, "There go two brothers." On looking them in the face the effect was very different: all that was open in the countenance of Lethierry was closed in that of Rantaine. Rantaine was cautious. Rantaine was an expert swordsman, played on the harmonica, could snuff a candle at twenty paces with a pistol-ball, could strike a tremendous blow with his fist, recite verses from Voltaire's "Henriade," and interpret dreams; he knew by heart "Les Tombeaux de Saint Denis," by Treneuil. He talked sometimes of having had relations with the Sultan of Calicut, "whom the Portuguese call the Zamorin." If any one had seen the little memorandum-book which he carried about with him, he would have found notes and jottings of this kind: "In Lyons, in a crack in the wall of one of the cells in the prison of St. Joseph, a file is hidden." He always spoke with great deliberation, and called himself the son of a Chevalier de Saint Louis. His linen was miscellaneous in character, and marked with many different initials. No one was ever more sensitive than he on any point of honour; he had fought a duel and killed his man.

Strength used to conceal cunning; that was Rantaine.

It was the strength of his fist, used one day at a fair,

upon a Turk's head, which had first won Lethierry's heart.

No one in Guernsey knew anything about his adventures. They had been of a checkered kind. If the great theatre of destiny had a special wardrobe, Rantaine ought to have taken the dress of harlequin. He had seen the world, and knew life thoroughly; he had sailed around the world. He had run the gamut of all possible trades and avocations, had been a cook in Madagascar, trainer of birds in Sumatra, a religious journalist in the Galapagos Islands, a general in Honolulu, a poet in Oomrawuttee, a freemason in Hayti. In the latter character he delivered a funeral oration at Grand Goave, of which the local journals have preserved this fragment: —

"Farewell, then, noble spirit. In the azure vault of heaven, through which thou art now winging thy flight, thou wilt, no doubt, meet the good Abbé Leander Crameau, of Little Goave. Tell him that, thanks to ten years of glorious efforts, thou hast completed the church of the *Ansa-à-Veau*. Adieu! transcendent genius, model mas . . . ! "

His freemason's mask did not prevent him, as we see, from donning a little of the Roman Catholic. The first won over to his side the men of progress, and the last, the men of order. He declared himself a white of pure caste, and hated the negroes; though, for all that, he must certainly have been an admirer of the Emperor Soulouque. In 1815, at Bordeaux, he was a Bourbonist, — the intensity of his royalist enthusiasm displaying itself in the shape of a huge white feather in his cap. His life had been a series of sudden eclipses, — of appearances, disappearances, and reappearances. He was a sort of revolving light upon the coast of scampdom. He knew a little Turkish: instead of "guillotined," he always said *néboïssé*. He had been a slave in Tripoli, in the house of

a Thaleb, and had learned Turkish by dint of blows with a stick. His principal employment had been to stand of evenings at the door of the mosque, to read aloud to the faithful the Koran inscribed upon slips of wood, or the shoulder-blades of a camel. It is probable that he was a convert to Mahometanism.

He was capable of everything, and even worse.

He had a trick of laughing loud and knitting his brows at the same time. He used to say, "In politics, I esteem only men inaccessible to influences;" or, "I am in favour of decency and morality." His manner was rather cheerful and cordial than otherwise; but the expression of his mouth contradicted the words that issued from it. His nostrils had an odd habit of distending themselves. In the corners of his eyes he had a little net-work of wrinkles, in which all sorts of dark thoughts seemed to lurk. It was there alone that the secret of his physiognomy could be thoroughly studied. His flat foot was a vulture's claw. His skull was flat on top and broad at the temples. His ill-shapen ear, bristling with hair, seemed to say, "Beware of accosting the animal in this cave."

One fine day, in Guernsey, Rantaine was suddenly missing.

Lethierry's partner had flown leaving the treasury empty.

In the treasury there was some money of Rantaine's, no doubt, but there were also fifty thousand francs belonging to Lethierry.

By forty years of industry and probity as a coaster and ship-builder, Lethierry had saved one hundred thousand francs. Rantaine had robbed him of half that sum.

Though nearly ruined, Lethierry did not lose heart, but began at once to think how to repair his shattered fortunes. A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not

in spirit. It was just about that time that people began to talk of steamboats. Lethierry conceived the idea of trying Fulton's invention, and connecting the Channel Islands with the French coast by one of these boats. He staked his all upon this project; he devoted the rest of his savings to it.

So six months after Rantaine's flight, the astonished people of St. Sampson beheld, issuing from the port, a vessel discharging huge volumes of smoke, and looking like a ship on fire at sea. This was the first steamboat seen in the Channel.

This vessel, to which the people in their dislike of and contempt for innovations immediately gave the nickname of "Lethierry's Galley," was announced as intended to maintain a constant communication between Guernsey and St. Malo.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF UTOPIA.

IT is needless to say that the new enterprise did not prosper much at first. The owners of cutters plying between the Island of Guernsey and the French coast were loud in their outcries, and bitterly denounced this attack upon the Holy Scriptures and their monopoly. The chapels began to fulminate against it. One reverend gentleman, named Elihu, stigmatized the new steamboat as an "atheistical construction;" and the sailing-vessel was declared the only orthodox craft. The people saw the horns of the devil among the cattle which the fire-ship carried to and fro. This storm of protest continued a considerable time. At last, however, people began to discover that these animals arrived less tired and sold better, their meat being superior; that the sea risk was less also for passengers; that this mode of travelling was less expensive, quicker, and more sure; that they started at a fixed time, and arrived at a fixed time; that consignments of fish travelling faster arrived fresher, and that it was now possible to find a sale in the French markets for the surplus of great hauls of fish so common in Guernsey. The butter, too, from the far-famed Guernsey cows, made the passage quicker in the "Devil Boat" than in the old sailing-vessels, and lost none of its good qualities, insomuch that Dinan, in Brittany, began to become a customer for it, as well as St. Brieuc and Rennes. In short, thanks to what they called "Lethierry's Galley,"

the people enjoyed safe travelling, regular communication, prompt and easy trips to and fro, an increase of business, an extension of markets and of commerce, and, finally, they began to find it necessary to patronize this "Devil Boat," which flew in the face of the Holy Scriptures, and brought wealth to the island. Some daring spirits even went so far as to express a positive satisfaction at it. Sieur Landoys, the registrar, bestowed his approval upon the vessel, an undoubted piece of impartiality on his part, as he did not like Lethierry, — first of all, because Lethierry was entitled to the dignity of "Mess," while Landoys was merely "Sieur Landoys;" then, although registrar of St. Peter's Port, Landoys was a parishioner of St. Sampson, and as there was no one in the entire parish devoid of prejudices except these two, the least they could do was to detest each other. Two of a kind, says the proverb, rarely agree.

Sieur Landoys, however, had the honesty to speak a good word for the steamboat. Others followed Landoys' example. Little by little, these facts multiplied. The growth of opinion is like the rising tide. Time and the continued and increasing success of the venture, with the evidence of real service rendered, and the improvement in the general welfare, gradually converted the people; and the day at length arrived when, with the exception of a few wiseacres, every one admired "Lethierry's Galley."

It would probably win less admiration nowadays. This steamboat of forty years ago would doubtless provoke a smile among our modern boat-builders; for this marvel was ill-shaped, this prodigy was clumsy and infirm.

The difference between our grand Atlantic steam-vessels of the present day, and the boats with wheel-paddles which Denis Papin floated on the Fulda in 1707, is not more

marked than that between a three-decker, like the Montebello, 200 feet long, 50 broad, having a mainyard of 115 feet, carrying a weight of 3000 tons, 1100 men, 120 guns, 10,000 cannon-balls, and 160 packages of canister, belching forth at every broadside, when in action, 3300 pounds of iron, and spreading to the wind, when it moves, 5600 square metres of canvas, and the old Danish dromond of the second century, discovered, full of stone hatchets, and bows and clubs, in the mud on the seashore, at Wester-Satrup, and preserved at the Town Hall at Flensburg.

Exactly one hundred years — from 1707 to 1807 — separate the first paddle-boat of Papin from the first steamboat of Fulton. "Lethierry's Galley" was assuredly a great improvement upon those two rough attempts. For all that, it was a masterpiece in its way. Every scientific discovery in embryo presents that double aspect, hideous as a fœtus, marvellous as a germ.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEVIL BOAT.

LETHIERRY'S GALLEY was not masted with a view to sailing well, — a fact which was not a defect; it is, indeed, one of the laws of naval construction. Besides, her motive power being steam, her sails were only accessory. A paddle steamboat, moreover, is almost insensible to sails. The new steam-vessel was too short, round, and thick-set. She had too much bow, and too much quarter. The daring of inventors had not yet reached the point of making a steam-vessel light; Lethierry's Galley had some of the defects of Gilliatt's Dutch sloop. She pitched very little, but she rolled a good deal. Her paddle-boxes were too high. She had too much beam for her length. The massive machinery encumbered her; and to make her capable of carrying a heavy cargo, her constructors had raised her bulwarks to an unusual height, giving to the vessel the defects of old seventy-fours, — a model which would have to be cut down to render them really seaworthy, or fit to go into action. Being short, she ought to have been able to come about quickly, the time employed in a manœuvre of that kind being in proportion to the length of the vessel; but her weight deprived her of the advantage of her shortness. Her midship-frame was too broad, a fact which retarded her, — the resistance of the sea being proportioned to the section below the water-line, and to the square of the speed. Her stern was vertical, which would not be regarded as

a fault at the present day, but at that period it was invariably sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees. All the curves of the hull were well designed, but not long enough to give a good entrance, or to be parallel to the prism of water displaced, which ought always to be thrown off laterally. In bad weather she drew too much water, either fore or aft, which indicated a mistake as to the centre of gravity. The cargo not being where it ought to be, owing to the weight of the engine, the centre of gravity was sometimes aft of the mainmast, and then she had to rely on steam and furl her mainsail, for in this case the sail made her fall off. When she was lying close to the wind, they had to let go the spanker, leaving the jib and forestaysail, while the mainsail was useless. This manœuvre was difficult. The rudder was of the old-fashioned kind, not the wheeled one of the present time, but with a tiller, fastened by stays to the sternpost, and moved by a horizontal spar beneath the tiller. Two skiffs, a species of canoe, were suspended to the davits. The vessel had four anchors, — the sheet anchor, the second or working anchor, and two bower anchors. These four anchors, slung by chains, were moved, according to the occasion, by the great capstan of the poop, or by the small capstan at the prow. At that period the pump windlass had not superseded the intermittent efforts of the old handspike. Having only two bower anchors, one on the starboard and the other on the larboard side, the vessel could not move head and stern, a disadvantage in certain cases, though she could aid herself at such times with the second anchor. The buoys were normal, and constructed to carry the buoy ropes of the anchors without dipping. The long boat was of serviceable size, able to raise the main anchor. A novelty about her was the firmness of the standing rigging and the use of chains which left the mobility of the running

rigging unimpaired. The masting, though secondary, was good, and the tops well proportioned. The ribs were solid but coarse, steam not requiring the same delicacy as sail-propulsion. Her speed was six knots an hour. When lying-to she rode well. Take her as she was, "Lethierry's Galley" was a good sea boat; but people felt that, in moments of danger from reefs or water-spouts she would be hardly manageable. She creaked like an ill-made thing, and as she rolled in the waves made a noise like a new shoe.

She was, above all, a merchandise boat, and, like all ships built more for commerce than for fighting, was constructed exclusively with a view to stowage. She carried very few passengers. The transportation of cattle rendered the stowage difficult and very peculiar. Vessels carried bullocks at that time in the hold, which was a complication of the difficulty. At the present day they are stowed on the fore-deck. The paddle-boxes of Lethierry's "Devil Boat" were painted white, the hull, down to the water-line, red, and all the rest of the vessel black, according to the rather ugly fashion of that time. When empty she drew seven feet of water, and when laden, fourteen.

As regards the engine, it was a powerful one, — that is, one-horse power to every three tons burden, which is almost equal to that of a tugboat. The paddles were well placed, a little in advance of the centre of gravity of the vessel. The maximum pressure of the engine was equal to two atmospheres. It consumed a great deal of coal, although it was constructed on the condensation and expansion principles. It had no governor on account of the instability of the point of support; but this was to some extent remedied by two cranks at the extremity of the revolving shaft, so fixed that the one was at right angles when the other was at the dead point. The whole

rested upon a single cast-iron plate, so that even in a case of severe damage it would not lose its equilibrium, and an injury to the hull would not be an injury to the machinery. The boiler was in sections, and provided with a pump. The wheels were very large, which diminished the loss of power; and the smokestack very high, which increased the draught of the fire. But the size of the wheels exposed them to the violence of the waves, and the height of the smokestack exposed it to the wind. Wooden floats, iron clamps, copper journals, — such were the wheels, which, strange as it may seem, could be dismounted. Three floats were always in the water at once. The speed of the centre of the floats was only one sixth more than the speed of the vessel, — a great defect. Besides, the cranks of the valves were too long, and the sliding-valve did not admit the steam equably. The main connecting-rod was near the cylinder, thus transferring the centre of oscillation of the walking-beam from the middle. Since that time the discovery of oscillating cylinders has superseded connecting-rods. For that period the engine seemed, and really was, admirable. It had been constructed in France, at the works at Bercy. Mess Lethierry had made a rough sketch of it; the engineer who had constructed it in accordance with this plan was dead, so that the engine was unique, and probably could not have been replaced. The designer still lived, but the builder was no more.

The engine had cost forty thousand francs.

Lethierry had himself constructed the "Devil Boat" upon the great covered stocks by the side of the first tower between St. Peter's Port and St. Sampson. He went to Bremen to buy the wood. All his skill as a shipwright was exhausted in its construction; his ingenuity might be seen in the planks, the seams of which were straight and even, and covered with sarangousti, —

an Indian mastic, better than resin. The sheathing was well beaten. To remedy the roundness of the hull, Lethierry had fitted a boom on the bowsprit, which enabled him to add another staysail to the regular one. On the day of the launch, he cried aloud, "I am afloat at last." The vessel proved a success, in fact, as the reader has already learned.

Either by chance or design she had been launched on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. On that day, mounted on the bridge between the two paddle-boxes, Lethierry gazed down upon the sea, and exclaimed, "It is your turn now! The Parisians took the Bastille, now science takes the sea."

Lethierry's boat made the trip from Guernsey to St. Malo once a week. She started on Tuesday morning and returned on Friday evening, in time for the Saturday market. She was a stronger craft than any of the large coasting sloops in the Archipelago, and her capacity being in proportion to her dimensions, one of her voyages was equal to four voyages of an ordinary boat in the same trade; hence they were very profitable. The reputation of a vessel depends on its stowage, and Lethierry was an admirable stower of cargo. When he was no longer able to work himself, he trained up a sailor to undertake this duty. At the end of two years, the steamboat yielded a clear profit of seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year, or eighteen thousand francs. The pound sterling of Guernsey is worth twenty-four francs only, that of England twenty-five, and that of Jersey twenty-six. These differences are more important than they seem: the banks, at all events, know how to turn them to account.

CHAPTER VI.

LETHIERRY IN HIS GLORY.

THE "Devil Boat" prospered. Mess Lethierry began to look forward to the time when he should be called "Monsieur." At Guernsey, a man does not become "monsieur" at a single bound. Between the plain man and the gentleman, there is quite a scale to climb. To begin with, we have the simple name, plain "Peter," let us suppose; the second step is "Neighbour Peter;" the third, "Father Peter;" the fourth, "Sieur Peter;" the fifth, "Mess Peter;" and then we reach the summit in "Monsieur Peter."

This scale ascending is carried to still greater heights. All the upper classes of England join on and continue it. Here are the various steps, becoming more and more glorious. Above the Monsieur, or "Mr.," there is the "Esquire;" above the squire, the knight; above the knight, still ascending, we have the baronet, the Scotch laird, the baron, the viscount, the earl (called count in France, and jarl in Norway), the marquis, the duke, the prince of the blood royal, and the king: so, by degrees, we ascend from the people to the middle class, from the middle class to the baronetage, from the baronetage to the peerage, from the peerage to royalty.

Thanks to his successful ingenuity, thanks to steam and his engines and the "Devil Boat," Mess Lethierry was fast becoming an important personage. While building his vessel he had been compelled to borrow

money. He had gone in debt at Bremen, he had gone in debt at St. Malo; but every year he diminished his obligations.

He had, moreover, purchased on credit, at the very entrance to the port of St. Sampson, a pretty stone house, entirely new, situated between the sea and a garden. On the corner of this house was inscribed the name of "Les Bravées." The front formed a part of the wall of the port itself, and it was remarkable for a double row of windows, — on the north, overlooking a little enclosure filled with flowers, and on the south commanding a view of the ocean. So the house had two *façades*, one open to the tempest and the sea, the other looking into a garden filled with roses.

These two frontages seemed made for the two inmates of the house, — Mess Lethierry and Déruchette.

The "Bravées" was popular at St. Sampson; for Mess Lethierry had at length become a popular man. This popularity was due partly to his good-nature, perseverance, and courage; partly to the number of lives he had saved; and in a great measure to his success, and to the fact that he had awarded to St. Sampson the honour of being the port of departure and arrival of the new steamboat. Having made the discovery that the "Devil Boat" was decidedly a success, St. Peter's, the capital, desired to secure it for that port; but Lethierry held fast to St. Sampson. It was his native town. "It was there that I was first pitched into the water," he used to say, — hence his great local popularity. His position as a small landed proprietor paying land-tax, made him, what they call in Guernsey, an *unhabitant*. He was chosen douzenier. The poor sailor had mounted five out of the six steps of the Guernsey social scale; he had attained the dignity of "Mess;" he was rapidly approaching the Monsieur; and who could predict whether he might not even rise higher

than that? who could say that they might not some day find in the almanac of Guernsey, under the heading of "Nobility and Gentry," the startling inscription, — "Lethierry, Esq.?"

But Mess Lethierry had no vanity in his nature, or if he had he despised it; to know that he was useful was his chief delight; to be popular pleased him less than being necessary; he had, as we have already said, only two objects of affection and consequently only two ambitions, — the Durande and Déruchette.

However this may have been, he had embarked in the lottery of the sea, and had gained the chief prize.

This chief prize was the Durande steaming away in all her pride.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAME GODFATHER AND THE SAME PATRON SAINT.

HAVING built his steamboat, Lethierry had christened it: he had called it "Durande" — "La Durande." We will speak of her henceforth by no other name; we will claim the liberty, also, in spite of typographical usage, of not italicizing this name Durande, conforming in this to the notion of Mess Lethierry, in whose eyes the Durande was almost a living creature.

Durande and Déruchette are really the same name. Déruchette is the diminutive.

This diminutive is very common in the west of France.

In the country the names of saints are endowed with all their diminutives as well as all their augmentatives. One might suppose there were several persons when there is, in fact, only one. This system of patrons and patronesses under different names is by no means rare. Lise, Lisette, Lisa, Elisa, Isabelle, Lisbeth, Betsy, — all these are simply Elizabeth. It is probable that Mahout, Maclou, Malo, and Magloire are the same saint; this, however, we do not vouch for.

Saint Durande is a saint of l'Angoumois, and of the Charente; whether she is an orthodox member of the calendar is a question for the Bollandists: orthodox or not, she has been made the patron saint of numerous chapels.

It was while Lethierry was a young sailor at Rochefort that he had made the acquaintance of this saint, prob-

ably in the person of some pretty Charantaise, perhaps in that of the girl with the beautiful nails. The saint had made sufficient impression on his mind for him to give the name to the two things which he loved most, — Durande to the steamboat, Déruchette to the girl.

He was the father of one, the uncle of the other.

Déruchette was the daughter of a brother who had died; she was an orphan child; he had adopted her, and had taken her father's and mother's place.

Déruchette was not only his niece, she was his godchild; he had held her in his arms at the baptismal font; it was he who had chosen her patron saint, Durande, and her Christian name, Déruchette.

Déruchette, as we have said, was born in St. Peter's Port. Her name and the date of her birth were recorded on the parish register.

As long as the niece was a child, and the uncle poor, nobody took heed of her appellation of Déruchette; but when the little girl became a miss, and the sailor a gentleman, the name of Déruchette shocked the feelings of Guernsey society. The uncouthness of the sound astonished every one. Folks asked Mess Lethierry, "Why Déruchette?" He answered, "It is a very good name in its way." Several attempts were made to induce him to change the baptismal name, but he would not be persuaded. One day, a fine lady of the upper circle of society in St. Sampson, the wife of a rich retired iron-founder, said to Mess Lethierry, "I shall call your daughter Nancy in future."

"Why not Lons le Saulnier?" he retorted. The fine lady did not yield her point, and on the morrow said, "We are determined not to have it Déruchette; I have found a pretty name for your daughter — Marianne." "A very pretty name, indeed," replied Mess Lethierry,

"composed of two stupid brutes,—a husband and an ass." [1] He held fast to Déruchette.

It would be a mistake to infer from Lethierry's pun that he had no wish to see his niece married. He desired to see her married, certainly, but in his own way; he intended her to have a husband after his own heart; one who would work hard, and whose wife would have little to do. He liked rough hands in a man, and delicate ones in a woman. To prevent Déruchette from spoiling her pretty hands he had always brought her up like a lady; he had provided her with a music-master, a piano, a little library, and a few needles and silks in a pretty work-basket. She was, indeed, more often reading than stitching; more often playing than reading. This was exactly what Mess Lethierry wished. To be charming was all he expected of her. He had reared the young girl like a flower. Whoever has studied the character of sailors will understand this: rude and hard in their nature, they have a strange partiality for grace and delicacy. To realize the idea of the uncle, the niece ought to have been rich; so, indeed, felt Mess Lethierry. His steamboat travelled for this purpose. The Durande's mission was to provide a marriage portion for Déruchette.

[1] A play upon the French words, *mari* and *âne*.

CHAPTER VIII.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

DÉRUCHETTE occupied the prettiest room at the Bravées. It had two windows, was furnished with various articles made of fine-grained mahogany, had a bed with green and white curtains, and looked out upon the garden, and beyond it towards the high hill, on which stands Vale Castle. Gilliatt's house, the Bû de la Rue, was on the other side of this hill.

Déruchette had her music and piano in this chamber; she accompanied herself on the instrument when singing the melody which she preferred, — the melancholy Scottish air of "Bonnie Dundee." The very spirit of night breathes in this melody; but her voice was full of the freshness of dawn. The contrast was quaint and pleasing; people said, "Miss Déruchette is at her piano."

The passers-by at the foot of the hill stopped sometimes before the wall of the garden of the Bravées to listen to that sweet voice and plaintive song.

Déruchette was the very embodiment of joy as she moved to and fro about the house. She created a perpetual spring around her. She was beautiful, but rather pretty than beautiful, and still more graceful than pretty. She reminded the good old pilots, friends of Mess Lethierry, of that princess in the song which the soldiers and sailors sing, who was so beautiful: —

"Qu'elle passait pour telle dans le régiment."

Mess Lethierry used to say, "She has a head of hair like a ship's cable."

From her infancy she had been remarkable for beauty. Connoisseurs in such matters had grave doubts about her nose, but the child, having probably determined to be pretty, had finally satisfied their requirements. She grew to girlhood without any serious loss of beauty; her nose became neither too long nor too short; and when she was grown up, her critics admitted her to be charming.

She never addressed her uncle otherwise than as father.

Lethierry allowed her to soil her fingers a little in gardening, and even in some light household duties; she watered her beds of hollyhocks, purple foxgloves, perennial phloxes, and scarlet bennets. She took advantage of the climate of Guernsey, so favourable to flowers. She had, like everybody there, aloes in the open ground, and, what is more difficult, she succeeded in cultivating the Nepaulese cinquefoil. Her little kitchen-garden was admirably arranged; she was able to produce many kinds of rare vegetables from it. She sowed Dutch cauliflower and Brussels cabbages, which she thinned out in July, turnips for August, endive for September, short parsnip for the autumn, and rampions for winter. Mess Lethierry did not interfere with her in this, so long as she did not handle the spade and rake too much, or meddle with the coarser kinds of garden labour.

He had provided her with two servants, one named Grace, and the other Douce, which are favourite names in Guernsey. Grace and Douce did the hard work of the house and garden. It was all right for them to have red hands.

With regard to Mess Lethierry, his room was a little retreat with a view of the harbour, and communicating with the principal room on the ground-floor, close by the outside door near which the various staircases met.

His room was furnished with his hammock, his chrono-

meter, and his pipe; there was a table, too, and a chair. The ceiling had been whitewashed, as well as the walls. A fine marine map, bearing the inscription, "W. Faden, 5 Charing Cross, Geographer to His Majesty," and representing the Channel Islands, was nailed up by the side of the door, and on the left, stretched out and fastened with other nails, was one of those large cotton handkerchiefs on which are printed, in colours, the signals of all the countries in the world, having at the four corners the standards of France, Russia, Spain, and the United States, and in the centre the union-jack of England.

Douce and Grace were two faithful creatures. Douce was good-natured enough, and Grace was good-looking. Douce was unmarried, and secretly had "a gallant." In the Channel Islands the word is common, as indeed is the fact itself. The two servant girls had something of the creole in their character, a sort of slowness in their movements, not out of keeping with the Norman spirit which pervade the relations of servant and master in the Channel Islands. Grace, coquettish and good-looking, was always thinking anxiously of the future. This arose not only from the fact of her having, like Douce, "a gallant," but also, as the scandal-loving averred, a sailor husband, whose return she greatly dreaded. This, however, does not concern us. In a household less austere and less innocent, Douce would have continued to be the servant, but Grace would have become the *soubrette*. The dangerous talents of Grace were lost upon a young mistress as pure and good as Déruchette. For the rest, the intrigues of Douce and Grace were carefully concealed. Mess Lethierry knew nothing of such matters, and no token of them had ever reached Déruchette.

The main room on the ground-floor, a hall with a large fireplace and surrounded with benches and tables, had served in the last century as a meeting-place for a con-

venticle of French Protestant refugees. The sole ornament of the bare stone wall was a sheet of parchment, set in a frame of black wood, on which some of the charitable deeds of Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, were depicted. Some poor diocesans of this "Eagle," persecuted by him at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and driven to take shelter at Guernsey, had hung this picture on the wall to preserve the remembrance of those facts. The spectator who had the patience to decipher a rude writing in faded ink might have learned the following facts, which are but little known: —

"October 29, 1685, Monsieur the Bishop of Meaux appeals to the king to destroy the temples of Morcef and Nanteuil." — "April 2, 1686, Arrest of Cochard, father and son, for their religious opinions, at the request of Monsieur the Bishop of Meaux, the Cochards having recanted, are released." — "October 28, 1699, Monsieur the Bishop of Meaux sent to Mde. Pontchartrain a petition of remonstrance, pointing out that it will be necessary to place the young ladies named Chalandes and de Neuville, who are of the reformed religion, in the House of the 'New Catholics' at Paris." — "July 7, 1703, the king's order executed as requested by Monsieur the Bishop of Meaux, for shutting up in an asylum Baudouin and his wife, two *bad Catholics* of Fublaines."

At the end of the hall, near the door of Mess Lethierry's room, was a little corner with a wooden partition, which had been the Huguenot's sanctum, but which had become, thanks to its row of rails and a small hole to pass paper or money through, the steamboat office; that is to say, the office of the Durande, kept by Mess Lethierry in person. Upon the old oaken reading desk, where the Holy Bible once rested, lay a great ledger with its alternate pages headed Dr. and Cr.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED RANTAINE'S TRUE CHARACTER.

SO long as Mess Lethierry had been able, he had commanded the Durande, which had had no other pilot or captain but himself; but a time had come, as we have said, when he had been compelled to find a successor. He had chosen for that purpose Sieur Clubin, of Torteval, a taciturn man. Sieur Clubin had an enviable reputation for strict probity on the coast. He became the *alter ego*, the double of Mess Lethierry.

Sieur Clubin, though he looked more like a notary than a sailor, was a mariner of rare skill. He had all the talents which are required to meet dangers of every kind. He was a skilful stower, a safe man aloft, an able and careful boatswain, a powerful steersman, an experienced pilot, and a bold captain. He was prudent, and he carried his prudence sometimes to the point of daring, which is a great virtue at sea. His natural apprehensiveness of danger was tempered by a strong instinct of what was possible in an emergency. He was one of those mariners who take almost any risk up to a certain point, and who generally manage to come successfully out of every peril. Every certainty which a man can command, dealing with so fickle an element as the sea, he possessed. Sieur Clubin, moreover, was a renowned swimmer; he was one of those men who are accustomed from childhood to buffet with the waves, and who can remain as

long as they please in the water; who can start from the Havre-des-Pas at Jersey, double the Colettes, swim round the Hermitage and Castle Elizabeth, and return in two hours to the point from which they started. He came from Torteval, where he was said to have often swum across the much dreaded passage, from the Hanway rocks to Pleinmont Point.

One circumstance which had recommended Sieur Clubin to Mess Lethierry more than any other, was the correct estimate he had formed of Rantaine's character. He had pointed the dishonesty of the man out to Lethierry, and had said, "Rantaine will rob you." His prediction was verified. More than once — in matters of but trival importance, it is true — Mess Lethierry had put his ever-scrupulous honesty to the proof; and he always talked with him freely on business matters. Mess Lethierry used to say, "Entire confidence demands like confidence in return."

CHAPTER X.

LONG YARNS.

MESS LETHIERRY, for the sake of his own ease, always wore his seafaring clothes, and generally preferred his sailor jacket to his pilot jacket. Déruchette felt a little vexed at this peculiarity. Nothing is prettier than a pouting beauty. She laughed and scolded. "My dear father," she would say, "what a smell of pitch!" and she would give him a gentle tap on his broad shoulders.

This good old seaman had picked up many wonderful stories during his voyages. He had seen in Madagascar birds' feathers, three of which sufficed to make a roof of a house. He had seen in India field sorrel, with stalks nine inches high. In New Holland, he had seen troops of turkeys and geese led about and guarded by a bird, like a flock by a shepherd's dog; this bird was called the Agami. He had visited elephants' cemeteries. In Africa, he had encountered gorillas, a formidable species of man-tiger, seven feet high. He knew the ways of all the ape tribe, from the wild dog-faced monkey, which he called the *Macaco-bravo,* to the howling monkey or *Macaco-barbado.* In Chili, he had seen a guenon excite the compassion of the huntsman by showing its little one. He had seen in California the hollow trunk of a prostrate tree, so huge that a man on horseback could ride one hundred and fifty yards inside. In Morocco, he had seen the Mozabites and the Bisskris fighting with matraks and bars of iron, — the Bisskris, because they had been called *kelbs,* which means dogs; and the Mozabites, be-

cause they had been treated as *khamsi*, which means people of the fifth sect. He had seen in China the pirate Chanh-thong-quan-larh-Quoi cut to pieces for having assassinated the Ap of a village. At Thu-dan-mot, he had seen a lion carry off an old woman in the open market-place. He was present at the arrival of the Great Serpent brought from Canton to Saigon to celebrate the *fête* of Quan-nam, the goddess of navigators in the pagoda of Cho-len. He had beheld the great Quan-Sû among the Moi. In Rio de Janeiro, he had seen Brazilian ladies in the evening put little gauze bags in their hair, each containing a beautiful kind of firefly, the whole forming a head-dress of twinkling stars. He had fought in Uruguay with swarms of enormous ants, and in Paraguay with spiders, big and downy as an infant's head, that can encompass a diameter of a third of a yard with their long legs, and attack men by pricking them with their bristles, which penetrate the skin like arrows, and raise painful blisters. On the river Arinos, a tributary of the Tocantins, in the virgin forests to the north of Diamantina, he had determined the existence of the horrible bat people, the Murcilagos, or men who are born with white hair and red eyes, who live in the shady solitudes of the woods, sleep by day, and fish and hunt in the dark, seeing better then than by the light of the moon. He told how, near Beyrout, once in the encampment of an expedition of which he formed a part, a rain-gauge belonging to one of the party happened to be stolen from a tent. A wizard, wearing two or three strips of leather only, and looking like a man having nothing on but his braces, thereupon rang a bell at the end of a horn so violently that a hyæna finally answered the summons by bringing back the missing instrument. The hyæna was, in fact, the thief.

These pretended true stories bore a strong resemblance to fictions; but they amused Déruchette.

The *poupée* or "doll" of the Durande was the connecting link between the vessel and Lethierry's niece. *Poupée* is what the people of the Channel Islands call the figurehead of a ship. Hence, for "to be aboard," they say "to be between the poop and the *poupée*."

The *poupée* of the Durande was particularly dear to Mess Lethierry.

He had instructed the carver to make it resemble Déruchette. It looked like a rude attempt to cut out a face with a hatchet, or like a clumsy log trying hard to look like a girl.

This unshapely block had a great effect upon Mess Lethierry's imagination, however. He regarded it with almost superstitious admiration. His faith in it was complete. He was able to trace in it an excellent resemblance to Déruchette, for thus the dogma resembles the truth, and the idol the deity.

Mess Lethierry had two grand *fête* days in every week,—one Tuesday, the other Friday. His first enjoyment consisted in seeing the Durande sail; his second in seeing her come back. He leaned upon his elbows at the window contemplating his work, and was happy. To quote Genesis, *Et vidit quod esset bonum.*

On Fridays, the appearance of Mess Lethierry at his window was a signal. When people passing the Bravées saw him lighting his pipe, they said, "Ah, the steamboat is in sight." One kind of smoke was the herald of the other.

The Durande, when she entered the port, made her cable fast to a huge iron ring fixed in the basement of the house, under Mess Lethierry's window. On those nights, Lethierry slept soundly in his hammock, with a soothing consciousness of the presence of Déruchette asleep in her room near him, and of the Durande moored near him.

The moorings of the Durande were close to the great bell of the port. A little strip of quay extended from it to the door of the Bravées.

The quay, the Bravées and its house, the garden, the walks bordered with hedges, and even the surrounding houses, no longer exist. The demand for Guernsey granite has invaded these also. The whole of this part of the town is now occupied by stone-cutters' yards.

CHAPTER XI.

A GLANCE AT FUTURE HUSBANDS.

DÉRUCHETTE was approaching womanhood. and was still unmarried.

Mess Lethierry in bringing her up to have white hands had also made her rather fastidious. A training of that kind has its disadvantages.

Besides, Lethierry himself was still more fastidious. The husband he desired for Déruchette was also to be a sort of a husband for Durande. He would have liked to provide at the same time for both his daughters ; to find in the guide and companion of the one, a commander for the other. What is a husband but the pilot on the voyage of matrimony ? Then why not have the same captain for the vessel and for the girl ? The affairs of a household have their tides, their ebbs and flows, and he who knows how to steer a bark, ought to know how to guide a woman's destiny, subject as both are to the influences of the moon and the wind. Sieur Clubin, being only fifteen years younger than Lethierry, would necessarily be only a provisional master for the Durande. It would be necessary to find a young captain, a permanent master, a true successor of the founder, inventor, and builder. A permanent captain for the Durande would have been almost a son-in-law in Lethierry's eyes. Why not make him a son-in-law in a double sense ? The idea pleased him. The husband of Déruchette haunted his dreams. His ideal was a powerful seaman, tanned and

browned by exposure to the weather, — a sea athlete. This, however, was not exactly Déruchette's ideal. Her dreams were more romantic.

The uncle and the niece agreed in not being in haste. When Déruchette began to be regarded as a probable heiress, a crowd of suitors presented themselves. Attentions under such circumstances are generally not worth much. Mess Lethierry felt this. He would grumble out the old French proverb, "A maiden of gold, a suitor of brass," as he politely showed the fortune-hunters to the door. He was content to wait, and so was Déruchette.

Strange to say, he had very little admiration for the local aristocracy. In this respect Mess Lethierry showed himself no Englishman. It will hardly be believed that he even refused a Ganduel of Jersey, and a Bugnet-Nicolin of Sark for Déruchette. People were bold enough to affirm, although we doubt if this were possible, that he had even declined the proposals of a member of the family of Edou, which is evidently descended from "Edou-ard" the Confessor.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ANOMALY IN THE CHARACTER OF LETHIERRY.

MESS LETHIERRY had a failing, and a very serious one. He detested a priest; not as an individual, but as an institution. Reading one day — for he used to read — in a work of Voltaire — for he used to read Voltaire — the remark, that priests "have something cat-like in their nature," he laid down the book and was heard to mutter, "Then, I suppose, I have something dog-like in mine."

It must be remembered that the priests — Lutheran and Calvinist, as well as Catholic — had vigorously combated the new "Devil Boat," and persecuted its inventor. To be a sort of revolutionist in the art of navigation, to introduce a spirit of progress in the Norman Archipelago, to disturb the peace of the poor little island of Guernsey with a new invention, was in their opinion a rash and abominable act. Nor had they neglected to condemn it pretty loudly. It must not be forgotten that we are now speaking of the Guernsey clergy of a bygone age, very different from those of the present time, who display a laudable sympathy with progress in almost all the local places of worship. They had embarrassed Lethierry in a hundred ways; every sort of opposing force which can be found in sermons and discourses having been employed against him. Detested by the churchmen, he naturally came to detest them in his turn. Their hatred

was the extenuating circumstance to be taken into account in judging of his.

But it must be confessed that his dislike of priests was, in some degree, a part of his very nature. It was hardly necessary for them to hate him in order to inspire him with similar aversion. As he said, he moved around among them like a dog among cats. He had an antipathy to them, not only in idea, but in what is more difficult to analyze, his instincts. He felt their claws, and showed his teeth; sometimes, it must be confessed, a little at random and out of season. It is a mistake to make no distinctions; a dislike to a class is a prejudice. Even the good Savoyard curé had found no favour in his eyes. It is by no means certain that there was such a thing as a worthy priest in Lethierry's opinion. His philosophy was carried so far that his good sense sometimes abandoned him. There is such a thing as intolerance on the part of tolerants, as well as violence of moderates. But Lethierry was too good-hearted to be a thorough hater. He avoided rather than attacked them. He kept the church people at a distance. He suffered injury at their hands; but he confined himself to not wishing them any good. The shade of difference, in fact, between his aversion and theirs, lay in the fact that they felt animosity, while he had only a strong antipathy. Small as the island of Guernsey is, there is plenty of room for differences of religion, unfortunately. The Catholic faith and the Protestant faith both flourish there. It does not put the two religions in the same church, and every form of worship has its temple or chapel. In Germany, at Heidelberg, for example, people are not so particular; they divide a church in two parts, one half for St. Peter, the other half for Calvin, and between the two is a partition to prevent religious variances from terminating in a fight. The divisions are

equal; the Catholics have three altars, the Huguenots, three altars. As the services are at the same hours, one bell summons both denominations; it rings, both for God and for Satan. Nothing can be more simple.

The phlegmatic character of the Germans favours this peculiar arrangement, I suppose; but in Guernsey every religion has its own domicil; there is the orthodox parish and the heretic parish; the individual may choose. "Neither one nor the other," was the choice of Mess Lethierry.

This sailor, workman, philosopher, and trader, though a simple man in appearance, was by no means simple in reality. He had his opinions and his prejudices. On the subject of the priests, he was immovable; he would have entered the lists with Montlosier.

Occasionally he indulged in very disrespectful jokes. He had certain odd expressions peculiar to himself, but significant enough. Going to confession he called "combing one's conscience." The little learning that he had picked up here and there between the squalls at sea, did not prevent him from making blunders in spelling. He also made many mistakes in pronunciation, some of which, however, gave a double meaning to his words, that might have been intentional.

Though he was a strong anti-papist, that fact by no means conciliated the Anglicans. He was no more popular with the Protestant rectors than with the Catholic curés. The enunciation of the greatest dogmas did not prevent his anti-theological temper from bursting forth. Accident, for example, having once compelled him to hear a sermon on eternal punishment, by the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode, — a magnificent discourse, filled from beginning to end with scriptural texts, proving the everlasting pains, the tortures, the torments, the perditions, the inexorable chastisements, the burnings without end,

the inextinguishable maledictions, the wrath of the Almighty, the celestial fury, the divine vengeance, and other incontestable realities, — he was heard to say as he was going out in the midst of the faithful flock, "You see, I have a very peculiar opinion about such matters; I imagine God is good."

This leaven of atheism was doubtless due to his sojourn in France.

Although a Guernsey man of pure extraction, he was known on the island as "the Frenchman;" but chiefly on account of his "improper" manner of speaking. He made no attempt to conceal the truth from himself. He was impregnated with ideas subversive of established institutions. His obstinacy in constructing the "Devil Boat" had proved that. He used to say, "I have an '89 head" — a doubtful sort of avowal.

These were not his only indiscretions. In France "to preserve appearances," in England "to be respectable," is essential to a quiet life. To be respectable implies a multitude of little observances, from the strict keeping of Sunday down to the careful tying of a cravat. "To act so that nobody may point a finger at you;" this is the terrible social law. To be pointed at with the finger is almost the same thing as an anathematization. Little towns, always hotbeds of gossip, are remarkable for that isolating malignancy, which is like the tremendous malediction of the Church seen through the wrong end of the telescope. The bravest are afraid of this ordeal. They are ready to confront the storm, the fire of cannon, but they shrink from the glance of "Mrs. Grundy." Mess Lethierry was more obstinate than logical; but under pressure even his obstinacy would bend. He put — to use another of his phrases, eminently suggestive of latent compromises, not always pleasant to avow — "a little water in his wine." He kept aloof from the clergy, but

he did not absolutely close his door against them. On official occasions, and at the customary epochs of pastoral visits, he received with sufficiently good grace both the Lutheran rector and the Papist chaplain. He had even, though at distant intervals, accompanied Déruchette to the Anglican parish church, to which Déruchette herself, as we have said, only went on the four great festivals of the year.

On the whole, these little concessions, which always cost him a pang, irritated him; and far from inclining him towards the Church people, only increased his inward disinclination to them. He compensated himself by more raillery. His nature, in general so devoid of bitterness, had no uncharitable side except this. To alter him, however, was impossible.

In fact, this was in his very temperament, and was beyond his own power to control.

Every sort of priest or clergymen was distasteful to him. He had a little of the old revolutionary want of reverence. He did not distinguish between one form of worship and another. He did not do justice to that great step in the progress of ideas, the denial of the real presence. His short-sightedness in these matters even prevented his perceiving any essential difference between a minister and an abbé. A reverend doctor and a reverend father were pretty nearly the same to him. He used to say, "Wesley is no more to my taste than Loyola." When he saw a reverend pastor walking with his wife, he would turn to look at them, and mutter, "a married priest," in a tone which denoted all the absurdity which those words had in the ears of Frenchmen at that time. He used to relate how, on his last voyage to England, he had seen the "Bishop*ess*" of London. His dislike for marriages of that sort amounted almost to disgust. "Gown and gown do not mate well," he would say. The

sacerdotal function was to him in the nature of a distinct sex. It would have been natural to him to have said, "Neither a man nor a woman, but a priest;" and he had the bad taste to apply the same disdainful epithets to the Anglican and the Roman Catholic clergy. He confounded the two cassocks in the same phraseology. He did not take the trouble to modify the figures of speech common among military men of that period in favour of either Catholics or Lutherans, or whatever they might be. He often said to Déruchette, "Marry whom you please, provided you do not marry a parson."

CHAPTER XIII.

THOUGHTLESSNESS ADDS ANOTHER CHARM.

A WORD once said, Mess Lethierry remembered it: a word once said, Déruchette soon forgot it. Here was the difference between the uncle and the niece.

Brought up in the peculiar way already described, Déruchette was little accustomed to responsibility. The latent danger of such an education cannot be too deeply impressed upon parents. It is perhaps unwise to endeavour to make a child too happy.

So long as she was happy, Déruchette thought all was well. She knew, too, that it was always a pleasure to her uncle to see her pleased. The religious sentiment in her nature was satisfied with going to the parish church four times in the year. We have seen her in her Christmas-day toilet.

She was entirely ignorant of life. She had a disposition which might lead her to love passionately some day, in the mean time she was contented.

She sang by fits and starts, chatted by fits and starts, enjoyed each hour as it passed, said a word and flew away, fulfilled some little duty, and was gone again, and was delightful in all. Add to all this the English liberty which she enjoyed. In England the very infants go about alone, girls are their own mistresses, and adolescence is wholly unrestrained. Such are the differences in manners. Later, these free maidens become wives and slaves. I use the words in their best sense; I mean they

are free in the development of their nature, but slaves to duty.

Déruchette awoke every morning with little thought of her actions of the day before. It would have troubled her a good deal to be obliged to give an account of how she had spent her time the previous week. All this, however, did not prevent her from having some hours of strange disquietude; times when some dark cloud seemed to dim the brightness of her joy. These azure depths are subject to such shadows! But clouds like these soon passed away. She quickly shook off such moods with a cheerful laugh, knowing neither why she had been sad, nor why she had regained her serenity. She was always at play. She took delight in teasing the passers-by. She played practical jokes upon the boys. If the Evil One himself had passed that way, she would have had no pity, nor spared him some ingenious trick. She was pretty and innocent; and she abused the immunity accorded to such qualities. She was as ready with her claws as a cat, smiling gaily all the while. So much the worse for the victim of her scratches. She thought no more of them. Yesterday had no existence for her. She lived in the fulness of to-day.

Such it is to have too much happiness fall to one's lot! With Déruchette impressions vanished like the melted snow.

BOOK IV.

THE BAGPIPE.

CHAPTER I.

GLEAMS OF DAWN OR OF A CONFLAGRATION.

GILLIATT had never spoken to Déruchette; he knew her from having seen her at a distance, as men know the morning star.

At the time Déruchette met Gilliatt on the road leading from St. Peter's Port to Vale, and surprised him by tracing his name in the snow, she was just sixteen years of age. Only the evening before Mess Lethierry had said to her, "Come, no more childish tricks; you are a big girl, now."

That word "Gilliatt," written by the young maiden, had sunk to an unfathomed depth.

What were women to Gilliatt? He could not have answered that question himself. When he met one he generally inspired her with some of the timidity he felt himself. He never spoke to a woman except from urgent necessity. He had never played the part of a "gallant" to any of the country girls. When he found himself alone on the road, and saw a woman coming towards him, he usually climbed a fence or buried himself in some copse; he even avoided old women. Once in his life he had seen a Parisian lady. A *Parisienne*

on the wing was a strange event in Guernsey at that remote epoch; and Gilliatt had heard this gentle lady relate her little troubles in these words: "I am very much annoyed; I have got some spots of rain upon my bonnet. Pale buff is a shocking colour for rain." Having found some time afterwards between the leaves of a fashion-book an old engraving representing "a lady of the Chaussée d'Antin" in full dress, he had nailed it on the wall at home as a souvenir of this remarkable apparition.

On that Christmas morning after he had met Déruchette, and after she had written his name and disappeared laughing, he returned home, scarcely conscious why he had gone out. That night he slept little; he was dreaming of a thousand things: that it would be well to cultivate black radishes in the garden; that he had not seen the boat from Sark pass by. Could anything have happened to it? Then he remembered that he had seen the white stonecrop in flower, a rare thing at that season. He had never known exactly who the woman was who had reared him, but he made up his mind that she must have been his mother, and thought of her with redoubled tenderness. He called to mind the lady's clothing in the old leathern trunk. He thought that the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode would probably one day or other be appointed dean of St. Peter's Port and surrogate of the bishop, and that the rectory of St. Sampson would become vacant. Next, he remembered that the morrow would be the twenty-seventh day of the moon, and that consequently high water would be at twenty-one minutes past three, the half-ebb at a quarter past seven, low water at thirty-three minutes past nine, and half-flood at thirty-nine minutes past twelve. He recalled, to the most trifling details, the costume of the Highlander who had sold

him the bagpipe; his bonnet with a thistle ornament, his claymore, his close-fitting short jacket, his philabeg with the sporran, and snuff-horn, his pin set with a Scottish stone, his two girdles, the sash and belt, his sword, dirk, and skene-dhu, a black-sheathed knife, with its black handle ornamented with two cairngorms, and the bare knees of the soldier; his socks, checked gaiters, and buckled shoes. This highly equipped figure became an imaginary spectre, which pursued him with a sense of feverishness as he sunk into oblivion. When he woke it was bright daylight, and his first thought was of Déruchette.

The next night he slept more soundly, but he dreamed of the Scottish soldier again. In the midst of his sleep he remembered that the after-Christmas sittings of the Chief Law Court would commence on the 21st of January. He dreamed also about the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode.

He thought of Déruchette, and seemed to be terribly angry with her. He wished he had been a child again to throw stones at her windows.

Then he recollected that if he were a child again he would have his mother by his side, and he began to sob.

Gilliatt formed a plan of going to spend three months at Chousey, or at the Minquiers; but he did not go.

He walked no more along the road to St. Peter's Port.

He had an odd fancy that the name of "Gilliatt" remained there traced upon the ground, and that passers-by stopped to read it.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNKNOWN UNFOLDS ITSELF BY DEGREES.

ON the other hand, Gilliatt had the satisfaction of seeing the Bravées every day. By some accident he was continually passing that way. His business seemed always to take him along the path which passed the wall of Déruchette's garden.

One morning, as he was walking along this path, he heard a market-woman who was returning from the Bravées, say to another, "Miss Lethierry is fond of sea-kale."

He dug in his garden of the Bû de la Rue a trench for sea-kale. The sea-kale is a vegetable which has a flavour like asparagus.

The garden-wall of the Bravées was very low; it would have been easy to scale it; but the idea of scaling it would have appeared terrible to him. But there was nothing to hinder his hearing, like any one else, the voices of persons talking in the rooms or in the garden as he passed. He did not listen, but he heard them. Once he could distinguish the voices of the two servants, Grace and Douce, disputing. It was a sound connected with the house, and their quarrel lingered in his ears like the memory of delightful music.

On another occasion, he distinguished a different voice, which seemed to him to be the voice of Déruchette. He quickened his pace, and was soon out of hearing.

The words uttered by that voice, however, remained fixed in his memory. He repeated them again and again. They were, "Will you please give me the little broom?"

By degrees he became bolder. He had the daring to loiter awhile. One day it happened that Déruchette was singing at her piano, invisible from without, although her window was open. The air was that of "Bonnie Dundee." He grew pale, but he screwed his courage to the point of listening.

Springtide came. One day Gilliatt enjoyed a beatific vision. The heavens were opened, and there, before his eyes, appeared Déruchette, watering lettuces in her little garden.

Soon afterwards he began to do more than merely listen there. He watched her habits, observed her hours, and waited to catch a glimpse of her.

In all this he was very careful not to be seen.

The year advanced; the time came when the trellises were heavy with roses, and haunted by butterflies. Little by little, he had come to conceal himself for hours behind her wall, motionless and silent, seen by no one, and holding his breath as Déruchette passed in and out of her garden. Men become accustomed to poison by degrees.

From his hiding-place he could often hear Déruchette conversing with Mess Lethierry under a thick arch of leaves, in a spot where there was a garden-seat. The words reached his ears distinctly.

What a change had come over him! He had even stooped to watch and listen. Alas! there is something of the spy in every human heart.

There was another garden-seat, visible to him, and nearer. Déruchette sat there sometimes.

From the flowers he had seen her gathering he could

guess her taste in the matter of perfumes. The scent of the bindweed was her favourite; then the pink; then the honeysuckle; then the jasmine. The rose stood only fifth in the scale. She looked at the lilies, but did not smell them.

Gilliatt pictured her character from this choice of odours. He associated some perfection with each perfume.

The very idea of speaking to Déruchette would have made his hair stand on end.

A poor old rag-picker, whose wanderings brought her, from time to time, into the little road leading under the enclosure of the Bravées, noticed Gilliatt's assiduous visits to the wall, and his devotion to this retired spot. Did she connect the presence of a man before this wall with the possibility of a woman behind it? Did she perceive that vague, invisible thread? Was she, in her decrepit mendicancy, still young enough to remember something of the old happier days? Could she in this dark night and winter of her wretched life still recognize the dawn? We know not; but it seems that, on one occasion, passing Gilliatt at his post, she gave him something as near like a smile as she was still capable of, and muttered between her teeth, "It is getting warmer."

"It is getting warmer?" he muttered, with an inward note of interrogation. What did the old woman mean?

He repeated the phrase mechanically all day, but he could not guess its meaning.

One evening while he was at his window, five or six girls from Ancresse came to bathe in the bay. They sported in the waves a hundred feet from him. He shut his window violently. He could not bear the sight of a woman undressed.

CHAPTER III.

THE AIR "BONNIE DUNDEE" FINDS AN ECHO ON THE HILL.

IT was in a spot behind the garden of the Bravées, at an angle in the wall, half concealed with holly and ivy, and covered with nettles, wild mallow, and big white mullen growing between the blocks of stone, that he passed the greater part of that summer. He watched there, lost in thought. The lizards became accustomed to his presence, and basked in the sun upon the same stones. The summer was bright and full of dreamy indolence: overhead the light clouds came and went. Gilliatt sat upon the grass. The air was full of the songs of birds. Sometimes he pressed his hands to his forehead and tried to collect his thoughts: "Why should she write my name in the snow?" he asked himself. The sea breeze came up gently from a distance; at intervals the horn of the quarrymen sounded abruptly, warning the passers-by to take shelter, as a blast was about to explode. The Port of St. Sampson was not visible from this place, but he could see the tips of the masts above the trees. The sea-gulls circled around. Gilliatt had heard his mother say that women might fall in love with men; that such things happened sometimes. He remembered it, and said to himself, "Déruchette is in love with me!" Then a feeling of sadness would come over him; he would say, "She, too, thinks of me in her turn. It is well." He re-

membered that Déruchette was rich, and that he was poor: and then the new boat seemed to him an execrable invention. He could never remember what day of the month it was now. He would sit and stare listlessly at the great bees, with their yellow bodies and short wings, as they entered the holes in the wall with a buzzing noise.

One evening as Déruchette was about to retire she approached the window to close it. The night was dark. Suddenly, something caught her ear, and she listened. From somewhere in the darkness came a sound of music. It was some one, perhaps, on the hillside, or at the foot of the towers of Vale Castle, or, perhaps, still further off, playing an air upon some instrument. Déruchette recognized her favourite melody, "Bonnie Dundee," played upon the bagpipe. She thought very little about it, however.

From that night on the music could be heard again from time to time at the same hours, particularly when the nights were very dark.

Déruchette was not much pleased with all this.

CHAPTER IV

FOUR YEARS LATER.

To uncles and guardians, quiet old boys,
Serenades are but sleep-breaking nonsense and noise.
Unpublished Comedy.

FOUR years passed away.

Déruchette was approaching her twenty-first year, and was still unmarried.

Some writer has said that a fixed idea is a sort of gimlet; every year gives it another turn. To pull it out the first year is like plucking out the hair by the roots; in the second year, like tearing the skin; in the third, like breaking the bones; and in the fourth, like removing the very brain itself.

Gilliatt had arrived at this fourth stage.

He had never yet spoken a word to Déruchette. He lived and dreamed near that delightful vision. That was all.

It happened one day that, finding himself by chance at St. Sampson, he saw Déruchette talking with Mess Lethierry at the door of the Bravées which opens upon the roadway of the port. Gilliatt ventured to approach very close. He fancied that at the very moment of his passing she had smiled. There was nothing impossible in that.

Déruchette still heard the sound of the bagpipe from time to time.

Mess Lethierry had also heard this bagpipe. By degrees he too had come to notice this persevering musician under Déruchette's window. A tender strain, too,—all the more suspicious. A nocturnal wooing was a thing not to his taste. He desired to marry Déruchette off in his own time, when she was willing and he was willing, without any romance or music. Irritated at this discovery, he at last began to keep watch, and soon fancied that he had detected Gilliatt. He passed his fingers through his whiskers—a sign of anger—and grumbled out, "What has that fellow got to pipe about? He is in love with Déruchette, that is clear. You are wasting your time, young man. Any one who wants Déruchette must come to me, and not hang about playing the flute."

A long foreseen event of importance occurred soon afterwards. It was announced that the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode had been appointed surrogate of the Bishop of Winchester, dean of the island, and rector of St. Peter's Port, and that he would leave St. Sampson for St. Peter immediately after the installation of his successor.

It could not be long before the arrival of the new rector. He was a gentleman of Norman extraction, Monsieur Joë Ebenezer Caudray, Anglicized as Cawdry.

Some facts were known about the new rector, which the benevolent and malevolent interpreted in a very different way. He was known to be young and poor, but his youth was tempered with much learning, and his poverty by good expectations. In the dialect specially invented for the subject of riches and inheritances, death goes by the name of "expectations." He was the nephew and heir of the aged and opulent dean of St. Asaph. At the death of this old gentleman he would become a rich man. M. Caudray had very distin-

guished connections. He was almost entitled to the title of "Honourable." As regarded his doctrine, people judged differently. He was an Anglican, but an extremest in his views. He repudiated all pharisaism. He was a friend rather of the Presbytery than the Episcopacy. He dreamed of the Primitive Church of the days when Adam had the right to choose his Eve, and when Frumentanus, Bishop of Hierapolis, carried off a young maiden to make her his wife, and said to her parents, "It is my will and her will. You are no longer her mother, and you are no longer her father. I am the angel of Hierapolis, and this is my wife. Her father is God." If the common belief could be trusted, M. Caudray subordinated the text, "Honour thy father and thy mother," to another text, of much higher significance in his eyes, "The woman is the flesh of the man. She shall leave her father and mother to follow her husband." This tendency, however, to circumscribe the parental authority and to favour religiously every mode of forming the conjugal tie, is peculiar to all Protestantism, particularly in England, and singularly so in America.

CHAPTER V.

A DESERVED SUCCESS HAS ALWAYS ITS DETRACTORS.

AT this time the affairs of Mess Lethierry were in this position: The Durande had more than fulfilled all his expectations. He had paid his debts, discharged his obligations at Bremen, met his notes at St. Malo, paid off the mortgage upon his house at the Bravées, and bought up all the local rent-charges upon the property. He was also the proprietor of a highly productive capital. This was the Durande herself. The net revenue from the boat was about a thousand pounds sterling per annum, and the traffic was constantly increasing. Strictly speaking, the Durande constituted his entire fortune. She was also the fortune of the island. The transportation of cattle being one of the most profitable portions of her trade, he had been obliged, in order to facilitate the stowage, and the embarking and disembarking of animals, to do away with the luggage-room and the two life-boats. This was rather imprudent perhaps, for it left Durande with but one boat, — namely, her long-boat; but this was an excellent one.

Ten years had elapsed since Rantaine's robbery.

The prosperity of the Durande had one weak point. It inspired no confidence. People regarded it as a great risk. Lethierry's good fortune was looked upon as exceptional. He was considered to have gained by a lucky rashness. Some one at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, who had imitated him, had not succeeded. The enterprise

had ruined the share-holders. The engines were badly constructed, Lethierry said. But people shook their heads. Innovations always have to contend with this difficulty; very few people wish them well. The least false step compromises them.

One of the commercial oracles of the Channel Islands, a certain banker from Paris, named Jauge, being consulted in regard to a steamboat speculation, was reported to have turned his back contemptuously with the remark, "You call this an investment that you propose to me? Exactly; an investment in smoke."

On the other hand, sailing-vessels had no difficulty in finding capitalists to take shares in a venture. Capital, in fact, was obstinately in favour of sails, and as obstinately set against boilers and paddle-wheels. In Guernsey, the Durande was indeed a fact, but steam was not an established principle as yet. Such is the fanatical spirit of conservatism in opposition to progress. They said of Lethierry, "It is all very well; but he could not do it a second time." Far from encouraging, his example inspired timidity. Nobody would have dared to risk another Durande.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SLOOP CASHMERE SAVES A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

THE equinoctial gales begin early in the Channel. The sea there is narrow, and angers and vexes the winds. The westerly gales begin in the month of February, and the waves are beaten about from every quarter. Navigation becomes a dangerous matter, and the people on the coasts begin to watch for vessels in distress. The sea is like a cut-throat in ambush for his victim. An invisible trumpet sounds the tocsin of war with the elements, furious gales spring up from the horizon, and a terrible wind soon begins to whistle and howl.

The wind is one danger; the fogs are another.

Fogs have been the terror of mariners from all time. In certain fogs microscopic prisms of ice are found in suspension, to which Mariotte attributes halos, mock suns, and paraselenes. Storm-fogs are of a composite character; various gases of unequal specific gravity combine with watery vapour, and arrange themselves, layer above layer, in an order which divides the dense mist into zones. Below ranges the iodine; above the iodine is the sulphur; above the sulphur the brome; above the brome the phosphorus. This, and making allowance for electric and magnetic tension, explains several phenomena, — such as the St. Elmo's Fire of Columbus and Magellan, the flying stars moving about the ships, of which Seneca speaks; the two flames, Castor and Pollux, mentioned by Plutarch; the Roman legion, whose spears seemed to Cæsar

to take fire; the peak of the Chateau of Duino in Friuli, which sparkled when the sentinel touched it with his lance; and perhaps even those fulgurations from the earth which the ancients called Saturn's terrestrial lightnings. At the equator, an immense mist seems to encircle the globe. It is known as the Cloud-ring. The function of the Cloud-ring is to temper the heat of the tropics, as that of the Gulf-stream is to mitigate the coldness of the Pole. Under the Cloud-ring fogs are fatal. These are what are called "horse latitudes." It was here that navigators of former ages were accustomed to cast their horses into the sea to lighten the ship in stormy weather, and to economize fresh water when becalmed. Columbus said, "Nube abaxo ex muerte," — death lurks in the low cloud. The Etruscans, who were as profoundly versed in meteorology as the Chaldeans were in astronomy, had two high priests, — the high priest of the thunder, and the high priest of the clouds. The "fulgurators" observed the lightning, and the "aquileges" watched the mists. The college of Priest-Augurs was consulted by the Tyrians, the Phœnicians, the Pelasgi, and all the primitive navigators of the ancient "Mare Internum." The origin of tempests was, from that time on, partially understood. It is intimately connected with the generation of fogs, and is, properly speaking, the same phenomenon. There exist upon the ocean three regions of fogs, one equatorial and two polar. The mariners give them but one name, the "pitch-pot."

In all latitudes, and particularly in the Channel, the equinoctial fogs are specially dangerous. They envelope the sea in sudden darkness. One of the chief perils of fogs, even when they are not very dense, is due to their preventing the mariners from perceiving changes in the bed of the ocean by the variations in the colour of the water. The result is a concealment of the approach of

sands and breakers. The vessel steers towards the shoals without receiving any warning. Frequently, the fogs leave a ship no resource except to lie-to, or to cast anchor. There are as many shipwrecks from the fogs as from gales.

After a very violent squall succeeding one of these foggy days, the mail-boat "Cashmere" arrived safely from England. It entered St. Peter's Port as the first gleam of day appeared upon the sea, and at the very moment when the cannon of Cornet Castle announced the sunrise. The sloop "Cashmere" had been anxiously expected, as she was to bring the new rector of St. Sampson.

Shortly after the arrival of the sloop, a rumour ran through the town that she had been hailed during the night at sea by a long-boat containing a shipwrecked crew.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW AN IDLER HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO BE SEEN BY A FISHERMAN.

ON that very night, when the wind abated, Gilliatt had gone out with his nets, without, however, taking his Dutch boat too far from the coast.

As he was returning with the rising tide, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the sun was shining brightly. As he passed the Beast's Horn to reach the little bay of the Bû de la Rue, he fancied that he saw, in the projection of the "Gild-Holm-'Ur" seat, a shadow, which was not that of the rock.

He steered his vessel nearer, and perceived a man sitting in the "Gild-Holm-'Ur." The sea was already very high, so the rock was encircled by the waves, and escape entirely cut off. Gilliatt made signs to the man, but the stranger remained motionless. Gilliatt drew nearer.

The man was asleep.

He was attired in black. "He looks like a priest," thought Gilliatt.

He approached still nearer, and could distinguish the face of a young man.

The features were unknown to him.

The rock, fortunately, was abrupt; there was a good depth of water, and Gilliatt succeeded in skirting the rocky wall. The tide raised the bark so high that Gilliatt, by standing upon the gunwale of the sloop, could touch the man's feet. He raised himself upon the rail, and stretched out his hands.

If he had fallen at that moment, he would not have risen to the surface of the water again: for the waves were rolling in between the boat and the rock, and destruction would have been inevitable.

He pulled the foot of the sleeping man.

"Hello there! What are you doing in this place?"

The man awoke, and muttered: —

"I was looking about."

He was now completely awake, and continued: —

"I have just arrived in this part of the country. I came this way on a pleasure trip. I spent the night on the sea; the view from here seemed beautiful. I was tired, and fell asleep."

"Ten minutes more, and you would have been drowned."

"Ha!"

"Jump into my boat."

Gilliatt held the boat fast with his foot, clutched the rock with one hand, and stretched out the other to the stranger in black, who sprang quickly into the boat. He was a fine-looking young man.

Gilliatt seized the tiller, and in two minutes his boat entered the bay of the Bû de la Rue.

The young man wore a round hat and a white cravat; and his long black frock-coat was buttoned up to the throat. He had fair hair, which he wore *en couronne*. He had a rather effeminate type of features, a clear eye, and a grave manner.

Meanwhile, the boat had reached the shore. Gilliatt passed the cable through the mooring-ring, then turned and perceived the young man holding out a sovereign in a very white hand.

Gilliatt pushed the hand gently away.

There was a pause.

The young man was the first to break the silence.

"You have saved me from death."

"Perhaps," replied Gilliatt.

The moorings were made fast, and they stepped ashore.

"I owe you my life, sir," the stranger continued.

"No matter."

This reply from Gilliatt was again followed by a pause.

"Do you belong to this parish?"

"No," replied Gilliatt.

"To what parish, then?"

Gilliatt lifted up his right hand, pointed to the sky and answered: —

"To that above."

The young man bowed, and left him.

After walking a few paces, the stranger stopped, felt in his pocket, drew out a book, and returning to Gilliatt, offered it to him.

"Permit me to make you a present of this."

Gilliatt took the volume.

It was a Bible.

An instant after, Gilliatt stood leaning on the parapet watching the young man as he turned the corner of the path leading to St. Sampson.

Little by little he lowered his gaze, and soon forgot all about the stranger.

There was one subject that engrossed his every thought, — this was Déruchette.

A voice aroused him from this dream.

"Ho there, Gilliatt!"

He recognized the voice and looked up.

"What is the matter, Sieur Landoys?"

It was, in fact, Sieur Landoys, who was passing along the road about one hundred paces from the Bû de la Rue in his phaeton, drawn by one little horse. He had stopped to hail Gilliatt, but he seemed hurried.

"There is strange news, Gilliatt."

"Where?"
"At the Bravées."
"What is it?"
"I am too far off to tell you the story."
Gilliatt shuddered.
"Is Miss Déruchette going to be married?"
"No; but she had better be looking out for a husband."
"What do you mean?"
"Go up to the house and you will soon hear."
And Sieur Landoys whipped up his horse.

BOOK V.

THE REVOLVER.

CHAPTER I.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE JEAN TAVERN.

SIEUR CLUBIN was a man who bided his time. He was short in stature, and his complexion was sallow. He had the strength of a bull. His seafaring life had not tanned his skin; his flesh had a yellow tint. It was the colour of a wax candle; his eyes, too, had something of the same steady light. His memory was peculiarly retentive. With him, to have seen a man once, was to have him like a note in a note-book. His quiet glance took possession of you. The pupil of his eye received the impression of a face, and retained it like a portrait. The face might grow old, but Sieur Clubin never forgot it; it was impossible to cheat that tenacious memory. Sieur Clubin was curt in speech, grave in manner, bold in action.

He never indulged in gestures. His air of candour won everybody at first; many people thought him artless. He had a wrinkle in the corner of his eye, astonishingly expressive of simplicity. As we have said, no abler mariner existed; no one could excel him in reefing a sail, or in keeping a vessel's head to the wind, or the

sails well set. Never did a reputation for religion and integrity stand higher than his. To have suspected him would have been to make yourself an object of suspicion. He was on intimate terms with Monsieur Rébuchet, a money-changer at St. Malo, who lived in the Rue St. Vincent, next door to the gunsmith; and Monsieur Rébuchet was wont to say, "I would leave my shop in Clubin's hands without a moment's hesitation.

Sieur Clubin was a widower; his wife, like himself, had enjoyed a high reputation for probity. She had died with a fame for incorruptible virtue. If the bailiff had whispered gallant things in her ear, she would have accused him before the king. If a saint had made love to her, she would have told it to the priest. This couple, Sieur and Dame Clubin, realized in Torteval the ideal of the English epithet "respectable." Dame Clubin's reputation was as the snowy whiteness of the swan; Sieur Clubin's like that of ermine itself — a spot would have been fatal to him. He would hardly have picked up a pin without making inquiries for the owner. He would have sent the town-crier around about a box of matches. One day he went into a wine-shop at St. Servan, and said to the man who kept it, "Three years ago I breakfasted here; you made a mistake in the bill;" and he returned thirteen sous to the man. He was the very personification of probity, with a certain compression of the lips indicative of watchfulness.

He seemed, indeed, always on the watch — for what? For rogues, probably.

Every Tuesday he commanded the Durande on her passage from Guernsey to St. Malo. He arrived at St. Malo on Tuesday evening, stayed two days there to discharge and take in a new cargo, and started again for Guernsey on Friday morning.

There was at that time in St. Malo a little tavern near the harbour, which was called the " Auberge Jean. "

The construction of the modern quays necessitated the destruction of this house. At that time, the sea came up as far as the St. Vincent and Dinan gates. At low water St. Malo and St. Servan communicated with each other by covered carts and other vehicles, which passed to and fro among the vessels lying high and dry, avoiding the buoys, the anchors, and cables, and running the risk now and then of smashing their leathern hoods against the lowered yards, or the end of a jibboom. Between the tides, the drivers drove their horses over the sands, where six hours afterwards the waves would be rolling. The four-and-twenty carrying dogs of St. Malo, who tore a naval officer to pieces in 1770, were accustomed to prowl about this beach. This excess of zeal on their part led to the destruction of the pack. Nocturnal barkings are no longer heard between the little and the great Talard.

Sieur Clubin was accustomed to stay at the Auberge Jean. The French office of the Durande was there.

The custom-house officers and the coast-guardmen took their meals at the Auberge Jean, where they had separate tables. The custom-house officers of Binic found it convenient for the service to meet there with their brother officers of St. Malo.

Captains of vessels also patronized the inn; but they ate at another table.

Sieur Clubin sat sometimes at one, sometimes at the other table, but preferred the table of the custom-house officers to that of the sea-captains. He was always welcome at either.

The tables were well served. There were fine concoctions in the way of local drinks specially provided for foreign sailors. A dandy sailor from Bilboa could have

been supplied with a *helada* there. People drank stout there, too, as at Greenwich, or brown *gueuse*, as at Antwerp.

Masters of vessels who had just arrived from long voyages and shipowners sometimes appeared at the captains' table, where they exchanged news. "How are sugars? That commission is only for small lots. — The brown kinds, however, are going off. Three thousand bags of East India, and five hundred hogsheads of Sagua. — Take my word, the opposition will end by defeating Villèle. — What about indigo? Only seven serons of Guatemala changed hands. — The 'Nanine-Julia' is in the roads; a pretty three-master from Brittany. — The two cities of La Plata are at loggerheads again. — When Monte Video gets fat, Buenos Ayres grows lean. — It has been found necessary to transfer the cargo of the 'Regina-Cœli,' which was condemned at Callao. — Cocoas go off briskly. — Caraque bags are quoted at one hundred and thirty-four, and Trinidad's at seventy-three. — It appears that at the review on the Champ de Mars, the people cried, 'Down with the ministers!' — The raw salt Saladeros hides are selling, — ox-hides at sixty francs, and cows' at forty-eight. — Have they passed the Balkans? — What is Diebitsch about? — Aniseed is in demand at San Francisco. Plagniol olive-oil is quiet. — Gruyère cheese, in bulk, is thirty-two francs the quintal. — Well, is Leo XII. dead at last?" etc.

All these things were talked about and commented on aloud. At the table of the custom-house and coast-guard officers they spoke in a lower key.

Revenue matters on the coast and in the ports require, in fact, a little more privacy, and a little less clearness in the conversation.

The sea-captains' table was presided over by the old captain of a large vessel, M. Gertrais-Gaboureau. M.

Gertrais-Gaboureau was not a man, — he was a barometer. His long life at sea had given him a surprising ability in prognosticating the state of the weather. He seemed to issue a decree for the morrow's weather. He sounded the winds, and felt the pulse of the tides, as it were. He bade the clouds show their tongue — that is to say, their forked lightnings. He was the physician of the wave, the breeze, and the squall. The ocean was his patient. He had travelled round the world as a doctor goes the rounds of a hospital-ward, examining every kind of climate in its best and worst condition. He was profoundly versed in the pathology of the seasons. Sometimes he could be heard delivering himself in this fashion, " The barometer descended in 1796 to three degrees below tempest point." He was a sailor from real love of the sea. He hated England as much as he liked the ocean. He had carefully studied English ship-building, and believed he had discovered its weak point. He could explain how the " Sovereign " of 1637 differed from the " Royal William " of 1670, and from the " Victory " of 1775. He compared their build as to their forecastles and quarter-decks. He looked back with regret on the deck-towers and funnel-shaped tops of the " Great Harry " of 1514, probably regarding them as admirable lodging-places for French cannon-balls. In his eyes, nations only existed in their naval institutions. He indulged in some odd figures of speech on this subject. He usually called England, " The Trinity House." In like manner, the " Northern Commissioners " were synonymous in his mind with Scotland; the " Ballast Board," with Ireland. He was full of nautical information. He was, in himself, a marine alphabet and almanac, a tariff and low-water mark, all combined. He knew by heart all the lighthouse dues — particularly those of the English coast — one penny

per ton for passing before this, one farthing before that. He would tell you that the Small Rock Light which once used to burn two hundred gallons of oil now consumes fifteen hundred. Once, aboard ship, he was attacked by a dangerous disease, and was believed to be dying. The crew assembled round his hammock, and in the midst of his groans and agony, he said to the chief carpenter, "You had better make a mortise in each side of the main caps, and put in a bit of iron to help pass the top ropes through." His habit of command had given his countenance an expression of authority.

The subjects of conversation at the captains' table and at that of the custom-house officers were not often the same. This, however, did happen to be the case early in that month of February, to which the course of this story has now brought us. The three-master "Tamaulipas," Captain Zuela, just arrived from Chili, and bound thither again, was the theme of discussion at both tables.

At the captains' table they were talking of her cargo; and at the table of the custom-house officers, of certain circumstances connected with her recent voyage.

Captain Zuela, of Copiapó, was partly a Chilian and partly a Colombian. He had taken a truly independent part in the war of Independence, adhering sometimes to Bolivar, sometimes to Morillo, according as his interest prompted. He had enriched himself by serving both causes. No man in the world could have been more Bourbonist, more Bonapartist, more absolutist, more liberal, more atheistical, or more devoutly Catholic. He belonged to that great and renowned party, which may be called the party of Lucre. He made voyages to France from time to time; and if report spoke truly, he willingly gave a passage to fugitives of any kind, —

bankrupts or political refugees, it was all the same to him, provided they could pay. His mode of taking them aboard was simple. The fugitive waited upon a lonely part of the coast, and at the moment of setting sail, Zuela would send off a small boat to fetch him. On his last voyage he had assisted in this way an outlaw and fugitive from justice, named Berton; and on this occasion he was suspected of being about to aid the flight of the men implicated in the Bidassoa affair. The police were informed, and had their eye upon him.

This was an epoch of mysterious flights and escapes. The Restoration in France was a reactionary movement. Revolutions are fruitful of voluntary exile, and restorations of wholesale banishments. During the first seven or eight years which followed the return of the Bourbons, panic was universal; in finance, in industry, in commerce, men felt the ground tremble beneath them. Bankruptcies were numerous in the commercial world; in the political, there was a general rush to escape. Lavalette had taken flight, Lefebvre Desnouettes had taken flight, Delon had taken flight. Special tribunals were again in fashion. People instinctively shunned the Pont de Saumur, the esplanade de la Réole, the wall of the Observatoire in Paris, the tower of Taurias at Avignon, — dismal landmarks in history where the period of reaction has left its traces, — on which the marks of that blood-stained hand are still visible. In London, the Thistlewood affair, with its ramifications in France; in Paris, the Trogoff trial, with its ramifications in Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, had increased the causes for anxiety and flight, and given an impetus to that mysterious rout which left so many gaps in the social world of the day. To find a place of safety, this was the one desire. To be implicated was to be ruined. The spirit of the military tribunals had

survived the institution. Sentences were matters of favour. People fled to Texas, to the Rocky Mountains, to Peru, to Mexico. The men of the Loire, traitors then, but now regarded as patriots, had founded the *Champ d'Asile.* Béranger in one of his songs says, —

> "Barbarians! we are Frenchmen born;
> Pity us, glorious, yet forlorn."

Self-banishment was the only resource left. Nothing, perhaps, seems simpler than flight, but that monosyllable has a terrible significance. The man who desires to slip away finds innumerable obstacles in his path. Flight necessitates disguise. Persons of importance, even illustrious characters, were reduced to expedients only fit for malefactors. Their independent habits rendered it difficult for them to escape through the meshes of authority. A rogue who violates the conditions of his ticket-of-leave deports himself before the police as innocently as a saint; but imagine innocence constrained to act a part; virtue disguising its voice; a glorious reputation hiding under a mask. Yonder passer-by is a man of well-deserved celebrity; he is in quest of a false passport. The equivocal proceedings of one who is trying to escape from the clutches of the law is no proof that he is not a hero. Ephemeral, but characteristic features of the time of which our so-called regular history takes no note, but which the true painter of the age will bring out in bold relief! Under cover of these flights and concealments on the part of honest men, genuine rogues, less watched and suspected, often manage to get off clear. A scoundrel, who found it necessary to disappear, would take advantage of the general confusion to tack himself on to the political refugees, and, thanks to his greater skill in the art, would contrive to appear far more honest than his

honest neighbours. Nothing could act more awkward and confused sometimes than honesty unjustly condemned. It is out of its element, and is almost sure to commit itself.

It is a curious fact, that this voluntary expatriation, particularly with rascals, seemed to lead to many strange turns of fortune. The modicum of civilization which a scamp brought with him from London or Paris became, perhaps, a valuable stock in trade in some primitive country, ingratiated him with the people, and enabled him to strike out into new paths. It was quite possible for a fugitive from justice to reappear elsewhere as a dignitary among the priesthood. There is something phantasmagorial in these sudden disappearances; and more than one such flight has led to marvellous events. An escapade of this kind, indeed, seemed sure to end in something wild and wonderful, as when some bankrupt suddenly decamps to turn up again twenty years later as Grand Vizier to the Mogul, or as a king in Tasmania.

Rendering assistance to these fugitives was an established trade, and, by reason of the abundance of business of this kind, was a highly profitable one. It was generally carried on as a supplementary branch of certain recognized kinds of commerce.

A person, for instance, who desired to escape to England, applied to smugglers; one who desired to get to America, had recourse to sea-captains like Zuela.

CHAPTER II.

CLUBIN SEES SOME ONE.

ZUELA came sometimes to take refreshment at the Jean Auberge. Clubin knew him by sight.

For that matter Clubin was not proud. He did not even disdain to know scamps by sight. He even went so far sometimes as to cultivate a closer acquaintance with them, giving them his hand in the open street, or saying good-day to them. He talked English with the smugglers, and jabbered Spanish with the *contrebandistas*. He excused himself after this manner, "Good," he declared, "may be gotten even out of the bad. The gamekeeper may derive profit from an acquaintance with a poacher. The good pilot may sound the depths of a pirate, who is only a sort of hidden rock. I test the quality of a scoundrel as a doctor tests a poison." There was no answering a volley of proverbs like this. Everybody gave Clubin credit for great shrewdness. People praised him for not indulging in a ridiculous delicacy. Who, then, would dare to think evil of him on this account? Everything he did was evidently "for the good of the cause." With him, all was straightforward. Nothing could tarnish his good name. Crystal might more easily become sullied. This general confidence in him was the natural reward of a long life of integrity, the crowning advantage of a settled reputation. Whatever Clubin might do, or appear to do, was sure to be interpreted favourably. He had attained almost to a state of impeccability. Over and above all this, "he is

very weary," people said: and from a situation which in others would have given rise to suspicion, his integrity would extricate itself, with a still greater reputation for ability. This reputation for ability mingled harmoniously with his fame for perfect simplicity of character. Great simplicity and great talents in conjunction are not uncommon. The compound constitutes one of the varieties of the virtuous man, and one of the most valuable. Sieur Clubin was one of those men who might be found in intimate conversation with a sharper or a thief, without suffering any diminution of respect in the minds of his neighbours.

The " Tamaulipas " had completed her lading. She was ready for sea, and expected to sail very shortly.

One Tuesday evening the Durande arrived at St. Malo while it was still broad daylight. Sieur Clubin, standing upon the bridge of the steamer, and superintending the manœuvres necessary for getting her into port, perceived upon the sandy beach, near the Petit-Bey, two men conversing in a solitary spot between the rocks. He examined them through his marine-glass, and recognized one of the men. It was Captain Zuela. He seemed to recognize the other also.

This other was a person of tall stature and a little grey. He wore the broad-brimmed hat and the sober clothing of the Society of Friends. He was probably a Quaker. He lowered his gaze with an air of extreme diffidence.

On arriving at the Jean Auberge, Sieur Clubin learned that the " Tamaulipas " would sail in about ten days.

It has since been ascertained that he secured information on some other points.

That night he entered the gunsmith's shop in the St. Vincent Street, and said to the master: —

" Do you know what a revolver is? "

"Yes," replied the gunsmith. "It is an American weapon."

"It is a pistol, with which a man can carry on a conversation. I want one with six barrels."

"I have not one."

"What! and you a gunmaker!"

"I do not keep such articles yet. You see, it is a new thing. Revolvers are only just coming into vogue. French makers, as yet, confine themselves to the simple pistol."

"Nonsense."

"It has not become an article of commerce yet."

"Nonsense, I say."

"I have excellent pistols."

"I want a revolver."

"It is more useful, I admit. Stop, Monsieur Clubin!"

"What?"

"I think I know where there is one that can be purchased at a bargain."

"A revolver?"

"Yes."

"For sale?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"I think I know; at least, I can find out."

"When can you give me an answer?"

"A bargain, but of good quality."

"When shall I call and see you again?"

"If I procure you a revolver, remember, it will be a good one."

"When will you give me an answer?"

"After your next trip."

"Do not mention that it is for me," said Clubin.

CHAPTER III.

CLUBIN CARRIES AWAY SOMETHING AND BRINGS BACK NOTHING.

SIEUR CLUBIN completed the lading of the Durande, took aboard a number of cattle and some passengers, and left St. Malo for Guernsey, as usual, on Friday morning.

On that same Friday, when the vessel had gained the open, which permits the captain to absent himself a moment from the place of command, Clubin entered his cabin, shut himself in, took a travelling-bag which he kept there, put into one of its compartments some biscuit, a few boxes of conserves, a few pounds of stick chocolate, a chronometer, and a marine-glass, and passed a small rope through the handles, so it was ready to sling across his shoulders, if necessary. Then he descended into the hold, went into the compartment where the cables are kept, and came up again with one of those rope ladders which are used by ship calkers at sea and by robbers ashore.

Having arrived at Guernsey, Clubin repaired to Torteval. He took with him the travelling-bag and the rope ladder, but did not bring them back again.

Let us repeat once for all, that the Guernsey which we are describing is that ancient Guernsey which no longer exists, and of which it would be impossible to find a parallel now anywhere except in the country. There it is still flourishing, but in the towns it has

passed away. The same remarks apply to Jersey. St. Helier's is as civilized as Dieppe, St. Peter's Port as L'Orient. Thanks to the progress of civilization, thanks to the enterprising spirit of the island people, everything has undergone a great change during the last forty years in the Norman Archipelago. With these premises, let us proceed with our story.

At that period, then, which is already so far removed from us as to have become historical, smuggling was carried on very extensively in the Channel. Smuggling vessels abounded, particularly on the western coast of Guernsey. People of that peculiarly clever kind who know, even to the smallest details, what went on half a century ago, will even tell you the names of these suspicious craft, which were almost always Asturians or Guipuscoans. It is certain that scarcely a week passed without one or two being seen either in Saint's Bay or at Pleinmont. Their coming and going had almost the character of a regular service. A cave in the cliffs at Sark was called then, and is still called, the "Shops" ("*Les Boutiques*"), from its being the place where these smugglers bargained with the purchasers of their merchandise. This sort of traffic had in the Channel a dialect of its own, a vocabulary of contraband technicalities which is now forgotten, and which was to Spanish what the "Levantine" is to Italian.

On many parts of the English coast, smuggling had a secret but none the less cordial understanding with legitimate and open commerce. It had access to the house of more than one great financier, though by the back way it is true; and its influence extended mysteriously through all the commercial world, and the intricate ramifications of manufacturing industry. Merchant on one side, smuggler on the other,—that was the secret of many large fortunes. Séguin accused Bourgain, Bour-

gain accused Séguin. We do not vouch for the truth of their accusations; it is possible that they were slandering each other. However this may have been, it is certain that the contraband trade, though hunted down by the law, was flourishing enough in certain financial circles. It had relations with "the very best society." Thus the brigand Mandrin, in former days, occasionally found himself *tête-à-tête* with the Count of Charolais; for this underhand trade often contrived to put on a very respectable appearance, and maintained a house of its own with an irreproachable exterior.

All this necessitated a host of manœuvres and connivances, which required impenetrable secrecy. A contrabandist was intrusted with a good many secrets, and knew how to keep them. Inviolable confidence was the condition of his existence. The first quality, in fact, in a smuggler was strict honour in his own circle. No discretion no smuggling. Fraud has its secrets as well as the priest's confessional.

These secrets were, as a rule, faithfully kept. The contrabandist swore to betray nothing, and he kept his word; nobody was more trustworthy than the genuine smuggler. The Judge Alcade of Oyarzun captured a smuggler one day, and put him to torture to compel him to disclose the name of the capitalist who secretly supported him. The smuggler refused to tell. The capitalist in question was the Judge Alcade himself. Of these two accomplices, the judge and the smuggler, the one had been compelled, in order to appear in the eyes of the world to fulfil the law, to put the other to the torture, which the other had patiently borne for the sake of his oath.

The two most famous smugglers who haunted Pleinmont at that period were Blasco and Blasquito. They were *Tocayos*. This was a sort of Spanish or Catholic

relationship which consisted in having the same patron saint in heaven, — a thing, it must be admitted, no less worthy of consideration than having the same father on earth.

When a person was initiated into the ways of the contraband business, nothing was more easy, or from a certain point of view more difficult, than to secure an interview with these men. It was only necessary to have no fear of dark nights, to repair to Pleinmont, and to consult the oracle located there.

CHAPTER IV.

PLEINMONT.

PLEINMONT, near Torteval, is one of the three corners of the island of Guernsey. At the extremity of the cape there is a high turf-covered hill that overlooks the sea.

This hill is a lonely spot. All the more lonely from there being one solitary house upon it.

This house adds terror to the solitude.

It is generally supposed to be haunted.

Haunted or not, its aspect is singular.

Built of granite, and only two stories high, it stands in the midst of the grassy solitude. It is in a perfectly good condition so far as its exterior is concerned; the walls are thick and the roof is sound. Not a stone is wanting in the sides, nor a tile upon the roof. A brick chimney supports the angle of the roof. The building stands with its back to the sea, that side being merely a blank wall. On examining this wall attentively, however, the visitor perceives a small window bricked up. The two gables have three dormer windows, one fronting the east, the other two fronting the west, but both are bricked up in like manner. The front, which looks inland, alone has a door and windows. This door, too, is walled up, as are also the two windows of the ground-floor. On the first floor — and this is the feature that strikes you most forcibly as you approach — there are two open windows; but these are even more sus-

picious than the blind windows. Their open squares look dark even in broad day, for they have no panes of glass, or even window-frames. They simply open upon the dusk within. They impress the imagination as being the empty sockets of two torn-out eyes. Inside, all is deserted. Through the gaping casements you can mark the ruin within. No panellings, no woodwork; all bare stone. It is like a windowed sepulchre, giving the spectres an opportunity to gaze upon the world without. Rains sap the foundations on the seaward side. A few nettles, shaken by the breeze, flourish in the lower part of the walls. As far as the eye can reach there is no other human habitation. The house is a void; the abode of silence; but if you place your ear against the wall and listen, you can distinguish a confused noise now and then, like the flutter of wings. Over the door, upon the stone which forms its architrave, are carved these letters, "ELM-PBILG," with the date "1780."

The gloomy shadows of night and the mournful light of the moon find entrance there.

The sea completely surrounds the house. Its situation is magnificent; and for that very reason its aspect is the more sinister. The beauty of the spot becomes a puzzle. Why does not a human family take up its abode here? The place is beautiful, the house well built. Why this neglect? To these questions, obvious to the reason, succeed others, suggested by the thoughts which the place inspires. Why is this fertile garden uncultivated? No owner for it; and the doorway bricked up? What is the matter with the place? Why is it shunned by mankind? What business is done here? If none, why is there no one living here? Is it only when all the rest of the world are asleep that some one frequents the place? Sudden squalls, wild winds, birds of prey, strange creatures, unknown forms,

present themselves to the mind, and somehow connect themselves with this deserted house. For what class of wayfarers can this be the hostelry? You imagine to yourself whirlwinds of rain and hail beating in at the open casements, and wandering through the rooms. Tempests have left their traces on the inner walls. The chambers, though walled and roofed in, are visited by the hurricanes. Has the house been the scene of some great crime? You almost fancy that this spectral dwelling, abandoned to solitude and darkness, can be heard calling aloud for succour. Does it remain silent? Do voices ever issue from it? The mystery of the dark hours rests securely here. Its aspect is disquieting at noon-day; what must it be at midnight? The dreamer asks himself what this house may be between the twilight of evening and the twilight of dawn? Has the vast supernatural world some connection with this deserted spot which sometimes compels it to arrest its movements here, and to descend and to become visible? Do the scattered elements of the spirit world whirl around it? Does the impalpable take on form and substance here? Insoluble enigma! A holy awe is in the very stones! When the sun has gone down, the fisher-boats will return, the song of the birds will be hushed, the goatherd behind the hills will go home with his goats; reptiles, taking courage in the gathering darkness, will creep through the fissures in the rocks; the stars will begin to appear, night will come, but yonder two blank casements will still be there, gaping. They open to welcome spirits and apparitions; for it is by the names of apparitions, ghosts, phantom faces vaguely distinct, masks in the lurid light, mysterious movements of souls, and shadows, that the popular faith, at once ignorant and profound, interprets the sombre relations of this dwelling with the world of darkness.

The house is "haunted;" the popular phrase comprises everything.

Credulous minds are wrong, doubtless; but that is no proof that the incredulous, common-sense thinkers are right. They stoutly declare, however, that there is no mystery connected with the history of the house. It is only an old observatory of the time of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire and the days of smuggling, they say. It was built for that purpose. The wars being ended, the house was abandoned; but it was not pulled down, as it might become useful again some day. The door and windows have been walled up to prevent people from entering, and injuring the interior. The walls of the windows, on the three sides which face the sea, have been bricked up against the winds of the south and south-west. That is all.

The ignorant and the credulous are not satisfied, however. In the first place, the house was not built at the time of the wars of the Revolution. It bears the date "1780," which was prior to the Revolution. In the next place, it was not built for an observatory. It bears the letters, "ELM-PBILG," which are the double monogram of two families, and which indicate, according to usage, that the house was built for the use of a newly married couple. As it has certainly been inhabited, why should it have been abandoned? If the door and windows were bricked up only to prevent people entering the house, why were two windows left open? Why are there no shutters, no window-frames, no glass? Why were the walls closed up on one side and not on the other? The wind is prevented from entering on the south; but why is it allowed to enter on the north?

The credulous are wrong, no doubt; but it is evident that the common-sense thinkers have not discovered

the key to the mystery. The problem still remains unsolved.

It is certain that the house is generally believed to have been more useful than inconvenient to the smugglers.

The growth of superstitious terror tends to deprive facts of their true proportions. Doubtless, many of the nocturnal phenomena which have, little by little, given the building the reputation of being haunted, might be explained by obscure and furtive visits, by brief sojourns of sailors near the spot, and sometimes by the precaution, sometimes by the daring, of men engaged in certain suspicious occupations, concealing themselves there for their evil purposes, or allowing themselves to be seen there in order to inspire dread.

At this period, already a remote one, many daring deeds were possible. The police, particularly in small places, were by no means as efficient as at the present day.

Add to this, that if the house was really the resort of smugglers, their meetings there must have been to a certain extent safe from interruption precisely because the house was so dreaded by the superstitious people of the country. Its ghostly reputation prevented it from being visited for other reasons. People do not generally apply to the police, or officers of customs, for protection from spectres. The superstitious rely on the sign of the cross, not on indictments. There is always a tacit connivance, involuntary it may be, but none the less real, between objects which inspire fear and their victims. The terror-stricken feel almost culpable; they imagine that they have unveiled a secret; and they have an inward fear, unknown even to themselves, of aggravating their guilt, and exciting the anger of the apparitions. All this makes them discreet. And over

and above this reason, the very instinct of the credulous is silence; dread is akin to dumbness; the terrified say little; horror always seems to whisper, "Hush!"

It must be remembered that this was a period when the Guernsey peasants believed that the Mystery of the Holy Manger was repeated by oxen and asses every year on a fixed day, — a period when no one would have dared to enter a stable at night for fear of coming upon the animals on their knees.

If the local legends and stories of the people can be credited, the popular superstition went so far as to fasten on the walls of the house at Pleinmont things of which traces are still visible, — rats without feet, bats without wings, and bodies of other dead animals. Here, too, were seen toads crushed between the pages of a Bible, bunches of yellw lupins, and other strange offerings, placed there by imprudent passers-by at night, who, having fancied that they had seen something, hoped by these small sacrifices to secure pardon, and to appease the wrath of were-wolves, vampires, and evil spirits. In all times, believers of this kind have flourished, — some even in very high places. Cæsar consulted Sagana, and Napoleon, Mademoiselle Lenormand. There are some consciences so tender that they must seek indulgences even from Beelzebub. "May God do, and Satan not undo," was one of the prayers of Charles the Fifth. Others are still more timorous. They persuade themselves that they may sin even against the Evil One; and one of their chief anxieties was, to be irreproachable even in the eyes of Satan. We find here an explanation of the adoration sometimes paid to infernal spirits. It is only one more species of fanaticism. Sins against the devil exist in certain morbid imaginations. The idea that they have violated the laws of the lower regions

torments certain eccentric casuists; they are haunted by scruples even about offending the demons. A belief in the efficacy of devotions to the mysteries of the Brocken or Armuyur, a notion of having committed sins against hell, visionary penances for imaginary crimes, avowals of the truth to the spirit of falsehood, and self-accusation before the origin of all evil,— are all realities, or things at least which have existed. The annals of criminal procedure against witchcraft and magic prove this on every page. Human folly unhappily extends even thus far. When terror seizes upon a man he does not stop; he dreams of imaginary faults, imaginary purifications, and cleans out his conscience with the ghost of the old witches' broom.

Be this as it may, if the house at Pleinmont had its secrets, it kept them to itself; except by some rare chance, no one went there to see. It was left entirely alone. Few people, indeed, like to run the risk of an encounter with the other world.

Owing to the terror which it inspired, and which kept at a distance all who could observe or bear testimony on the subject, it had always been easy to obtain an entrance there at night by means of a rope ladder, or even by the use of the first ladder one found in the neighbouring fields. A consignment of goods or provisions left there, might await in perfect safety the time and opportunity for a furtive embarkation. Tradition relates that forty years ago a fugitive — for political offences as some affirm, for commercial as others declare — remained for some time concealed in the haunted house at Pleinmont, whence he finally succeeded in embarking in a fishing-boat for England. From England a passage is easily secured to America.

Tradition also avers that provisions deposited in this house remain there untouched, Lucifer and the smugglers

having an interest in inducing whomsoever places them there to return.

From the summit of this house there is a view to the south of the Hanway Rocks, about a mile from the shore.

These rocks are famous. They have been guilty of all the evil deeds of which rocks are capable. They are among the most ruthless destroyers of the sea. They lie in wait for vessels in the night, and have contributed greatly to the enlargement of the cemeteries at Torteval and Rocquaine.

A lighthouse was erected upon these rocks in 1862.

At the present day, the Hanways light the way for the vessels which they once lured to destruction; the destroyer in ambush now holds a lighted torch in his hand, and mariners seek in the horizon, as a protector and a guide, the rock which they used to shun as a pitiless enemy. It gives confidence by night in that vast space where it was so long a terror, — like a robber converted into a gendarme.

There are three Hanways, — the Great Hanway, the Little Hanway, and the Mauve. It is upon the Little Hanway that the red light is placed.

This reef forms part of a group of peaks, some under the sea, some rising out of it. It towers above them all; like a fortress, it has advanced works: on the side next the open sea, a chain of thirteen rocks; on the north, two cliffs, — the High Fourquies, the Needles, and a sandbank called the Hérouée; on the south, three rocks, — the Cat Rock, the Percée, and the Herpin Rock; then two banks, — the South Bank and the Muet; besides which, there is, on the side opposite Pleinmont, level with the water, the Tas de Pois d'Aval.

To swim across the channel from the Hanways to Pleinmont is a difficult, but not impossible, feat. We

have already said that this had been one of Clubin's achievements. The expert swimmer who knows this channel can find two resting-places, — the Round Rock, and further on, a little out of the course, to the left. the Red Rock.

CHAPTER V.

THE BIRDS'-NESTERS.

ON the Saturday Sieur Clubin spent at Torteval a curious incident occurred, which was not generally known until some time afterwards. For many things, as we have already observed, remain undivulged, simply on account of the terror which they have excited in those who have witnessed them.

Late Saturday night, — we mention the date, and we believe it to be correct, — three boys climbed the hill at Pleinmont. The boys were returning to the village from the sea-shore. They were what are called, in the corrupt French of that region, "*déniquoiseaux*," or birds'-nesters. Wherever there are cliffs and cleft-rocks overhanging the sea, young birds'-nesters abound. The reader will recollect that Gilliatt interfered in this matter for the sake of the children, as well as for the sake of the birds.

The *déniquoiseaux* are sort of gamins of the ocean, and are not very timid.

The night was very dark. Dense masses of cloud obscured the sky. Three o'clock had sounded in the steeple of Torteval, which is round and pointed like a magician's hat.

Why were the boys returning so late? That is easily explained. They had been searching for sea-gulls' nests in the Tas de Pois d'Aval. The season having been very mild, the pairing of the birds had begun very early. The children, watching the fluttering of the male and female about their nests, and excited by the

pursuit, had forgotten the time. The waters having crept up around them, they had no time to regain the little bay in which they had moored their boat, and were consequently compelled to wait upon one of the peaks of the Tas de Pois for the ebb of the tide. Hence their late return. Mothers wait on such occasions with feverish anxiety for the coming of their children, and when they find them safe, give vent to their joy in the shape of anger, and relieve their tears by giving them a sound drubbing. The boys accordingly hastened their steps, but in fear and trembling. Their haste was of that sort which is glad of an excuse for stopping, and which is not inconsistent with a reluctance to reach their destination; for they had before them the prospect of embraces mixed with a thrashing.

Only one of the boys had nothing of this kind to fear. He was an orphan, — a French boy, without father or mother, and perfectly content just then with his motherless condition; for as nobody took any interest in him, his back was safe from the dreaded blows. The other boys were natives of Guernsey, and belonged to the parish of Torteval.

Having climbed the high crest of rock, the three birds'-nesters reached the table-land on which the haunted house was situated.

They began by being afraid, which was considered the proper frame of mind of every passer-by, and particularly of every child at that hour and in that place.

They felt a strong inclination to take to their heels as fast as possible, and a strong desire, too, to stop and look.

They did stop.

They looked at the solitary building.

It was grim and terrible.

It stood in the middle of the solitary plain, — a hideous

but symmetrical excrescence; a tall, square mass with right-angled corners, looking like an immense altar to the darkness.

The first impulse of the boys was to run; the second was to draw nearer. They had never seen this house so close before. There is such a thing as a desire to be frightened arising from curiosity. They had a little French boy with them, which emboldened them to approach.

It is a well-known fact that the French believe nothing.

Besides, it is reassuring to have company in danger; to be frightened in the company of two other persons is encouraging.

And then they were natural hunters; they were children not thirty years old all together, they were used to search, to rummage, to spy out hidden things. They were in the habit of peeping into holes; why not into this hole? Hunting is exciting. Hunting for birds' nests perhaps creates a desire for hunting for ghosts' nests, — to rummage in the infernal regions. Why not?

From prey to prey, says the proverb, we come to the devil. From birds to demons is but a step. The boys were anxious to learn the secret of those terrors of which their parents had told them. To be on the track of hobgoblins, — could anything be more attractive? To have a long story to tell like the good housewives was tempting indeed; so they finally mustered up courage to approach the house.

The little fellow who served them as a sort of moral support in the adventure was certainly worthy of their confidence. He was a bold boy, an apprentice to a shipcalker, — one of those children who have already become men. He slept on a little straw in a shed in the ship-

calker's yard, earning his own living, having a loud voice; climbing easily up walls and trees, not hampered with prejudices concerning the ownership of any apples within his reach; a lad who had already worked in the repairing dock on vessels of war, — a child of chance, a light-hearted orphan, born in France, no one knew exactly where; ready to give his last penny to a beggar; a mischievous fellow, but a good one at heart. At this time he was earning a shilling a day by calking the fishermen's boats under repair at the Pêqueries. When he felt inclined, he gave himself a holiday, and went birds'-nesting. Such was the little French boy.

The solitude of the place impressed them with a strange feeling of awe. They felt the threatening aspect of the silent house. It was wild and savage in aspect. The naked and deserted plateau terminated in a precipice a short distance from the dwelling. The sea below was quiet. There was no wind. Not a blade of grass stirred.

The birds'-nesters advanced slowly, the French boy at their head, looking anxiously at the house all the while.

One of them, relating the story afterwards, or as much of it as had remained in his head, added, "It did not speak."

They came nearer, holding their breath, as one would in approaching a savage animal.

They had climbed the cliff on the side of the house which overlooked a narrow isthmus of almost inaccessible rocks. Thus they had come pretty near to the building; but they saw only the southern side, which was all walled up. They did not dare to approach by the other side, where the terrible windows were.

They grew bolder, however: the calker's apprentice whispered, "Let's go to port. That's the best side Let's have a look at the black windows."

The little band accordingly "went to port," and came round to the other side of the house.

The two windows were lighted up.

The boys took to their heels.

When they had gone some distance, the French boy turned and looked back.

"See!" he cried, "the lights have gone out."

The light at the windows had, indeed, disappeared, though the outline of the building was as sharply defined as if stamped out with a punch against the livid sky.

Their fears had not abated, but their curiosity had increased so the birds'-nesters approached the house again.

Suddenly the light reappeared at both windows at the same moment.

The two young urchins from Torteval took to their heels and vanished. The daring French boy did not advance, but stood his ground.

He remained motionless, confronting the house and watching it.

The light disappeared, then reappeared once again. Nothing could be more horrible. The reflection made a faint streak of light upon the grass, wet with the night dew. All of a sudden the light cast two huge profiles and the shadow of two enormous heads on the walls of the house.

The house, however, being without ceilings, and having nothing left but its four walls and roof, one window could not be lighted without the other.

Perceiving that the calker's apprentice stood his ground, the other birds'-nesters returned, step by step, one after the other, trembling and curious. The calker's apprentice whispered to them, "There are ghosts in the house. I have seen the nose of one." The two Torteval boys got behind their companion, standing tiptoe against

his shoulder; and thus sheltered, and taking him for their shield, felt emboldened by having him between them and the vision, and watched also.

The house seemed to be watching them likewise. There it stood, with its two glaring eyes, in the midst of that vast darkness and silence. The light vanished, reappeared, and vanished again, after the fashion of these unearthly illuminations. These sinister intermissions have, probably, some connection with the opening and shutting of the infernal regions. The air-hole of a sepulchre has been seen to produce effects like those from a dark lantern.

Suddenly a dark form, like that of a human being, ascended to one of the windows, as if from without, and disappeared in the interior of the house.

To enter by the window is customary with thieves.

The light seemed more brilliant for a moment, then went out, and appeared no more. The house became dark. The noises heard resembled voices. This is always the case. When there is anything to be seen, everything is silent. When there is nothing to be seen, noises are heard.

There is a silence peculiar to night-time at sea. The repose of darkness seems deeper on water than on land. When there is neither wind nor wave on that moving expanse, over which, at ordinary times, even the flight of an eagle makes no sound, the movement of a fly can be heard. This sepulchral quiet made the noises which issued from the house all the more audible.

"Let us look," said the French boy.

And he made a step towards the house.

The others were so frightened that they resolved to follow him. They did not even dare to run away alone.

Just as they passed a heap of fagots, which for some mysterious reason seemed to inspire them with a little

courage, a white owl flew towards them from out of a bush. The owls have a peculiar sort of flight, a sidelong skim which is suggestive of mischief afloat. The bird passed near the boys, fixing upon them its round eyes that gleamed brightly in the darkness.

A shudder ran through the group behind the French boy.

He looked up at the owl and said, —

"Too late, my bird; I 'm going to look."

And he advanced.

The crackling sound his thick-nailed boots made among the furze bushes did not prevent him from hearing the noise in the house, which rose and fell with the continuousness of a dialogue.

A moment afterwards the boy added, —

"Besides, it is only fools who believe in spirits."

Assurance in the presence of danger encourages the cowardly, and urges them on.

The two Torteval lads resumed their march, quickening their steps behind the calker's apprentice.

The haunted house seemed to them to grow larger and larger. This optical illusion of fear is founded in reality. The house did indeed grow larger, for they were getting nearer to it.

Meanwhile the voices in the house assumed a more and more distinct tone. The children listened. The ear, too, has the power of exaggerating. It was different from a murmur, more than a whispering, less than an uproar. Now and then one or two clearly articulated words could be heard. These words had a strange sound. The boys stopped and listened, then went on again.

"It must be the ghosts talking," said the calker's apprentice, "but I don't believe in ghosts all the same."

The Torteval boys were sorely tempted to hide behind the heap of fagots, but they had already left it far be-

hind; and their friend the calker continued to advance towards the house. They were afraid to remain with him; but they dared not leave him.

Step by step, they followed him, greatly perplexed.

The calker's apprentice turned to them and said, —

"You know it is n't true. There are no such things."

The house grew taller and taller. The voices became more and more distinct.

They drew nearer.

And now they could discern something like a muffled light within the house. It was a faint glimmer, like one of those effects produced by the dark lanterns already referred to, and which are common at the midnight meetings of witches.

When they were close to the house, they halted.

One of the two Torteval boys ventured an observation:

"It is n't spirits: it is white ladies."

"What 's that hanging from the window?" asked the other.

"It looks like a rope."

"It 's a snake."

"It 's the hangman's rope," said the French boy, authoritatively. "That 's what they use. Only I don't believe in them."

And in three bounds, rather than steps, he found himself by the wall of the building.

The others followed him, and came crowding against him, one on his right side, the other on his left. The boys placed their ears to the wall. The sounds continued.

The conversation of the phantoms was as follows: —

"Asi, entendido esta?"

"Entendido."

"So that is understood?"

"Perfectly."

"Dicho?"
"Dicho."
"Aqui esperara un hombre, y podra marcharse en Inglaterra con Blasquito."
"Pagando?"
"Pagando."
"Blasquito tomara al hombre en su barca."
"Sin buscar para conocer a su pais?"
"No nos toca."
"Ni a su nombre del hombre?"
"No se pide el nombre, pero se pesa la bolsa."
"Bien: esperara el hombre en esa casa."
"Tenga que comer."
"Tendra."
"Onde?"
"En este saco que he llevado."
"Muy bien."
"Puedo dexar el saco aqui?"
"Los contrabandistas no son ladrones."
"Y vosotros, cuando marchais?"

"It is agreed?"
"It is agreed."
"The man who waits here can accompany Blasquito to England."
"By paying?"
"By paying, of course."
"Blasquito will take the man in his bark."
"Without trying to find out what country he comes from?"
"That is no business of ours."
"Without asking his name?"
"We do not ask names; we weigh the purse."
"Good: the man will wait in this house."
"He must have provisions."
"He will be furnished with them."
"How?"
"From this bag which I have brought."
"Very good."
"Can I leave this bag here?"
"Smugglers are not robbers."
"And when do you sail?"

"Mañana por la mañana. Si su hombre de usted parado, podria venir con nosotros."

"Parado no esta."

"Hacienda suya."

"Cuantos dias esperara alli?"

"Dos, tres, quatro dias; menos o mas."

"Es cierto que el Blasquito vendra?"

"Cierto."

"En este Plainmont?"

"En este Plainmont."

"A qual semana?"

"La que viene."

"A qual dia?"

"Viernes, o sabado, o domingo."

"No puede faltar?"

"Es mi tocayo."

"Por qualquiera tiempo viene?"

"Qualquiera. No tieme. Soy el Blasco, es el Blasquito."

"Asi, no puede faltar de venir en Guernesey?"

"To-morrow morning. If your man was ready he could come with us."

"He is not prepared."

"That is his affair."

"How many days will he have to wait in this house?"

"Two, three, or four days; more or less."

"Is it certain that Blasquito will come?"

"Certain."

"Here to Pleinmont?"

"To Pleinmont."

"When?"

"Next week."

"What day?"

"Friday, Saturday, or Sunday."

"Without fail?"

"He is my *tocayo*."

"Will he come in any weather?"

"At any time. He has no fear. My name is Blasco, his Blasquito."

"So he will not fail to come to Guernsey?"

"Vengo a un mes, y viene al otro mes."

"Entiendo."

"A cuentar del otro sabado, desde hoy en ocho, no se pasaran cinco dias sin que venga el Blasquito."

"Pero un muy malo mar?"

"Egurraldia gäiztoa."[1]

"Si."

"No vendria el Blasquito tan pronto, pero vendria."

"Donde vendra?"

"De Vilvao."

"Onde ira?"

"En Portland."

"Bien."

"O en Tor Bay."

"Mejor."

"Su hombre de usted puede estarse quieto."

"No traidor sera, el Blasquito?"

"Los cobardes son traidores. Somos valientes."

"No se entiende a lo que dicemos?"

"I come one month — he the other."

"I understand."

"Counting from Saturday last, one week from to-day five days will not elapse without bringing Blasquito."

"But if there is much sea?"

"Egurraldia gäiztoa."

"Yes."

"Blasquito will not come so soon, but he will come."

"Whence does he come?"

"From Bilbao."

"Where will he be going?"

"To Portland."

"Good."

"Or to Torbay."

"Better still."

"Your man can rest easy."

"Blasquito will betray nothing?"

"Only cowards are traitors. We are men of courage."

"Can no one hear what we say?"

[1] Basque, "Bad weather."

"Escuchar a nosotros y mirar a nosotros es imposible. La espanta hace alli el desierto."

"Lo sè."

"Quien se atravesaria a escuchar?"

"Es verdad."

"Y escucharian que no entiendrian. Hablamos a una lengua fiera y nuestra que no se conoce. Despues que la sabeis, eries con nosotros."

"Soy viendo para componer las haciendas con ustedes."

"Bueno."

"Y allora me voy."

"Mucho."

"Digame usted, hombre. Si el pasagero quiere que el Blasquito le lleve en ninguna otra parte que Portland o Tor Bay?"

"Tenga onces."

"El Blasquito hara lo que querra el hombre?"

"El Blasquito hace lo que quieren las onces."

"Es menester mucho tiempo para ir en Tor Bay?"

"Como quiere el viento."

"It is impossible for us to be seen or overheard. The people's fear of this spot makes them shun it."

"I know it."

"Who would dare to listen here?"

"True."

"Besides, even if they listened, no one would understand. We speak a language of our own, which nobody knows hereabouts. As you know it, you are one of us."

"I came only to make these arrangements with you."

"Very good."

"I must now take my leave."

"Be it so."

"Tell me; suppose the passenger should wish Blasquito to take him somewhere else than to Portland or Torbay?"

"Let him bring some gold ounces."

"Will Blasquito consult the stranger's convenience?"

"Blasquito will do whatever the gold coins command."

"Does it take long to go to Torbay?"

"That depends upon the wind."

"Ocho horas?"

"Menos, o mas."

"El Blasquito obedecera al pasagero?"

"Si le obedece el mar a el Blasquito."

"Bien pagado sera."

"El oro es el oro. El viento es el viento."

"Mucho."

"El hombre hace lo que puede con el oro. Dios con el viento hace lo que quiere."

"Aqui sera viernes el que desea marcharse con Blasquito."

"Pues."

"A qual momento llega Blasquito?"

"A la noche. A la noche se llega, a la noche se marcha. Tenemos una muger quien se llama el mar, y una her mana quien se llama la noche. La muger puede faltar, la hermana no."

"Todo dicho esta. Abour, hombres."

"Buenas tardes. Un golpe de aquardiente?"

"Gracias."

"Eight hours?"

"More or less."

"Will Blasquito obey the passenger?"

"If the sea will obey Blasquito."

"He will be well rewarded."

"Gold is gold; and the sea is the sea."

"That is true."

"Man does what he can with his gold. Heaven does what it will with its winds."

"The man who is to accompany Blasquito will be here on Friday."

"Very good."

"At what hour will Blasquito arrive?"

"In the night. We arrive by night; and sail by night. We have a wife who is called the sea, and a sister called night. The wife betrays sometimes; but the sister never."

"All is settled, then. Good-night, my men."

"Good-night. Wont you take a drop of brandy first?"

"Thank you."

"Es mejor que xarope."

"Tengo vuestra palabra."

"Mi nombre es Pundonor."

"Sea usted con Dios."

"Ereis gentleman, y soy caballero."

It was clear that only devils could talk in this way. The children did not listen long. This time they took to flight in earnest; the French boy, convinced at last, running even quicker than the others.

On the Tuesday following, Sieur Clubin returned to St. Malo, bringing back the Durande.

The "Tamaulipas" was still at anchor in the roads.

Sieur Clubin, between the whiffs of his pipe, said to the landlord of the Auberge Jean:

"Well; and when does the 'Tamaulipas' get under way?"

"Day after to-morrow — Thursday," replied the landlord.

That evening, Clubin supped at the coast-guard officers' table; and, contrary to custom, went out after supper. The consequence of his absence was, that he was not at the office of the Durande, and thus lost a little in the way of freights. This fact was remarked in a man ordinarily so punctual.

It seems that he chatted a few moments with his friend the money-changer.

He returned two hours after Noguette sounded the Curfew bell. The Brazilian bell sounds at ten o'clock. It was therefore midnight.

"That is better than a syrup."

"I have your word."

"My name is Point-of-Honour."

"Adieu."

"You are a gentleman: I am a caballero."

CHAPTER VI.

THE JACRESSARDE.

FORTY years ago, there was an alley known by the name of the "Ruelle Coutanchez" in St. Malo. This alley no longer exists, it having stood in the way of sundry improvements.

It was a double row of wooden houses, leaning one upon the other, and leaving between them just room enough for a narrow gutter which was called the street. It was possible to walk by stretching the legs on both sides of the little stream, touching with head or elbows, as you went, the houses on the right and left of you. These old relics of mediæval Normandy have almost a human interest. Tumble-down houses and sorcerers always go together. Their leaning stories, their overhanging walls, their bowed penthouses, and their old thick-set irons, seem like lips, chin, nose, and eyebrows. The garret window is the solitary eye. The walls are the wrinkled and blotchy cheeks. The opposite houses put their heads together as if they were plotting some malicious deed. All those words of ancient villainy — like cut-throat, "slit-weasand," and the like — are closely connected with architecture of this kind.

One of these houses in the alley — the largest and the most famous, or ill-famed — was known by the name of the Jacressarde.

The Jacressarde was a lodging-house of the lowest kind. In all towns, and particularly in sea-ports, there

is always beneath the lowest stratum of society, a sort of residuum: vagabonds who are more than a match for the authorities; penniless adventurers; chemists of the swindling order; people in rags of every shape and hue; blighted fruits of roguery; bankrupt existences; consciences that have filed their schedule; men who have failed in the house-breaking trade (for the great masters of burglary move in a higher sphere); workmen and workwomen in the trade of vice; rogues, male and female; men with no scruples and out at elbows; scoundrels reduced to indigence; rogues who have missed the wages of roguery; men who have been worsted in the social struggle; harpies who have no longer any prey; petty larceners; *gueux* in the double and unhappy meaning of that word. Such are the constituents of this living mass. Human nature is here reduced to something bestial. It is the refuse of the social state, heaped up in an obscure corner, upon which from time to time that dreaded broom which is known as the police descends. In St. Malo, this corner was styled the Jacressarde.

It is not in dens of this sort that we find the high-class criminals, — the robbers, forgers, and other great products of ignorance and poverty. If murder is represented here, it is generally in the person of some coarse drunkard; in the matter of robbery, the company rarely rise higher than the mere sharper. It is the spittle not the vomit of society. The vagrant is there; but not the highwayman. It would not, however, be safe to trust this distinction. This last stage of vagabondage may have its extremes of scoundrelism. It was on casting their nets in the Epi-scié — which was to Paris what the Jacressarde was to St. Malo — that the police captured the notorious Lacenaire.

These hiding-places refuse shelter to nobody. A fall in the social scale brings men to one level. Sometimes

honesty in tatters found itself there. Virtue and probity have been known before now to be brought to strange passes. We should not always judge by appearances, even in the palace or the galleys. Public respect, as well as universal reprobation, requires testing. Surprising results sometimes spring from this principle. An angel may be discovered in the slums; a pearl in the dunghill. Such sad and bewildering discoveries are not altogether unknown.

The Jacressarde was a courtyard rather than a house; and more of a well than a courtyard. It had no windows overlooking the street. The façade was simply a high wall, with a low gateway. You raised the latch, pushed open the gate, and were in the courtyard.

In the middle of this yard was a round hole, encircled with stones almost even with the ground. The yard was small, the well large. A broken pavement surrounded it.

Any one entering there after nightfall, at his own risk and peril, would have heard a strange medley of sounds, and if there had been moonlight or starlight enough to give shape to the obscure forms before him, this is what he would have seen.

The courtyard: the well. Around the courtyard, in front of the gate, a lean-to or shed, in a sort of horse-shoe form, but with square corners; a rotten gallery, with a roof of joists supported by stone pillars at unequal distances. In the centre, the well; around the well, upon a layer of straw, a kind of ring, formed of the soles of boots and shoes, — some trodden down at heel, some showing the toes of the wearers, some the naked heels. The feet of men, women, and children, all asleep.

Beyond these feet, the eye might have distinguished, in the shadow of the shed, recumbent bodies, drooping heads, forms stretched out lazily, bundles of rags of both sexes, a strange and revolting mass of life. The accommoda-

tions of this sleeping chamber were open to all, at the rate of two sous a week. Their feet touched the well. On a stormy night the rain fell upon the feet, or the whirling snow settled on the bodies of these wretched sleepers.

Who were these people? The unknown. They came there at night, and departed in the morning. Creatures of this kind form part of the social fabric. Some stole in during the darkness, and paid nothing. The greater part had eaten little or nothing during the day. All kinds of vice and baseness, every sort of moral infection, every species of distress were there. The same sleep of exhaustion settled down upon all in this bed of filth. The dreams of these companions in misery went on side by side. A dismal meeting-place, where misery and weakness, half-sobered debauchery, weariness from long walking to and fro, with evil thoughts, in quest of bread, pallor with closed eyelids, remorse, and envy, lay mingled and festering in the same miasma, with faces that wore the look of death, and dishevelled hair mixed with the filth and sweepings of the streets. Such was the putrid heap of life fermenting in this dismal spot. An unlucky turn of the wheel of fortune, a ship arrived the day before, a discharge from prison, a dark night, or some other chance, had brought them here, to find a miserable shelter. Every day brought some fresh accumulation of misery. Let him enter who would, sleep who could, speak who dared; for it was a place of whispers. The new-comers made haste to hide themselves in the crowd, or tried to seek oblivion in sleep, as there was none in the darkness of the place. They snatched what little of themselves they could from the jaws of death.

They closed their eyes in that confusion of horrors which every day renewed. They were the embodiment of misery, thrown off from society like the foam from the sea.

It was not every one who could even get a share of the straw. More than one figure was stretched out naked upon the flags. They lay down worn out with weariness, and awoke paralyzed. The well, without cover or curbing, and thirty feet in depth, gaped night and day. Rain fell into it, filth accumulated around it, and the gutters in the yard ran down and filtered through its sides. The pail for drawing water stood beside it. Those who were thirsty drank there; some, weary of life, drowned themselves there, — passing from their slumber in the filthy shed into that profounder sleep. In the year 1819, the body of a boy fourteen years old was taken out of this well.

To be safe in this house, it was necessary to be of the "right sort." The uninitiated were regarded with suspicion.

Did these wretched creatures know each other? No; yet they scented out the genuine article.

The mistress of the house was a young and rather pretty woman, who wore a cap trimmed with ribbons. She washed herself now and then with water from the well. She had a wooden leg.

By daybreak the courtyard was empty. Its inmates had dispersed.

An old cock and some hens were kept in the courtyard, where they raked among the filth of the place all day long. A long horizontal beam, supported by posts, traversed the yard, — a gibbet-shaped structure not out of keeping with the place. Sometimes after a rainy day, a silk dress, muddy and wet, might be seen there hanging out to dry. It belonged to the woman with the wooden leg.

Over the shed, and likewise surrounding the yard on three sides, was a story, and above this story a loft. A rotten, wooden ladder, passing through a hole in the roof of the shed, led up to this story; and up this ladder the

woman would climb, often staggering as its crazy rounds creaked beneath her.

The transient lodgers, whether by the week or the night, slept in the courtyard; the regular inmates lived in the house.

Windows without a pane of glass, door-frames without doors, fireplaces without stoves; such were the chief features of the interior. You could pass from room to room either by a large square aperture which had once been a doorway, or by a triangular hole between the joists and the partitions. The floor was strewn with plastering which had fallen from the ceiling. It was difficult to say how the old house managed to stand; the high winds made it shake like a leaf. The lodgers ascended as best they could by the worn and slippery rounds of the ladder. Everything was open to the air. The wintry atmosphere entered the house as water enters a sponge. The multitude of spiders' webs alone seemed to prevent the place from falling to pieces. There was no sign of furniture. Two or three paillasses lay in a corner, their ticking torn in pieces, and showing more dust than straw inside. Here and there stood a water-pot or an earthen pipkin. A close, disagreeable odour haunted the rooms.

The windows looked out upon the square yard. The scene was like the interior of a scavenger's cart. The numerous articles, to say nothing of the human beings that lay rusting, moulding, and putrefying there, beggared description. The fragments seemed to fraternize together. Some fell from the walls, others from the living tenants of the place. The débris were sown with their tatters.

Besides the floating population which bivouacked nightly in the yard, the Jacressarde had three permanent lodgers, — a charcoal-man, a rag-picker, and a "gold-maker." The charcoal-man and the rag-picker occupied two of the paillasses in the first story; the "gold-maker,"

a chemist, lodged in the loft, which was called, no one knew why, the garret. Nobody knew where the woman slept. The "gold-maker" was a poet in a small way. He had a room under the tiles, a chamber with a narrow window, and a large stone fireplace, — a gulf in which the wind howled at will. The garret window having no frame, he had nailed across it a piece of iron sheathing, part of the wreck of a ship. This sheathing left little room for the entrance of light, and much for the entrance of cold. The charcoal-man paid rent from time to time in the shape of a sack of charcoal; the rag-picker paid with a bowl of grain for the fowls every week; the "gold-maker" did not pay at all. Meanwhile the latter was burning up the very house. He had pulled down most of the little wood-work that remained; and every now and then he took from the wall or the roof a lath or some scantling, to heat his crucible. Upon the partition, above the rag-picker's mattress, might be seen two columns of figures, marked in chalk by the rag-picker himself from week to week, a column of threes, and a column of fives, according as the bowl of grain had cost him three liards or five centimes. The "gold pot of the alchemist" was a piece of an old bomb-shell, promoted to the dignity of a crucible, in which he mixed his ingredients. The transmutation of metals engrossed his every thought. Sometimes he talked to the beggars in the yard who laughed at him. "These people are full of prejudices," he said. He was determined before he died to revenge himself by breaking the windows of orthodox science with the real philosopher's stone. His furnace consumed a great deal of wood. The hand-rail of the stairs had entirely disappeared. The house was being slowly consumed. The landlady said to him, "You will leave us nothing but the shell." He mollified her by addressing her in verse.

Such was the Jacressarde.

A boy twelve, or, perhaps, sixteen years of age — for he was a dwarf, with a large wen on his neck, and a broom always in his hand — was the one servant of the place.

The *habitués* entered by the gateway of the courtyard; the public by the shop.

What was the shop?

In the high wall, facing the street, a little to the right of the entrance to the courtyard, was a square opening, serving at once as a door and a window. This was the shop. The square opening had a shutter and a frame, — the only shutter in all the house that had hinges and bolts. Behind this square aperture, which opened on the street, was a small room, a compartment obtained by curtailing the sleeping shed in the courtyard. Over the door passers-by saw this inscription in charcoal, "Curiosities for sale here." On the three boards that formed the front of the shop stood several broken China vases, an old torn Japanese umbrella that would neither open nor shut, fragments of iron, and shapeless bits of old pottery, dilapidated hats and bonnets, three or four shells, a few packages, old bone and metal buttons, a tobacco-box with a portrait of Marie Antoinette, and a dog-eared volume of "Boisbertrand's Algebra." This assortment of articles completed the "curiosities." The shop communicated with the yard in which the well stood by a back door. It was furnished with a table and a stool. The woman with a wooden leg presided at the counter.

CHAPTER VII.

NOCTURNAL BUYERS AND MYSTERIOUS SELLERS.

CLUBIN had been absent from the Auberge Jean all Tuesday evening. Wednesday night he was absent again.

In the dusk that evening, two strangers entered the mazes of the ruelle Coutanchez. They stopped in front of the Jacressarde. One of them knocked at the window; the door of the shop opened, and they entered. The woman with the wooden leg met them with the smile which she reserved for respectable citizens. There was a candle on the table.

The strangers were, in fact, respectable citizens. The one who had knocked said, "Good-day, mistress. I have come about that affair."

The woman with the wooden leg smiled again, and went out by the back door leading into the courtyard where the well was. A moment afterwards the back door opened again, and a man appeared in the doorway. He wore a cap and a blouse. He had bits of old straw in his clothes, and looked as if he had just been aroused from sleep.

He advanced and exchanged glances with the strangers. He looked puzzled, but cunning.

"You are the gunsmith?" he asked.

The one who had tapped on the window replied:

"Yes; are you the man from Paris?"

"Known as Redskin. Yes."

"Show me the thing."

The man took from under his blouse a weapon that was not often seen in Europe at that time. It was a revolver.

The weapon was new and bright. The two strangers examined it. The one who seemed to know the house, and whom the man in the blouse had called "the gunsmith," tried the mechanism. He passed the weapon to the other, who appeared less at home there, and who kept his back turned to the light.

The gunsmith continued, —

"How much?"

The man in the blouse replied, —

"I have just brought it from America. Some people bring monkeys, parrots, and other animals, as if the French people were savages. I brought this. It is a useful invention."

"How much?" inquired the gunsmith again.

"It is a pistol which turns and turns."

"How much?"

"Bang! the first fire. Bang! the second fire. Bang! the third fire. What a hailstorm of bullets! It will do some execution."

"The price?"

"There are six barrels."

"Well, well, what do you want for it?"

"Six barrels; that is six louis."

"Will you take five?"

"Impossible. A louis a ball. That is the price."

"Come, let us do business together. Be reasonable."

"I have named a fair price. Examine the weapon, Mr. Gunsmith."

"I have examined it."

"The barrel twists and turns like Talleyrand himself. The weapon ought to be mentioned in the 'Dictionary of Weathercocks.' It is a gem."

"I have looked at it."

"The barrels are of Spanish make."

"I see they are."

"They are twisted. This is how this twisting is done. They empty into a forge the basket of a collector of old iron. They fill it full of these old scraps, with old nails, and broken horse-shoes swept out of farriers' shops."

"And old sickle-blades."

"I was going to say so, Mr. Gunsmith. They apply to all this rubbish a good sweating heat, and this makes a magnificent material for gun-barrels."

"Yes; but it may have cracks, flaws, or crosses."

"True; but they remedy the crosses by little twists, and avoid the risk of doublings by beating hard. They bring their mass of iron under the great hammer; give it two more good sweating heats. If the iron has been heated too much, they re-temper it with dull heats and lighter hammers. Then they take out their stuff and roll it well; and out of this iron they make you a weapon like this."

"You are in the trade, I suppose?"

"I'm a Jack of all trades."

"The barrels are rather light in colour."

"That 's the beauty of them, Mr. Gunsmith. The tint is obtained with antimony."

"It is settled, then, that we give you five louis?"

"Allow me to observe that I had the honour of saying six."

The gunsmith lowered his voice.

"Hark you, master. Take advantage of the opportunity. Get rid of this thing. A weapon of this kind is of no use to a man like you. It will make you noticed."

"That is very true," said the Parisian. "It is rather conspicuous. It is better suited to a gentleman."

"Will you take five louis?"

"No, six; one for every shot."

"Say six napoleons then."

"I want six louis."

"You are not a Bonapartist, then. You prefer a louis to a napoleon."

The Parisian nicknamed "Redskin," smiled.

"A napoleon is greater," said he, "but a louis is worth more."

"Six napoleons."

"Six louis. It makes a difference of four-and-twenty francs."

"In that case the bargain is off."

"Very good, I 'll keep the toy."

"Keep it."

"Beating me down! a great idea! It shall never be said that I gave away a wonderful specimen of ingenuity like that."

"Good-night, then."

"It marks a whole stage in the progress of making pistols, which the Indians call Nortay-u-Hah."

"Five louis, ready money. Why, that is a whole handful of gold."

"'Nortay-u-Hah,' that signifies 'short gun.' A good many people don't know that."

"Won't you take five louis, and just a bit of silver to boot?"

"I said six, master."

The man who had kept his back to the candle, and who had not yet spoken, was spending his time in turning and testing the mechanism of the pistol. He now approached the armourer and whispered, —

"Is it a good weapon?"

"Excellent."

"I will give the six louis."

Five minutes afterwards, as the Parisian nicknamed

"Redskin" was depositing the six louis which he had just received, in a secret slit in the breast of his blouse, the armourer and his companion, who had carefully placed the revolver in his trousers pocket, stepped out into the street.

CHAPTER VIII.

A "CAROM" OFF THE RED BALL AND THE BLACK.

ON the morrow, which was a Thursday, a tragical event occurred a short distance from St. Malo, near Décollé Point, a place where the cliff is high and the sea deep.

A line of rocks in the form of a lance-head, and connected with the land by a narrow isthmus, stretches out into the water, ending abruptly in a tall precipitous cliff, — a very common form of marine architecture. In attempting to reach the top of this cliff from the shore, it was necessary to follow an inclined plane, the ascent of which was rather steep here and there.

It was on this plateau that a man was standing, about four o'clock in the afternoon, enveloped in a long military cloak, and armed, — a fact plainly apparent from certain straight and angular folds in his mantle. The summit on which this man was standing was a rather extensive platform, dotted with large masses of rock, like enormous paving-stones, leaving between them narrow passages. This plateau, on which a kind of thick, short grass grew here and there, ended on the side next the sea in an open space, leading to a perpendicular escarpment. This escarpment, rising about sixty feet above the level of the sea, seemed to have been cut down with the aid of a plumb-line. Its left angle, however, was broken away, and formed one of those natural staircases common to granite cliffs worn by the sea, the steps

of which are somewhat inconvenient, requiring sometimes the strides of a giant or the leaps of an acrobat. It was a break-neck place. Nevertheless, in a case of absolute necessity, a man might succeed in embarking there, under the very wall of the cliff.

A strong breeze was sweeping the sea. The man wrapped in his cape and standing firm, with his left hand supporting his right elbow, closed one eye, and placed a telescope to the other. He seemed absorbed in anxious scrutiny. He had approached the edge of the cliff, and stood there motionless, his gaze intently fixed on the horizon. The tide was high; the waves were beating against the foot of the cliffs below.

The object which the stranger was observing was a vessel in the offing, which was manœuvring in a strange manner. The vessel, which had left the port of St. Malo scarcely an hour before, had stopped behind the Banquetiers. It had not cast anchor, perhaps because the bottom would only have permitted it to bear to leeward on the edge of the cable, and because the ship would have strained on her anchor under the cutwater. Her captain had contented himself with lying-to.

The stranger, whose uniform indicated him to be one of the coast-guard, watched all the movements of the three-master, and seemed to make a mental note of them. The vessel was lying-to, a little off the wind, which was apparent by the backing of the small topsail, and the swelling of the maintopsail. She had squared the mizzen, and set the topmast as close as possible, and in such a manner as to work the sails against each other, and to make little headway either on or off shore. Her captain evidently did not care to expose his vessel much to the wind, for he had only braced up the small mizzen topsail. In this way he did not drift at most more than half a league an hour.

It was still broad daylight on the open sea, and on the heights. On the shore below it was getting dark.

The coast-guardsman, still engaged in his duty, and carefully scanning the offing, had not thought of observing the rocks at his side and at his feet, and had his back turned towards the rough causeway which connected the spot with the shore. He did not, therefore, notice that something was moving in that direction. Behind a fragment of rock, on the steps of the causeway, something very like the form of a man had been concealed, even before the arrival of the coast-guardsman. From time to time a head emerged from behind the rock, and watched the gazer. This head, surmounted by a wide-brimmed American hat, was that of the pretended Quaker who had been seen talking to Captain Zuela among the rocks of Petit-Bey ten days before.

Suddenly, the curiosity of the coast-guardsman seemed to be still more strongly excited. He polished his glass quickly with his sleeve, and again brought it to bear upon the three-master.

A small black spot seemed to detach itself from her side.

This black spot, which looked like an insect upon the water, was a boat.

The boat seemed to be making for the shore. It was manned by several sailors, who were pulling vigorously, and it seemed to be heading for Point Décollé.

No movement of the boat escaped the watcher's gaze, and in his eagerness he approached still closer to the edge of the cliff.

At that instant a man of ponderous stature suddenly appeared on one of the rocks directly behind him. It was the Quaker. The officer did not see him.

The man paused an instant, with his arms hanging at his sides, but with his fists doubled; and with the eye of

a hunter, watching for his prey, he watched the officer's every movement.

Four steps only separated them. He put one foot forward, then stopped; took a second step, and stopped again. He made no movement except the act of walking; all the rest of his body was as motionless as a statue. His foot fell upon the tufts of grass without noise. He made a third step, and paused again. He was almost within reach of the coast-guard, who still stood there motionless with his telescope. The man behind him slowly brought his two closed fists to a level with his collar-bone, then flung both arms out sharply, and his two fists, as if moved by a spring, struck the coast-guardsman on the shoulders. The shock was decisive. The coast-guard had not time to utter a cry. He fell head first from the edge of the cliff into the sea. His boots shot through the air like a flash of lightning. He dropped like a stone into the sea, which instantly closed over him.

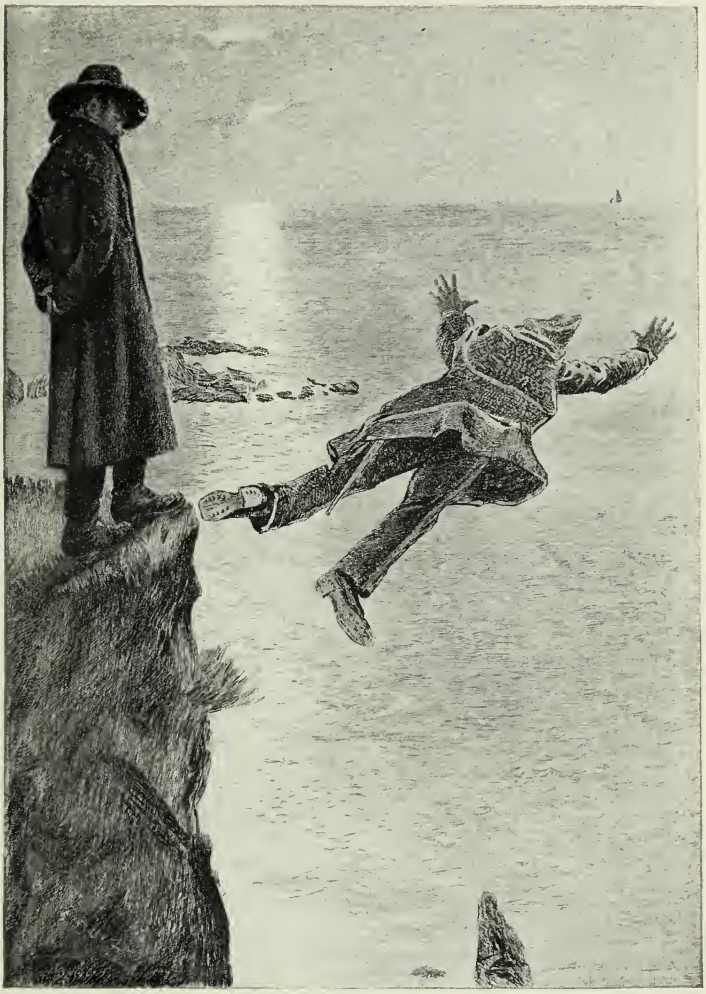
Two or three circles widened out upon the dark water.

Nothing remained but the telescope, which had dropped from the man's hands, and had fallen upon the turf.

The Quaker leaned over the edge of the cliff a moment, watching the circles on the water, waited a few minutes, and then straightened himself up again, singing in a low voice: —

> "The captain of police is dead,
> Through having lost his life."

He stooped a second time. Nothing reappeared, but at the spot where the officer had been ingulfed, he observed on the surface of the water a sort of dark spot, which gradually became diffused by the gentle lapping of the waves. It seemed probable that the coast-guard had fractured his skull against some rock under water, and that it was his blood which caused the dark spot in



RANTAINE THROWING THE COAST-GUARDSMAN FROM THE CLIFF.

the foam. The Quaker, while considering the probable cause of this spot, began to sing again : —

> " Not very long before he died,
> The man was still — "

He did not finish his song.

He heard an extremely suave voice behind him, which said, —

" Is that you, Rantaine ? Good-day. You have just killed a man, I see."

He turned. About fifteen paces behind him, in one of the openings between the rocks, stood a small man holding a revolver in his hand.

" As you see. Good-day, Sieur Clubin," answered the Quaker, calmly.

The little man started.

" You know me ? "

" You knew me very well," replied Rantaine.

Meanwhile they could hear a sound of oars on the sea. It was the approach of the boat which the officer had seen.

Sieur Clubin said in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, —

" It was done quickly."

" What can I do to oblige you ? " asked Rantaine.

" Oh, a trifling matter ! It is very nearly ten years since I saw you. You must have been doing well. How are you ? "

" Pretty well," answered Rantaine. " How are you ? "

" Very well," replied Clubin.

Rantaine advanced a step towards Clubin.

A little sharp click caught his ear. Sieur Clubin was cocking his revolver.

" Rantaine, there are about fifteen paces between us. It is a nice distance. Remain where you are."

"Very well," said Rantaine. "What do you want with me?"

"I! Oh, I have come to have a chat with you."

Rantaine did not move.

"You murdered a coast-guardsman just now," Sieur Clubin continued.

"You have already done me the honour to mention it."

"Exactly; but in less explicit terms. I said a man: I now say, a coast-guard. The man wore the number 619. He was the father of a family; leaves a wife and five children."

"That is no doubt correct," said Rantaine.

There was a brief pause.

"They are picked men — these coast-guards," continued Clubin. "Old sailors, most of them."

"I have noticed," said Rantaine, "that men generally do leave a wife and five children."

"Guess how much this revolver cost me," said Clubin.

"It is a pretty tool," said Rantaine.

"What do you think it cost?"

"It must have cost a good deal."

"It cost me one hundred and forty-four francs."

"You must have bought it," said Rantaine, "at the shop in the ruelle Coutanchez."

"He did not cry out. The fall stopped his voice," Clubin continued.

"Sieur Clubin, there will be a breeze to-night."

"I am the only one in the secret."

"Do you still stay at the Auberge Jean?" asked Rantaine.

"Yes; you are not badly served there."

"I remember getting some excellent sour-krout at that inn."

"You must be exceedingly strong, Rantaine. What

shoulders you have! I should be sorry to get a tap from you. I, on the other hand, when I came into the world, looked so spare and sickly that they despaired of rearing me."

"They succeeded though, — which was lucky."

"Yes; I still stay at the Auberge Jean."

"Do you know, Sieur Clubin, how I recognized you? It was from your having recognized me. I said to myself, there is nobody like Sieur Clubin for that."

And he advanced a step.

"Go back where you were, Rantaine."

Rantaine fell back, muttering under his breath: —

"A man becomes a child before one of those weapons."

Sieur Clubin continued: —

"The state of affairs is this: we have on our right, in the direction of St. Enogat, three hundred paces from here, another coast-guardsman, number 618, who is still alive; and on our left, in the direction of St. Lunaire, a custom-house station. That makes seven armed men who could get here, if necessary, in five minutes. The cliff would be surrounded; the way hither guarded. Impossible to elude them. There is a corpse at the foot of this rock."

Rantaine gave a sidelong glance at the revolver.

"It is a pretty tool, as you say, Rantaine. Perhaps it is only loaded with powder; but what does that matter? A report would be enough to bring an armed force; and I have six barrels here."

The measured sound of oars became distinctly audible. The boat was not far off.

The tall man scrutinized the little man curiously. Sieur Clubin spoke in a voice more and more soft and subdued.

"Rantaine, the men in the boat that is coming, knowing what you did here just now, would help to arrest

you. You are to pay Captain Zuela ten thousand francs for your passage. You could have made a better bargain, by the way, with the smugglers of Pleinmont; but they would only have taken you to England; and besides, you could not risk going to Guernsey, where they have the pleasure of knowing you. Now to revert briefly to the present state of affairs. If I fire, you are arrested. You are to pay Zuela ten thousand francs for your passage. You have already paid him five thousand in advance. Zuela would keep the five thousand and be gone. These are the facts of the case. Rantaine, you have managed your masquerading very well. That hat, that queer coat, and those gaiters make a wonderful change in you. You forgot the spectacles, but did right to let your whiskers grow."

Rantaine smiled spasmodically. Clubin continued:

"Rantaine, you have on a pair of American trousers with two fob pockets. In one you have your watch. Keep it."

"Thank you, Sieur Clubin."

"In the other is a little box made of wrought iron which opens and shuts with a spring. It is a sailor's tobacco-box. Take it out of your pocket, and throw it over to me."

"Why, this is robbery."

"You are at perfect liberty to call the coast-guard if you choose."

And Clubin fixed his eye on Rantaine.

"Here, Mess Clubin," said Rantaine, making a slight forward movement, and holding out his open hand.

The title "Mess" was a bit of delicate flattery.

"Stay where you are, Rantaine."

"Mess Clubin, let us come to terms. I offer you half."

Clubin crossed his arms, still showing the barrels of his revolver.

"Rantaine, what do you take me for? I am an honest man."

Then, he added after a pause: —

"I must have the whole."

"This fellow's a hard case," Rantaine muttered between his teeth.

The eye of Clubin lighted up, his voice became clear and sharp as steel.

"I see that you are labouring under a mistake," he cried. "Robbery is your name for it; I call it restitution. Hark you, Rantaine. Ten years ago you left Guernsey, taking with you the cash-box of a certain partnership concern, containing fifty thousand francs which belonged to you, but forgetting to leave behind you fifty thousand francs which were the property of another. Those fifty thousand francs, the money of your partner, the excellent and worthy Mess Lethierry, make now, at compound interest, calculated for ten years, eighty thousand six hundred and sixty-six francs sixty-six centimes. You went into a money-changer's yesterday. I'll give you his name, — Rébuchet, in St. Vincent Street. You counted out to him seventy-six thousand francs in French bank-notes; in exchange for which he gave you three notes of the Bank of England for one thousand pounds sterling each. You put these bank-notes in the iron tobacco-box, and the iron tobacco-box into your double fob on the right-hand side. I now demand this money in the name of Mess Lethierry. I start to-morrow for Guernsey, and intend to hand it over to him. Rantaine, the three-master lying-to out yonder, is the "Tamaulipas." You have had your luggage put aboard with the other things belonging to the crew. You want to leave France. You have your reasons. You are going to Arequipa. The boat is coming to fetch you. You are awaiting it. It is at hand. You can hear it. It depends on me whether

you go or stay. No more words. Fling me the tobacco-box."

Rantaine put his hand in his pocket, drew out a little box, and threw it to Clubin. It was the iron tobacco-box. It fell at Clubin's feet.

Clubin knelt without once lowering his gaze, felt about for the box with his left hand, keeping his eyes and the six barrels of the revolver fixed upon Rantaine all the while.

Then he cried, —

"Turn your back, my friend."

Rantaine turned his back.

Sieur Clubin put the revolver under one arm, and touched the spring of the tobacco-box. The lid flew open.

It contained four bank-notes, — three of one thousand pounds each, and one of ten pounds.

He folded up the three bank-notes of a thousand pounds each, replaced them in the iron tobacco-box, shut the lid again, and put it in his pocket.

Then he picked up a stone, wrapped the ten-pound note around it, and said, —

"You can turn round again now."

Rantaine turned.

"I told you I would be contented with three thousand pounds." Sieur Clubin continued, "I here return your ten pounds."

And he threw to Rantaine the note folded around the stone.

Rantaine, with a movement of his foot, sent the bank-note and the stone into the sea.

"As you please," said Clubin. "You must be rich. I am satisfied."

The sound of oars, which had been continually drawing nearer during the dialogue, ceased. They knew by this that the boat had reached the base of the cliff.

"Your vehicle waits below. You can go, Rantaine."

Rantaine walked towards the steps and rapidly disappeared.

Clubin moved cautiously towards the edge of the cliff, and watched him descend.

The boat had stopped near the last ledge of rocks, at the very spot where the coast-guard had fallen.

As he watched Rantaine springing from stone to stone, Clubin muttered, —

"Poor No. 619. He thought himself alone. Rantaine thought there were only two of them here. I alone knew that there were three of us."

He saw at his feet the telescope which had dropped from the hands of the coast-guard.

The sound of oars was heard again. Rantaine had stepped into the boat, and the oarsmen were pulling out to sea.

When Rantaine was safe in the boat, and the cliff was beginning to recede from his gaze, he arose again abruptly. His features were convulsed with rage, and he shook his fist angrily.

A second later, as Clubin was directing the telescope upon the boat, he heard the following words uttered in a loud voice, rising clearly above the roar of the waves:

"Sieur Clubin, you are an honest man, so you will not be offended if I write to Lethierry to inform him of this matter. Besides, we have here in the boat a sailor from Guernsey, who is one of the crew of the "Tamaulipas;" his name is Ahier Tostevin, and he will return to St. Malo on Zuela's next voyage, to bear testimony to the fact of my having returned to you, on Mess Lethierry's account, the sum of three thousand pounds sterling."

It was Rantaine's voice.

Clubin rarely did things by halves. Motionless as the coast-guardsman had been, and standing on the very

same spot, his eye still glued to the telescope, he did not lose sight of the boat for an instant. He saw it growing smaller and smaller amid the waves; watched it disappear and reappear, and finally approach the vessel, which was lying-to; a moment afterwards he recognized the tall figure of Rantaine on the deck of the "Tamaulipas."

Then the boat was raised, and again slung upon the davits, and the "Tamaulipas" was in motion once more. The land-breeze was fresh, and the vessel's sails were all spread. Clubin's glass remained fixed upon her until half an hour later, when the "Tamaulipas" had become a mere speck in the distant horizon.

CHAPTER IX.

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR PERSONS WHO EXPECT OR FEAR THE ARRIVAL OF LETTERS FROM BEYOND SEA.

SIEUR CLUBIN returned unusually late that evening. One of the causes of his delay was that before going to his inn, he had paid a visit to the Dinan gate, a place where there were several wine-shops. In one of these wine-shops, where he was not known, he had bought a bottle of brandy, which he placed in the pocket of his overcoat, as if he were desirous of concealing it. Then, as the Durande was to start on the following morning, he had paid her a visit to satisfy himself that everything was in order.

When Sieur Clubin returned to the Auberge Jean there was no one left in the lower room except the old sea-captain, M. Gertrais-Gaboureau, who was drinking a jug of ale and smoking his pipe.

M. Gertrais-Gaboureau saluted Sieur Clubin between a whiff of his pipe and a draught of ale.

"How d'ye do, Captain Clubin?"

"Good-evening, Captain Gertrais."

"Well, the 'Tamaulipas' has sailed."

"Ah!" said Clubin, "I did not observe it."

Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau expectorated, and remarked: —

"Zuela has decamped."

"When was that?"

"This evening."

"Where is he gone?"

"To the devil."

"No doubt; but where is that?"

"To Arequipa."

"Indeed? I knew nothing about it," said Clubin. "I'll go to bed, I think," he added carelessly.

He lighted his candle and walked towards the door, then returned.

"Have you ever been at Arequipa, Captain?"

"Yes; some years ago."

"Where do they touch on that voyage?"

"Almost everywhere; but the 'Tamaulipas' will touch nowhere."

M. Gertrais-Gaboureau emptied his pipe on the corner of a plate and continued: —

"You know the lugger called the 'Trojan Horse,' and that fine three-master, the 'Trentemouzin,' that sailed for Cardiff? I was opposed to their sailing on account of the weather. They have returned in a fine condition. The lugger was laden with turpentine; she sprang a leak, and in working the pumps they pumped all her cargo up with the water. As for the three-master, she suffered most above water. Her cut-water, her headrail, and the stock of her larboard anchor are shattered. Her standing jib-boom is gone clean by the cap. As for the jib-shrouds and bobstays, go and see what they look like. The mizzen-mast is not injured, but it has had a severe wrench. All the iron of the bowsprit has given way; and it is an extraordinary fact that, though the bowsprit itself is not scratched, it is completely stripped. The larboard bow of the vessel is stove in. This is what comes of not taking advice."

Clubin had placed the candle on the table, and had begun to readjust a row of pins which he kept in the collar of his overcoat. He continued: —

"Did I understand you to say, Captain, that the 'Tamaulipas' would not touch anywhere?"

"Yes; she goes direct to Chili."

"In that case, nothing will be heard of her while she's on the way."

"I beg your pardon, Captain Clubin. In the first place, she can send letters by any vessels she may meet sailing for Europe."

"That is true."

"Then there is the ocean letter-box."

"What do you mean by the ocean letter-box?"

"Don't you know what that is, Captain Clubin?"

"No."

"When you pass the Straits of Magellan —"

"Well?"

"Snow all around you; always bad weather; ugly down-easters, and bad seas."

"Well?"

"When you have doubled Cape Monmouth —"

"Well?"

"Then you double Cape Valentine."

"And then?"

"Why, then you double Cape Isidore."

"And afterwards?"

"You double Point Anne."

"Good. But what is it you call the ocean letter-box?"

"We are coming to that. Mountains on the right, mountains on the left of you. Penguins and stormy petrels all about. A terrible place. By Jove! how the wind howls there! The gales need no help. That's the place for holding on to the sheer-rails and for reefing topsails. That's where you take in sail, and fly the jibsail for the mainsail; or take in the jibsail and try the storm-jib. Gust after gust! And then, sometimes four, five, or six days of scudding under bare poles. Often of a new rig of sails there is scarcely a rag of canvas left. What a

dance! Squalls enough to make a three-master skip around like a flea. I once saw a boy hanging on to the jibboom of an English brig, 'The True Blue,' knocked, jibboom and all, into ten thousand nothings. Fellows are blown through the air there like butterflies. I saw the second mate of the 'Revenue,' a pretty schooner, knocked from under the forecross-tree, and killed dead. I have had my sheer-rails smashed, and have come out with every sail in ribbons. Frigates of fifty guns take in water like wicker baskets. And the damnable coast! Nothing more dangerous can be imagined. Rocks all jagged-edged. You come, by and by, to Port Famine. There it 's even worse! The worst seas I ever saw in my life. The devil's own latitude. All of a sudden you spy the words, painted in red, 'Post Office.'"

"What do you mean, Captain Gertrais?"

"I mean, Captain Clubin, that immediately after doubling Point Anne you see, on a rock, a hundred feet high, a big post with a barrel fastened to the top. This barrel is the letter-box. The English sailors must needs go and write 'Post Office' up there. What had they to do with it? It is the ocean post-office. It is n't the property of that worthy gentleman, the King of England. The box is common to all. It belongs to every flag. 'Post Office;' there 's a crack-jaw word for you. It produces very much the same effect on me as if the devil had suddenly offered me a cup of tea. I will tell you now how the postal arrangements are carried out. Every vessel that passes sends a boat with dispatches to the post. A vessel coming from the Atlantic, for instance, sends its letters for Europe there; and a ship coming from the Pacific, its letters for America. The officer in command of the boat puts his packet into the barrel, and takes away any packet he finds there. You take charge of these letters, and the ship that comes after you takes charge of yours. As ships are always going to and fro

the continent whence you come is probably that to which I am going. I carry your letters; you carry mine. The barrel is fastened to the post with a chain. And it rains, snows, and hails! A pretty sea! The imps of Satan fly about in every direction. The 'Tamaulipas' will pass there. The barrel has a good lid with a hinge, but no padlock. You see, a fellow can communicate with his friends this way. The letters come safely."

"It is very curious," muttered Clubin, thoughtfully.

Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau returned to his mug of ale.

"If that vagabond Zuela should write," he continued, "and puts his scrawl into the barrel at Magellan, I should get his letter in about four months! Well, Captain Clubin, do you start to-morrow?"

Clubin, absorbed in a sort of reverie, did not notice the question, and Captain Gertrais repeated it.

Clubin aroused himself suddenly. "Of course, of course, Captain Gertrais. It is my day. I start to morrow morning."

"If I were in your place I would n't, Captain Clubin. The hair of the dog's coat feels damp. For two nights past the sea-birds have been flying wildly around the lantern of the lighthouse. A bad sign. I have a storm-glass, too, which gives me a warning. The moon is at the second half of her first quarter; it is the maximum of humidity. I noticed to-day some pimpernels with their leaves shut, and a field of clover with its stalks all stiff. The worms come out of the ground to-day; the flies sting; the bees keep close to their hives; the sparrows chatter together. You can hear the sound of bells from far off. I heard the Angelus at St. Lunaire to-night. And then the sun set angry. There will be a fine fog to-morrow, mark my words. I don't advise you to put to sea. I dread the fog a good deal more than a hurricane. It 's a nasty neighbour, the fog."

BOOK VI.

THE DRUNKEN STEERSMAN AND THE SOBER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE DOUVRES.

ABOUT five leagues out, in the open sea, to the south of Guernsey, opposite Pleinmont Point, and between the Channel Islands and St. Malo, there is a group of rocks called the Douvres. It is a dangerous spot.

This term Douvres, applied to rocks and cliffs, is very common. For example, near the Côtes du Nord, there is a dangerous reef called the Douvre, upon which a lighthouse is now in process of construction, but this must not be confounded with the rock previously referred to.

The nearest point on the French coast to the Douvres is Cape Bréhant. The Douvres are a little farther from the coast of France than from the nearest of the Channel Islands. The distance from Jersey may be pretty nearly measured by the extreme length of Jersey. If the Island of Jersey could be turned round upon Corbière, as upon a hinge, St. Catherine's Point would almost touch the Douvres.

In these seas the wildest rocks are rarely desert places. Smugglers are met with at Hagot, custom-house men at

Binic, Celts at Bréhat, oyster-dredgers at Cancale, rabbit-shooters at Césambre or Cæsar's Island, crab-gatherers at Brecqhou, trawlers at the Minquiers, dredgers at Ecréhou, but no one is ever seen upon the Douvres.

The sea-birds alone are at home there.

No spot in the ocean is more dreaded. The Caskets, where it is said the "White Ship" was lost; the Bank of Calvados; the Needles on the Isle of Wight; the Ronesse, which makes the coast of Beaulieu so dangerous; the sunken reefs at Préel, which block the entrance to Merquel, and which necessitate a red-painted beacon in water twenty fathoms deep; the treacherous approaches to Étables and Plouha; the two granite Druids to the south of Guernsey, the Old Anderlo and the Little Anderlo, the Corbière, the Hanways, the Isle of Ras, associated with terror in the proverb, —

> "Si jamais tu passes le Ras,
> Si tu ne meurs, tu trembleras,"

the Mortes-Femmes, the passage between La Boue and La Trouquie, the Déroute between Guernsey and Jersey, the Hardent between the Minquiers and Chausey, the Mauvais Cheval between Bouley Bay and Barneville, have a much better reputation. One would prefer to encounter all these dangers in turn rather than run the gauntlet of the Douvres once.

In all that perilous sea of the Channel, which is the Egean of the West, the Douvres have no equal in their dangers, except the Paternoster between Guernsey and Sark.

From the Paternoster, however, it is possible to give a signal, — a ship in distress may obtain succour there. On the north rises Dicard or D'Icare Point, and on the south, Grosnez. From the Douvres you can see nothing.

Storm, cloud, wild sea, desolate waste, uninhabited

coast, where none pass but those who have lost their way! The blocks of granite are enormous — perpendicular walls everywhere — the grim inhospitality of the abyss!

It is in the open sea; the water about is very deep. A rock completely isolated like the Douvres attracts and shelters creatures which shun the haunts of men. It is a sort of vast submarine labyrinth. There, at a depth to which divers would find it difficult to descend, are caverns and dusky mazes, where sea monsters multiply and destroy each other. Huge crabs devour fish and are devoured in their turn. Hideous living things, not created to be seen by human eyes, wander about in this obscurity. Vague forms of gaping mouths, antennæ, tentacles, fins, open jaws, scales, and claws float about there, quivering, growing larger, or decomposing and perishing in the ill-omened gloom, while horrible swarms of loathsome creatures prowl about seeking their prey. It is a hive of hydras.

Imagine, if you can, a swarm of holothurians.

To gaze into the depths of the sea is, in imagination, like gazing into the vast unknown, and from its most terrible point of view. The submarine gulf is analogous to the realm of night and of dreams. There, too, unconsciousness, or at least apparent unconsciousness reigns. There, in the awful silence and darkness, the first crude forms of life, phantom-like, demoniacal, pursue their horrible instincts.

Forty years ago, two peculiarly shaped rocks signalled out the Douvres from afar to passers-by on the ocean. They were two sharply pointed curved rocks whose summits almost touched each other. They looked like two huge elephants' tusks rising out of the sea. These two natural towers, rising out of the obscure haunt of marine monsters, left only a narrow passage between them,

through which the waves rushed wildly. This passage, tortuous and full of angles, resembled a straggling street between high walls. The twin rocks were called the Douvres. There was the Great Douvre and the Little Douvre; one was sixty feet high, the other forty. The ebb and flow of the tide at last wore away part of the base of the towers, and a violent equinoctial gale on the 26th of October, 1859, overthrew one of them. The smaller one, which still remains, is worn and fragmentary.

One of the most singular of the Douvres is a rock known as "The Man." This still exists. Some fishermen visiting this spot in the last century found a human body on the top of the rock. Beside it lay a number of empty sea-shells. A sailor wrecked on the rock had found a refuge there, and, after living some time upon rock limpets, had died. Hence its name: "The Man."

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED FLASK OF BRANDY.

ON Friday morning, the day after the departure of the "Tamaulipas," the Durande started again for Guernsey.

She left St. Malo at nine o'clock.

The weather was fine; no haze. Old Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau was evidently in his dotage.

Sieur Clubin's numerous occupations had been decidedly unfavourable to the collection of freight for the Durande. He had only taken aboard a few packages of Parisian articles for the fancy shops of St. Peter's Port; three cases for the Guernsey hospital, one containing yellow soap and long candles, and the other French shoe leather for soles, and choice Cordovan. He brought back from his last cargo a case of crushed sugar and three chests of tea which the French custom-house would not admit. He had very few cattle aboard, — a few bullocks only. These bullocks were loosely tethered in the hold.

There were six passengers aboard; a Guernsey man, two inhabitants of St. Malo, dealers in cattle, a "tourist," a phrase already in vogue at that period, a Parisian, probably travelling on business, and an American, engaged in distributing Bibles.

Without reckoning Clubin, the crew of the Durande numbered seven men; a helmsman, a stoker, a ship's carpenter, and a cook, serving as sailor in case of need, two firemen, and a cabin-boy. One of the two firemen also acted as engineer. This man, a bold and intelligent

Dutch negro, who had escaped from the sugar plantations of Surinam, was named Imbrancam. The negro, Imbrancam, understood and managed the engine admirably. In the early days of the "Devil Boat," his black face, appearing now and then at the top of the engine-room stairs, had contributed not a little to sustain the diabolical reputation of the craft.

The helmsman, a native of Guernsey, but of Cotentin origin, bore the name of Tangrouille. The Tangrouilles had been originally a noble family.

This was strictly true. The Channel Islands are, like England, an aristocratic country. Castes still exist there. Aristocrats have their peculiar ideas, which are, in fact, their protection. These notions of caste resemble each other everywhere; in Hindustan, as in Germany, nobility is won by the sword, and lost by soiling the hands with labour; it is preserved by idleness. To do nothing is to live nobly; whoever abstains from work is honoured. A trade is fatal. In France, in olden times, there was no exception to this rule, except in the case of glass manufacturers. Emptying bottles being then considered one of the chief glories of gentlemen, making them was probably, for that reason, not considered dishonourable. In the Channel archipelago, as in Great Britain, he who would remain noble must manage to be rich. A working man cannot possibly be a gentleman. If he has ever been a gentleman, he is such no longer. Yonder sailor, though perhaps a descendant of Knights Bannerets, is now nothing but a sailor. Thirty years ago, at Aurigny, a real Gorges, who had an undoubted right to the Seigniory of Gorges, confiscated by Philip Augustus, gathered sea-weed, barefooted, in the sea. A Carteret is a wagoner in Sark. There are in Jersey a draper, and in Guernsey a shoemaker, named Gruchy, who claim to be Grouchys, and cousins of the Marshal of Waterloo. The old regis-

ters of the Bishopric of Coutances make mention of a Seigniory of Tangroville, evidently a kin to Tancarville on the Lower Seine, which is identical with Montmorency. In the fifteenth century, Johan de Héroudeville, archer and squire of the Sire de Tangroville, bore behind him "his corselet and other harness." In May, 1371, at Pontorson, at the review of Bertrand du Guesclin, "Monsieur de Tangroville rendered his homage as Knight Bachelor." In the Norman islands, if a noble becomes poor, he is soon eliminated from the order. A mere change of pronunciation is enough. Tangroville becomes Tangrouille: and the thing is done.

This had been the fate of the helmsman of the Durande.

In St. Peter's Port, there is a dealer in old iron named Ingrouille, who is probably an Ingroville. Under Louis XIV., the Ingrovilles owned three parishes in the district of Valognes. A certain Abbé Trigan has written an "Ecclesiastical History of Normandy." This chronicler Trigan was the curé of the Seigniory of Digoville. The Sire of Digoville, if he had sunk to a lower grade, would have been called Digouille.

Tangrouille, this probable Tancarville, and possible Montmorency, — one of the propensities of the former aristocrat, but a grave failing in a steersman, —got drunk occasionally.

Nevertheless Sieur Clubin had persisted in retaining him. He answered for his conduct to Mess Lethierry.

Tangrouille never left the vessel; he slept aboard.

The evening before their departure, when Sieur Clubin came at a late hour to inspect the vessel, the steersman was in his hammock asleep.

In the night, Tangrouille awoke. It was his nightly habit. Every drunkard who is not his own master has his secret hiding-place. Tangrouille had his, which he

called his store-room. Tangrouille's store-room was in the hold. He had located it there to throw others off the scent. He felt certain that his hiding-place was known only to himself. Captain Clubin, being a sober man himself, was very strict. The little rum or gin which the helmsman could conceal from the vigilant eyes of the captain, he kept in this mysterious corner of the hold, and nearly every night he had a stolen interview with the contents of this store-room. The surveillance was rigorous, so the orgie was a poor one, and Tangrouille's nightly excesses were generally confined to two or three furtive draughts. Sometimes it happened that the store-room was empty. On that particular night Tangrouille found a new bottle of brandy there. His joy was great; but his astonishment was greater still. From what cloud had it fallen? He could not remember when or how he had brought it into the ship. He soon consumed the whole of it, however; partly from motives of prudence, and partly from a fear that the brandy might be discovered and seized. He threw the bottle overboard. In the morning, when he took the helm, Tangrouille's body oscillated strangely.

He steered, however, about as well as usual.

As for Clubin, he had returned to the inn to sleep, as the reader knows already.

Clubin always wore, under his shirt, a leather travelling belt, in which he kept a reserve fund of twenty guineas; he took this belt off only at night. Inside the belt, was the name "Clubin," written by himself on the rough leather, with thick lithographer's ink, which is indelible.

On rising, just before his departure, he put into this girdle the iron box containing seventy-five thousand francs in bank-notes; then, buckled the belt round his body as usual.

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSATIONS INTERRUPTED.

THE start of the Durande was propitious. The passengers, as soon as their bags and portmanteaus were stored away under the benches, took that survey of the vessel which seems indispensable under the circumstances. Two of the passengers, the tourist and the Parisian, had never seen a steamboat before, and from the moment the paddles began to revolve, they stood admiring the foam. Then they gazed with wonder at the smoke. Then they examined one by one, and almost piece by piece on the upper and lower deck, all those nautical appliances such as rings, grapnels, hooks and bolts, which, with their nice precision and adaptation, form a kind of colossal *bijouterie*, — a sort of iron jewelry, fantastically gilded with rust by the weather. They walked round the little signal gun upon the upper deck. "Chained up like a sporting dog," observed the tourist. "And covered with a waterproof coat to prevent it from taking cold," added the Parisian. As they left the land further behind them, they indulged in the customary observations upon the appearance of St. Malo. One passenger laid down the axiom that the approach to a place by sea is always deceptive; and that a league from the shore, for example, one could not tell Ostend from Dunkirk. He completed his remarks on Dunkirk by the observation that the one of its floating lights painted red was called "Ruytingen," and the other "Mardyck."

St. Malo, meanwhile, became smaller and smaller in the distance, and finally disappeared from view entirely.

The sea was unusually calm. The furrow left in the water by the vessel was a long double line edged with foam, and stretching straight behind them as far as the eye could see.

A straight line drawn from St. Malo in France to Exeter in England would touch the island of Guernsey, but a straight line at sea is not always the route chosen. Steamers, however, have, to a certain extent, a power of following the direct course, denied to sailing ships.

The wind and the sea form a powerful combination of forces. A ship is a combination of machinery. Forces are machines of infinite power. Machines are forces of limited power. The struggle which we call navigation is between these two organizations, the one inexhaustible, the other intelligent.

An intelligent will, directing the mechanism, counterbalances the infinite. But the infinite, too, has its machinery. The elements are conscious of where they are going, and what they are doing. No force is wholly blind. It is the function of man to keep watch of these forces, and to discover their laws.

While these laws remain undiscovered, the struggle continues, and in this struggle navigation, by the aid of steam, is a continual victory won by human skill every hour of the day, and upon every part of the sea. The admirable feature of steam navigation is that it disciplines the very ship herself. It lessens her subserviency to the winds, and increases her subserviency to man.

The Durande had never behaved better at sea than on that day. Her progress was truly marvellous.

About eleven o'clock, with a fresh breeze blowing from the nor'-nor'-west, the Durande was off the Minquiers, under little steam, keeping her head to the west, on the

starboard tack, and close up to the wind. The weather was still fine and clear. The trawlers, however, were making for shore.

Little by little, as if each one was anxious to get into port, the sea became clear of the boats.

It could not be said that the Durande was keeping quite to her usual course; but the crew gave no thought to such matters. The confidence in the captain was absolute; yet, perhaps through the fault of the helmsman, there was a slight deviation. The Durande seemed to be making rather towards Jersey than Guernsey. A little after eleven the captain rectified the vessel's course, and headed her straight for Guernsey. It was only a little time lost, but in short days loss of time has its inconveniences. It was a February day, but the sun shone brightly.

Tangrouille, in his half-intoxicated state, had not a very sure arm, nor a very firm footing. The result was, that the helmsman lurched pretty often, which also retarded progress.

The wind had almost entirely subsided.

The Guernsey passenger, who had a telescope in his hand, brought it to bear from time to time upon a little cloud of grey mist, lightly moved by the wind, in the extreme western horizon. It resembled fleecy wadding sprinkled with dust.

Captain Clubin wore his usual austere, Puritan-like expression of countenance. He appeared to redouble his attention.

Peace and joy reigned on board the Durande. The passengers chatted gaily. It is possible to judge of the state of the sea in a passage with closed eyes, by noting the tenor of the conversation around you. The peace of mind of the passengers depends upon the perfect tranquillity of the waters.

It is impossible, for example, that a conversation like the following could take place except on a very calm sea: —

"See that pretty green and red fly."

"It has lost itself out at sea, and is resting on the ship."

"Flies do not tire easily."

"No. They are so light; the wind carries them on without any exertion on their part."

"An ounce of flies was once weighed, and was afterwards found to consist of no less than six thousand two hundred and sixty-eight."

The Guernsey passenger with the telescope had approached the St. Malo cattle dealers; and their talk was something in this vein: —

"The Aubrac ox has a round and thick buttock, short legs, and a yellow hide. He is slow to work by reason of the shortness of his legs."

"In that matter the Salers beats the Aubrac."

"I have seen, sir, two beautiful oxen in my life. The first has the short legs, a thick breast, full rump, large haunches, a good length of neck to the croup, withers of good height, the skin loose. The second had all the signs of good fattening, a thick-set back, strong neck and shoulders, light legs, white and brown coat, and sloping rump."

"That's the Cotentin breed."

"Yes; with a slight cross with the Angus or Suffolk bull."

"You may believe it or not as you please, sir, but I assure you in the south they have donkey shows."

"Donkey shows?"

"Yes, upon my honour. And the ugliest are the most admired."

"Ha! that is the same as at the mule shows. The ugly ones are considered best."

"Exactly. Take the Poitevin breed for instance, large belly, thick legs."

"The best mule known is a barrel upon four posts."

"Beauty in beasts is a very different thing from beauty in men."

"Or in women."

"That is true."

"As for me, I like a woman to be pretty."

"I am more particular about her being well dressed."

"Yes; neat, clean, and well set off."

"A pretty girl ought always to look as if she had just been turned out by a jeweller."

"To return to my oxen; I saw these two sold at the market at Thouars."

"The market at Thouars; I know it very well. The Bonneaus of La Rochelle, and the Babus corn merchants at Marans, I don't know whether you have heard of them attending that market."

The tourist and the Parisian were conversing with the American.

"Sir," said the tourist, "I will tell you the tonnage of the civilized world. France, 716,000 tons; Germany, 1,000,000; the United States, 5,000,000; England, 5,500,000; add the small vessels. Total, 12,904,000 tons, carried in 145,000 vessels scattered over the waters of the entire globe."

"It is the United States, sir, that has 5,500,000," the American interrupted.

"I stand corrected," said the tourist. "Are you an American, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause. The American missionary was considering whether this was a case for the offer of a Bible.

"Is it true, sir," asked the tourist, "that you have such a passion for nicknames in America that you be-

stow them on all your celebrated men, and that you call your famous Missouri banker, Thomas Benton, 'Old Ingot'?"

"Yes; just as we call Zachary Taylor 'Old Zach.'"

"And General Harrison, 'Old Tip;' am I not right? And General Jackson, 'Old Hickory.'"

"Because Jackson is hard as hickory wood; and because Harrison beat the redskins at *Tippecanoe*."

"Yours is a sort of Byzantine fashion."

"It is our custom. We call Van Buren 'The Little Wizard;' Seward, who introduced the small bank-notes, 'Little Billy;' and Douglas, the democrat Senator from Illinois, who is four feet high and very eloquent, 'The Little Giant.' You may go from Texas to the State of Maine without hearing the name of Mr. Cass; they say the 'Great Michigander.' Nor the name of Clay; they say, 'The miller's boy with the scar.' Clay is the son of a miller."

"I should prefer to say 'Clay' or 'Cass,'" said the Parisian; "it 's shorter."

"Then you would be out of the fashion. We call Corwin, who is the Secretary of the Treasury, 'The Wagoner-boy;' Daniel Webster, 'Black Dan.' As for Winfield Scott, as his first thought after beating the English at Chippewa was to sit down to dine, we call him 'Quick — a basin of soup.'"

The cloud of mist seen in the distance had grown larger, and now extended fully fifteen degrees above the horizon. It was like a cloud loitering above the water for want of wind to move it. The breeze had entirely died out. The sea was as smooth as glass. Although it was not yet noon, the sun was becoming pale. It lighted the earth, but seemed to give no warmth.

"I think we are going to have a change of weather," said the tourist.

"Probably rain," said the Parisian.

"Or fog," said the American.

"In Italy," remarked the tourist, "Molfetta is the town where the least rain falls; and Tolmezzo, where the most falls."

At noon, according to the custom of the Channel Islands, the bell sounded for dinner. Those who wished, dined. Some passengers had brought provisions with them, and were eating on the after-deck. Clubin ate nothing.

While dinner was going on the conversation continued.

The Guernsey man, being probably on the scent for Bibles, approached the American. The latter said to him: —

"Are you familiar with the Channel?"

"I am; I belong in this part of the country."

"So do I," remarked one of the St. Malo men.

The native of Guernsey, with a bow, continued:

"We are well out at sea now, fortunately; I should not have liked a fog when we were off the Minquiers."

"Islanders are more at home on the sea than folks who live on the coast," said the American to the St. Malo man.

"True; we coast people are only half dipped in salt water."

"What are the Minquiers?" asked the American.

"An ugly reef of rocks," the St. Malo man replied.

"There are the Grelets, too," said the Guernsey man.

"Zounds!" ejaculated the other.

"And the Chouas," added the Guernsey man.

The resident of St. Malo laughed.

"As for that," said he, "there are the Savages, too."

"And the Monks," observed the Guernsey man.

"And the Duck," cried the St. Maloite.

The tourist interposed with a question: —

"Have we to pass that legion of rocks?"

"No; we have left the Grelets to the sou'-south-east of us."

"Big and little rocks together, the Grelets number fifty-seven peaks," continued the Guernsey passenger.

"And the Minquiers, forty-eight," said the other.

The dialogue was now confined to the St. Malo and the Guernsey passenger.

"It strikes me, Monsieur St. Malo, that there are three rocks which you did not mention."

"I mentioned all of them."

"From the Derée to the Maître Ile."

"And Les Maisons?"

"Yes; seven rocks in the middle of the Minquiers."

"I see you know every rock."

"If I did n't, I should not be a resident of St. Malo."

"It is amusing to hear French people's reasonings."

The St. Malo man bowed in his turn, and said: —

"The Savages are three rocks."

"And the Monks two."

"And the Duck one."

"*The* Duck; that means only one, of course."

"No; for *the* Suarde consists of four rocks."

"What do you mean by the Suarde?" asked the inhabitant of Guernsey.

"We call the Suarde what you call the Chouas."

"That is a queer passage between the Chouas and the Duck."

"It is impassable except for birds."

"And fish."

"Scarcely; in bad weather they knock themselves against the rocks."

"There is a shoal near the Minquiers?"

"Around the Maisons."

"There are eight rocks visible from Jersey."

"From the beach at Azette? True; but not eight, only seven."

"At low water you can walk around the Minquiers."

"And what of the Dirouilles?"

"The Dirouilles are not like the Minquiers."

"They are very dangerous."

"They are near Granville."

"I see that you St. Malo people enjoy sailing in these waters as much as we do."

"Yes," replied the St. Malo man, "with the difference that we say, 'We are used,' and you, 'We are fond.'"

"You make good sailors."

"I am a cattle merchant myself."

"Who was that famous sailor born at St. Malo?"

"Surcouf?"

"No, another man."

"Duguay-Trouin?"

"Duguay-Trouin," chimed in the commercial traveller. "He was captured by the English. He was as agreeable as he was brave. A young English lady fell in love with him. It was she who secured him his liberty."

At this moment a voice like thunder was heard crying out: —

"You are drunk, man!"

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN CLUBIN DISPLAYS ALL HIS GREAT REMARKABLE VIRTUES.

EVERYBODY turned.

It was the captain shouting to the helmsman.

Sieur Clubin's tone and manner denoted extreme anger.

A well-timed burst of anger sometimes shifts responsibility upon other shoulders.

The captain, standing on the bridge between the two paddle-boxes, had his eyes fixed on the helmsman. "Drunkard," he repeated, between his set teeth. The unlucky Tangrouille hung his head.

The fog had increased rapidly. It now covered nearly one half of the horizon. It seemed to be advancing from every quarter at the same time. The light wind moved it onward swiftly and silently. Little by little, it took possession of the ocean. It was coming chiefly from the north-west, dead ahead. It loomed up before the vessel's prow, vast and shadowy, like a line of moving cliff. It rose up out of the sea like a solid wall. There was a straight line where the waters entered the fog, and became lost to sight.

This line of the commencement of the fog was still more than half a league away. The distance was visibly lessening. The fog was drawing nearer to the vessel, while the vessel was drawing nearer to the fog.

Clubin gave the order to put on more steam, and to steer to the eastward.

For some time they skirted the edge of the fog; it still advanced. The vessel, meanwhile, sailed in broad sunlight.

Time was lost in these manœuvres, which had little chance of success. Nightfall comes quickly in February.

The native of Guernsey was meditating on the subject of the fog.

"It will be a thick one, I'm afraid," he remarked.

"An ugly sort of weather at sea," replied one of the St. Malo men.

"A kind of thing which spoils a good passage," the other added.

The Guernsey passenger approached Clubin, and said:

"I 'm afraid that the fog will catch us, Captain."

Clubin replied: —

"I wished to stay at St. Malo, but I was advised to start."

"By whom?"

"By some old sailors."

"You were certainly right to start," said the Guernsey man. "Who knows but we may have a tempest to-morrow? At this season you may wait and wait and only find the weather worse."

A few minutes later, the Durande entered the fog bank.

The effect was singular. Suddenly those who were on the after-deck could not see those on the forward deck. A soft grey curtain divided the ship in two parts.

Then the entire vessel became enveloped in fog. The sun looked like a dull red moon. Everybody suddenly shivered. The passengers put on their overcoats, and the sailors their tarpaulins. The sea, almost without a ripple, was the more menacing from its cold tranquillity. The black funnel and the heavy smoke struggled through the dewy mist which enshrouded the vessel.

Dropping to eastward was useless now. The captain again headed the vessel towards Guernsey, and gave orders to put on more steam.

The Guernsey passenger, hanging about the engine-room hatchway, heard the negro Imbrancam talking to his comrade. The passenger listened. The negro said:

"This morning, in the sunshine, we were going with half steam on; now, in the fog, we put on full steam."

The Guernsey man returned to Clubin.

"Captain Clubin, a look-out is useless; but have n't we too much steam on?"

"How can I help it, sir? We must make up for time lost through the fault of that drunken helmsman."

"True, Captain Clubin."

And Clubin added: —

"I am anxious to get there. It is foggy enough by day; it would be rather too much at night."

The Guernsey man rejoined the St. Malo passengers, and remarked: —

"We have an excellent captain."

At intervals, great waves of mist bore down heavily upon them, blotting out the sun, which emerged from them again pale and sickly. The little that could be seen of the heavens resembled the long strips of painted sky, dirty and stained with oil, in the old scenery of a theatre.

The Durande passed close to a cutter which had cast anchor for safety. It was the "Shealtiel" of Guernsey. The master of the cutter remarked the high speed of the steamer. It struck him, too, that she was not in her exact course. She seemed to him to bear to westward too much. The sight of the vessel under full steam in the fog surprised him.

By two o'clock the weather had become so thick that the captain was obliged to leave the bridge, and station

himself near the steersman. The sun had vanished. A sort of ashy darkness surrounded the ship. They were sailing in a pale shroud. They could see neither sky nor water.

There was not a breath of wind stirring.

The can of turpentine suspended under the bridge, between the paddle-boxes, did not even oscillate.

The passengers had become silent.

The Parisian, however, hummed between his teeth the song of Béranger, —

"Un jour le bon Dieu s'éveillant."

One of the St. Malo passengers addressed him: —

"You are from Paris, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are they doing in Paris, now?"

"Leur planète a péri, peut-être. Things are going on rather badly in Paris just now, sir."

"Then it 's the same ashore as at sea."

"True; we have an abominable fog here."

"Yes; one that may get us into difficulty."

The Parisian exclaimed: —

"Yes; and why are all these misfortunes permitted in the world? Misfortunes! What are these misfortunes sent for? What use do they serve? There is a fire at the Odéon theatre, and lo and behold, a number of families are thrown out of employment. Is that just? I don't know what your religion may be, sir, but I must admit that all this puzzles me."

"And me, too," said the St. Malo man.

"Everything here below," continued the Parisian, "seems to go wrong. It seems as if Providence, for some reason or other, had ceased to watch over the world."

The St. Malo man scratched his head, like one who is making a great effort to understand. The Parisian continued: —

"God seems to be a non-resident. There ought to be a protest against his absenteeism. He is at his country-house, and takes no notice of us: so everything gets awry. It is evident that he takes no part in the government; he is taking a holiday, leaving some vicar, some seminarist angel, some wretched creature with sparrows'-wings, to look after affairs."

Captain Clubin, who had approached the speakers during this conversation, laid his hand on the Parisian's shoulder.

"Hush, sir," he said. "Have a care. We are on the sea."

There was no more loud talking.

After a pause of five minutes, the Guernsey man, who had heard all this, whispered in the ear of the St. Malo passenger: —

"A religious man, our captain."

It did not rain, but all felt their clothing wet. The crew paid no attention to the course they were following; but there was a growing feeling of uneasiness. They seemed to have entered into a doleful region. The fog makes a deep silence on the sea; it calms the waves, and stifles the wind. In the midst of this silence, the creaking of the Durande communicated a strange, indefinable feeling of melancholy and disquietude.

They passed no more vessels. If afar off, in the direction of Guernsey or in that of St. Malo there were any vessels at sea outside the fog, the Durande, submerged in the dense cloud, must have been invisible to them; while her long trail of smoke attached to nothing probably looked to them like a black comet in the pale sky.

Suddenly Clubin roared out: —

"Hang-dog! you have played us an ugly trick. You will wreck us. You deserve to be put in irons. Get you gone, you drunkard!"

And he seized the helm himself.

The steersman, humbled, slunk away to take part in the duties forward.

"We are safe now," said the Guernsey man.

The vessel was still making rapid headway.

About three o'clock, the fog began to lift a little, and they could see the sea again.

A fog can only be dispersed by the sun or the wind. If by the sun it is well; if by the wind, it is not so well. It was too late for the sun. At three o'clock in the afternoon, in the month of February, the sun has very little power. A return of the wind at this critical time is not desirable. It is often the forerunner of a hurricane.

If there was any breeze now, however, it was scarcely perceptible.

Clubin, holding the tiller and steering, with his eye on the binnacle, muttered to himself some words like the following, which reached the ears of the passengers:

"We have no time to lose; that drunken rascal has delayed us."

His face, meanwhile, was absolutely expressionless.

The sea was less calm under the mist. A few waves were distinguishable.

Flecks of light appeared on the surface of the water. These luminous patches attracted the attention of the sailors. They indicated openings made by the wind in the overhanging roof of fog. The cloud lifted a little, and then fell again.

The ship was enveloped in a sort of foggy iceberg. At intervals this grim circle opened a little, like a pair of pincers, disclosing a glimpse of the horizon, and then closed again.

Meanwhile, the Guernsey man, armed with his spy-glass, was standing like a sentinel in the fore part of the vessel.

An opening appeared for a moment, and was blotted out again.

The Guernsey man rushed back in a state of evident alarm.

"Captain Clubin!"

"What is the matter?"

"We are steering right upon the Hanways."

"You are mistaken," said Clubin, coldly.

"I am sure of it," the Guernsey man insisted.

"Impossible."

"I just saw the rock in the horizon."

"Where?"

"Over yonder."

"That is the open sea there. Impossible."

And Clubin kept the vessel's head towards the very point indicated by the passenger.

The Guernsey man seized his spy-glass again.

A moment later he came running aft again.

"Captain!"

"Well?"

"Tack about!"

"Why?"

"I am certain I just saw a very high rock just ahead of us. It is the Great Hanway."

"You saw nothing but a thick bank of fog."

"It is the Great Hanway. Tack, in Heaven's name!"

Clubin gave the helm a turn.

CHAPTER V.

CLUBIN ATTAINS THE CROWNING-POINT OF HIS GLORY.

A SUDDEN crash was heard. The ripping of a vessel's side upon a sunken reef in open sea is the most dismal sound conceivable. The Durande's course was stopped short.

Several passengers were knocked down with the shock and fell upon the deck.

The Guernsey man raised his hands to Heaven.

"We are on the Hanways. I said so."

A wild cry went up from the ship.

"We are lost."

The voice of Clubin, dry and curt, was heard above all the uproar.

"No one is lost! Silence!"

The black form of Imbrancam, naked to the waist, emerged from the hatchway of the engine-room.

"The water is coming in, Captain. The fires will soon be out," said the negro, calmly."

It was a terrible moment.

The shock was like that of a suicide. If the disaster had been wilfully sought, it could not have been more terrible. The Durande had rushed to her fate as if she had attacked the rock itself. A jagged rock had pierced her side like a wedge. More than six square feet of planking had gone; the stem was broken, the prow smashed, and the gaping hull drank in the sea with a horrible gulping sound. The vessel had received a fatal wound. The rebound was so violent that it shattered the

rudder pendants; the rudder itself hung unhinged and flapping. The rocks had shattered her keel. Round about the vessel nothing was visible except a thick, dense fog. The shades of night were gathering fast.

The Durande plunged forward. It was like the last effort of a horse pierced through his entrails by the horns of a bull. All was over with the vessel.

Tangrouille was completely sobered. Nobody is drunk at the moment of a shipwreck. He went down to the quarter-deck, came up again, and said : —

"Captain, the water is gaining rapidly in the hold. In ten minutes it will be up to the scupper-holes."

The passengers ran about bewildered, wringing their hands, leaning over the bulwarks, looking down in the engine-room, and making all sorts of useless movements in their terror. The tourist had fainted.

Clubin made a sign with his hand, and they were silent. He questioned Imbrancam : —

"How much longer will the engines work?"

"Five or six minutes, sir."

Then he questioned the Guernsey man : —

"I was at the helm. You saw the rock. On which bank of the Hanways are we?"

"On the Mauve. Just now, in the opening in the fog, I saw it distinctly."

"If we 're on the Mauve" remarked Clubin, "we have the Great Hanway on the port side, and the Little Hanway on the starboard bow; we are a mile from the shore."

The crew and passengers listened, fixing their eyes anxiously and attentively on the captain.

Lightening the ship would have been of no avail, and indeed would have been hardly possible. In order to throw the cargo overboard they would have had to open the ports and increase the chance of the water entering. To cast anchor would have been equally useless; they

were stuck fast. Besides, with such a bottom for the anchor to drag upon, the chain would probably have fouled. The engines, being uninjured, and being workable until the fires were extinguished, that is to say, for a few minutes longer, they could have made an effort, by the aid of steam and the vessel's paddles, to get her off the rocks; but even if they had succeeded, the vessel would have sunk immediately; for the rock stopped the breach to some extent and prevented the entrance of the water. It was at least an obstacle; while the hole once freed, it would have been impossible to stop the leak or to work the pumps. To snatch a poniard from a wound in the heart is instant death to the victim. To free the vessel from the rock would have been simply to founder.

The cattle, around whom the water was rising, were lowing piteously in the hold.

"Launch the long-boat!" shouted Clubin.

Imbrancam and Tangrouille rushed to execute the order. The boat was released from her fastenings. The rest of the crew looked on as if petrified.

"Lend a hand, everybody!" cried Clubin.

This time all obeyed.

Clubin, perfectly self-possessed, continued to issue his orders in that old sea dialect, which a French sailor of the present day would scarcely understand.

"Get a cable if the capstan does not work; stop heaving; keep the blocks clear. Lower away there! Bring her down stern and bows. Now, then, all together, lads! Take care she don't lower stern first! There's too much strain on there! Hold the lanyard of the stock tackle! Stand by there!"

The long-boat was launched.

At that instant the Durande's paddles stopped, and the smoke ceased, — the fires were drowned out.

The passengers slipped down the ladder, or clinging to

the rigging, dropped rather than descended into the long boat.

Imbrancam lifted the fainting tourist, carried him into the boat, and then boarded the vessel again.

The crew hastened after the passengers, — the cabin-boy was knocked down, and the others were trampling upon him.

Imbrancam barred their passage.

"Not a man before the lad," he said.

He kept the sailors back with his brawny arms, picked up the boy, and handed him down to the Guernsey man, who was standing up in the boat.

The boy saved, Imbrancam made way for the others, and said: —

"Pass on!"

Meanwhile, Clubin had entered his cabin, and had made up a parcel consisting of the ship's papers and instruments. He took the compass from the binnacle, handed the papers and instruments to Imbrancam, and the compass to Tangrouille, and said to them: —

"Get aboard the boat."

They obeyed. The crew had taken their places before them. The boat was now full and down to the water's edge.

"Now push off," cried Clubin.

A shout arose from the long-boat: —

"How about yourself, Captain?"

"I shall remain here."

Shipwrecked persons have very little time to deliberate, and not much for indulging in tender feeling. Those who were in the long boat and in comparative safety, however, felt an emotion which was not altogether selfish.

All the voices shouted together: —

"Come with us, Captain."

"No; I shall remain here."

The Guernsey man, who had had some experience on the sea, replied: —

"Listen to me, Captain. You are wrecked on the Hanways. You would only have to swim a mile to reach Pleinmont. In a boat, you can only land at Rocquaine, which is two miles off. There are breakers, and there is the fog to contend with. Our boat will not get to Rocquaine in less than two hours. It will be a dark night. The sea is rising, — the wind getting fresh. A squall is at hand. We are ready now to return and bring you off; but if bad weather comes on, that will be out of our power. You are lost if you stay there. Come with us."

"The long-boat is full — too full, it is true," the Parisian chimed in, "and one more will certainly be too many; but there are thirteen of us, — a bad number for a boat, and it is better to overload than to take an unlucky number. Come, Captain."

"It was all my fault — not yours, Captain," urged Tangrouille. "It is n't fair for you to be left behind."

"I have decided to remain here," said Clubin. "The vessel must inevitably go to pieces in the tempest to-night. I won't leave her. When the ship is lost, the captain is dead. No one shall say I did not do my duty to the last. Tangrouille, I forgive you."

Then, folding his arms, he shouted: —

"Obey orders! Let go the rope, and push off."

The long boat swayed to and fro. Imbrancam had seized the tiller. Every hand that did not hold an oar was lifted towards the captain; every mouth cried: "Hurrah for Captain Clubin."

"An admirable fellow!" said the American.

"He is one of the noblest seamen afloat, sir," replied the Guernsey man.

Tangrouille shed tears.

"If I had had the courage," he said, "I would have stayed with him."

The long boat pushed off and disappeared in the fog.

The beat of the oars grew fainter, and died away.

Clubin was left alone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INTERIOR OF AN ABYSS SUDDENLY REVEALED.

WHEN Clubin found himself alone upon this rock, in the midst of the fog and the wide waters, far from every sound of human life, left for dead, with the tide rising around him, and night settling down rapidly upon him, he experienced a feeling of profound satisfaction.

He had succeeded.

His hopes were realized. The bill of exchange which he had drawn upon destiny at so long a date had fallen due at last.

With him, to be abandoned was, in fact, to be saved.

He was on the Hanways, one mile from the shore ; he had about seventy-five thousand francs on his person. Never had a shipwreck been more scientifically accomplished. Nothing had failed. It is true, everything had been foreseen. From his early years Clubin had had one idea, — to stake his reputation for honesty at life's gaming-table ; to pass for a man of strict honour, and with that as a beginning to bide his time, to wait for his chance, to watch his opportunity ; not to grope about, blindly, but to seize boldly ; to venture on one great stroke, and end by carrying off the stakes, leaving fools behind him to gape and wonder. What stupid rogues fail in twenty times, he meant to accomplish at the first blow ; and while they ended their career on the gallows, he intended to finish with a fortune. His meeting with Rantaine gave him the long coveted opportunity ; so he immediately laid his

plans to compel Rantaine to disgorge; to frustrate his victim's possible revelations by disappearing; to make the world believe him dead, — the best of all modes of concealment; — and for this purpose to wreck the Durande. The shipwreck was necessary to the success of his plans. Lastly, he would have the satisfaction of vanishing, leaving a good reputation behind him.

As he stood meditating on these things upon the wreck, Clubin might have been taken for some demon in a pleasant mood.

He had lived a lifetime for the sake of this one minute.

His whole exterior was expressive of the two words, "At last." A look of fiendish complacency illumined his sallow countenance. His dull eye, which usually seemed so impenetrable, became clear and terrible. The inward fire of an evil spirit was reflected there.

A man's inward nature has its electric phenomena like the external world around him. An idea is like a meteor; at the critical moment, the confused meditations which have preceded it open a way, and a spark flashes forth. To have within one's self the talons of vice, the claws of evil, and to feel a prey therein, affords some minds unspeakable delight. The triumph of an evil purpose brightens up their visages. The success of certain cunningly devised combinations, the attainment of certain long cherished aims, the gratification of certain ferocious instincts, manifest themselves in a sinister but luminous appearance of the eyes. It is like a threatening gleam from out of the heart of a storm. These flashes are generated in the conscience in its states of cloud and darkness.

Such signs were flashing in the pupils of Clubin's eyes. They were like nothing else that can be seen shining either above or here below.

All Clubin's pent-up wickedness found full vent now.

He gazed out into the surrounding darkness, and indulged in a low, irrepressible laugh, full of frightful significance.

He was free at last! rich at last!

The unknown future was at length unfolding; the problem was solved.

Clubin had plenty of time before him. The sea was rising, and consequently sustained the Durande, and even raised her a little at last. The vessel retained its place among the rocks; there was no danger of her foundering. Besides, he determined to give the long boat time to get off, — to go to the bottom, perhaps. Clubin hoped it might.

Standing erect on the deck of the shipwrecked vessel, he folded his arms, apparently enjoying his forlorn situation.

Hypocrisy had weighed heavily upon this man for thirty years. He had been an example of evil yoked to probity. He detested virtue with all the bitterness of one who has been entrapped into a hateful match. Since he attained to manhood he had worn the cold and rigid armour of intense respectability. Underneath this was the demon of self. He had lived with the heart of a bandit in the skin of an honest citizen. He had been the soft-spoken pirate, the bond-slave of honesty. He had been swathed in the garments of innocence, as in so many oppressive mummy cloths; had worn those angel wings which devils find so wearisome. He had been overburdened with public esteem. It is an arduous thing, this passing for an honest man. To preserve one's equilibrium amid such difficulties, to think evil, but speak sanctimoniously, this had indeed been a task. He had been a phantom of uprightness, while he was really the spectre of crime. Such a life of contradictions had been Clubin's fate. It had been his lot to maintain a

virtuous exterior, to be always respectable, to rage in secret, and to smile while grinding his teeth. Virtue presented itself to his mind as something stifling. He had felt, sometimes, as if he could have bitten those finger-ends which he was compelled to keep before his mouth. While longing to bite, he had to kiss.

To lie is to suffer. A hypocrite is a sufferer in every sense of the word; he plans a triumph, but endures continual punishment. To premeditate a diabolical act and yet be obliged to maintain a semblance of virtue all the while; to be steeped in secret infamy coated with outward respectability; to have to put the world off the scent continually; to present a perpetual illusion, and never to be one's self, — is a terrible task. To fawn, to restrain and suppress one's self, to be ever on the *qui vive;* to be constantly endeavouring to mask latent crimes with a face of healthy innocence; to transform deformity into beauty; to fashion wickedness into the shape of perfection; to tickle, as it were, with the point of a dagger, to sugar-coat poison, to bridle every gesture and keep a watch over every tone, not even to have a countenance of one's own, — what can be harder, what can be more torturing? The odiousness of hypocrisy is realized perfectly by the hypocrite himself. Drinking perpetually of his own imposture is nauseating. The sweetness which cunning imparts to scoundrelism is repugnant to the scoundrel compelled to have it ever in the mouth; and there are moments of disgust when villainy seems on the point of belching forth its secret. To have to swallow all that bitter saliva is horrible. Add to this portraiture an intense pride. There are moments in the history of such a life when hypocrisy worships itself. There is always an inordinate egotism in roguery. The worm has the same mode of gliding along as the serpent, and the same manner of raising its

head. The treacherous villain is the despot curbed and restrained, and only able to attain his ends by resigning himself to play a secondary part. The genuine hypocrite is a Titan dwarfed.

Clubin really believed that he had been ill used. Why had he not been born rich? He would have asked nothing better than to have inherited 100,000 livres a year from his parents. Why did he not have them? It was no fault of his that it had been otherwise. Deprived as he had been of the higher enjoyments of life, why had he been forced to labour, — in other words, to cheat, to betray, to destroy? Why had he been condemned to this torture of flattering, cringing, fawning; to be always striving for men's respect and friendship, and to wear night and day a face that was not his own? To be compelled to dissimulate was in itself a hardship. Men hate those to whom they are compelled to lie. But now the deception was at an end. Clubin had taken his revenge.

On whom? On everybody and everything!

Lethierry had never treated him otherwise than well; so much the greater his spleen. He was revenged upon Lethierry.

He was revenged upon all those whose presence had been a constraint upon him. It was his turn to be free now. Whosoever had thought well of him was his enemy. He had felt himself their captive long enough.

Now he had broken through his prison walls. His escape was accomplished. His supposed death would really be the beginning of his life. He was about to begin the world afresh. The real Clubin had stripped off the false. In a single hour the spell had been broken. He had kicked Rantaine into space; involved Lethierry in ruin; human justice in night, and opinion in error. He had cast off all humanity; blotted out the whole world.

The name of God, that word of three letters, occupied his mind but little.

He had passed for a religious man. What was he now?

There are secret recesses in hypocrisy, or rather the hypocrite is himself a secret recess.

When Clubin found himself quite alone, that cavern in which his soul had so long lain hidden was opened. He enjoyed a moment of delicious liberty. He revelled for a moment in the open air. He gave vent to himself in one long breath.

The excess of evil within him revealed itself in his visage. He expanded, as it were, with diabolical joy. The features of Rantaine compared with his at that moment would have looked like the innocent features of a new-born child.

What a relief this casting off of the old mask was. His conscience rejoiced in the sight of its own depravity as it stepped forth to take its hideous bath of wickedness. The long restraint of men's respect seemed to have given him a mad relish for infamy. He experienced a certain lascivious enjoyment of wickedness. Such natures find intense delight in those frightful moral abysses which are so rarely sounded. The long-endured insipidity of his false reputation for virtue gave him a sort of longing for disgrace. In this state of mind men despise their fellow creatures so much, that they even long for the contempt which marks the end of their unmerited homage. They feel a satisfaction in the freedom of degradation, and cast an eye of envy at baseness, sitting at its ease, clothed in ignominy and shame. Eyes that are forced to droop modestly are familiar with these steady glances at sin. From Messalina to Marie-Alacoque the distance is not great. Remember the histories of La Cadière and the nun of Louviers. Clubin

too, had worn the veil. Effrontery had always been the object of his secret admiration. He envied the painted courtesan and the impassive countenance of the professional ruffian. He felt a pride in surpassing her in artifices, and a disgust for the trick of passing for a saint. He had been the Tantalus of cynicism. And now, upon this rock, in the midst of this solitude, he could be frank and open. A bold plunge into wickedness, — what a voluptuous sense of relief it brought with it. All the delights known to the fallen angels are summed up in this; and Clubin experienced them at that moment. The long arrears of dissimulations were paid at last. Hypocrisy is an advance; the devil reimburses it. Clubin gave himself up to the intoxication of being shameless and of no longer having any eye upon him but that of Heaven. He whispered within himself, "I am a scoundrel," and felt profoundly satisfied.

Never before did any human conscience experience such a tide of emotions.

The eruption of a hypocrite is far beyond that of any crater.

He was glad to be alone, and yet he would not have been sorry to have had some one there. He would have been pleased to have a witness of his fiendish joy.

He would have been gratified to have an opportunity of saying to society, "Thou fool."

The solitude, indeed, assured his triumph, but lessened it.

He himself was the sole spectator of his glory.

Even to be in the pillory has its satisfaction; for everybody can see your infamy.

To compel the crowd to stand and gaze is, in fact, a proof of power. A malefactor standing on a platform in the market-place, with an iron collar around his neck, is master of all the glances which he constrains the

multitude to turn towards him. What is yonder scaffold but a pedestal? To be there, the centre of universal observation, is not that, too, a triumph? To rivet the eyes of the public upon you is one form of supremacy? For those who worship wickedness, opprobrium is glory. It is a height from which they can look down; a superiority of some kind at least; a pre-eminence in which they can display themselves royally. A gallows standing high in the gaze of all the world bears some analogy to a throne.

To be exposed to the public gaze is, at least, to be seen and studied.

A wicked reign has all the enjoyments of the pillory. Nero burning Rome; Louis XIV. treacherously seizing the Palatinate; the Prince Regent slowly killing Napoleon; Nicholas strangling Poland before the eyes of the civilized world, — may have felt something akin to Clubin's joy. Universal execration derives a grandeur from its very vastness.

To be unmasked is a humiliation; but to unmask one's self is a triumph. There is an intoxication in the position, an insolent satisfaction, a flaunting nakedness which affronts the decencies of life. Supreme bliss!

These ideas appear inconsistent in a hypocrite, but in reality they are not. All infamy is logical. Honey is gall. Escobar has some affinity with the Marquis de Sade. Léotade is a proof of this. A hypocrite, being the personification of complete vice, includes in himself the two poles of perversity. Priest-like on one side, he resembles the courtesan on the other. The sex of his diabolical nature is double. The hypocrite is the self-impregnating hermaphrodite of evil. He engenders and transforms himself.

All these ideas were floating confusedly through Clu-

bin's mind. He analyzed them little, but he enjoyed them much.

A whirlwind of flakes of fire, borne up from the pit of hell into the dark night, would fitly represent the wild succession of ideas in his soul.

Clubin remained for some time thoughtful and motionless. He was surveying his cast-off virtues as a serpent surveys its cast-off skin.

Everybody had had faith in these virtues; even he himself had had a little.

He laughed again.

Society would imagine him dead, while he was rich. They would believe him drowned, while he was saved. What a capital trick to have played on the stupidity of the world.

Rantaine, too, was included in that universal stupidity. Clubin thought of Rantaine with ineffable disdain, — the disdain of the tiger for the weasel. The trick had failed with Rantaine, it had succeeded with him; Rantaine had slunk away abashed, Clubin disappeared in triumph. He had substituted himself for Rantaine, stepped between him and his mistress, and carried off her favours.

He had no well-settled plans for the future. In the iron tobacco-box in his girdle he had the three bank-notes. The knowledge of that fact was enough. He would change his name. There are plenty of countries where sixty thousand francs are equal to six hundred thousand. It would be no bad scheme to go to one of those corners of the earth, and live there honestly on the money that scoundrel Rantaine had disgorged. To speculate, to embark in commerce, to increase his capital, to become really a millionaire, that, too, would be no bad termination to his career.

For example, the great trade in coffee from Costa Rica

was only in the first stages of its development. There was plenty of money to be made. He would see.

All this was of very little consequence. He would have plenty of time to think of it. The hardest part of the enterprise was accomplished. Stripping Rantaine of his ill-gotten wealth and disappearing with the wreck of the Durande were the grand achievements. All the rest was very simple. No obstacle was likely to stop him henceforth. He had nothing more to fear. He could easily reach the shore by swimming. He would land at Pleinmont in the darkness; ascend the cliffs; go straight to the old haunted house; enter it by the aid of the knotted cord, concealed beforehand in a crevice of the rocks. He would find in the house his travelling-bag containing provisions and dry clothing. There he could await his opportunity. He had information. A week would not pass without the Spanish smugglers — Blasquito probably — touching at Pleinmont. For a few guineas he could obtain a passage, not to Torbay, as he had said to Blasco, to confound conjecture, and put him off the scent, but to Bilbao or Passages. Thence he could get to Vera Cruz or New Orleans. But the time had now come for taking to the water. The long boat was far enough off by this time. An hour's swimming was nothing for Clubin, and as he was on the Hanways, he could not be more than a mile from the shore.

At this point in Clubin's meditations, an opening suddenly appeared in the fog bank.

The fierce and terrible Douvres rocks stood before him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNEXPECTED INTERVENES.

CLUBIN stared at them, motionless with horror.

It was indeed those dangerous and lonely rocks that confronted him.

It was impossible to mistake their distorted outlines. The twin Douvres reared their forms aloft before him, hideously revealing the opening between them, like a snare, — a cut-throat in ambush in the ocean.

They were close to him. The fog, like an artful accomplice, had hidden them until now.

Clubin had mistaken his course in the dense mist. Notwithstanding all his pains, he had experienced the fate of two other great navigators, — of Gonzalez who discovered Cape Blanco, and Fernandez who discovered Cape Verde. The fog had bewildered him. Greatly as it had seemed to favour the execution of his project, it had in reality grossly deceived him. In veering to westward he had lost his reckoning. The Guernsey man, who fancied that he recognized the Hanways, had determined his fate, and decided him to give the final turn to the wheel. Clubin had never once doubted that he was steering the vessel straight on the Hanways.

The Durande, stove in by one of the hidden rocks of the group, was only separated from the two Douvres by a few cables' lengths.

Two hundred yards farther on was a massive block of granite, upon whose steep sides were some hollows and small projections which might help a man to climb, while

the square corners of the rude walls indicated the existence of a plateau on the summit.

It was the rock known by the name of "The Man."

"The Man" rose even higher than the Douvres. Its platform commanded a view over their two inaccessible peaks. This platform, though crumbling at its edges, was characterized by a sort of sculptural regularity. No more desolate or more dangerous place could be imagined. The hardly perceptible waves of the open sea lapped gently against the square sides of the enormous mass, — a fit resting-place for the grim phantoms of the sea and of the night.

Clubin had often seen the Douvres from a distance. He knew that he was indeed there. He could not doubt it.

What a sudden and hideous change! The Douvres instead of the Hanways! Instead of one mile, five leagues of open sea! The Douvres to the solitary shipwrecked sailor is the visible and palpable presence of death, — the extinction of all hope of reaching land.

Clubin shuddered. He had placed himself voluntarily in the jaws of destruction. No other refuge was left him save "The Man." It was probable that a tempest would arise in the night, and that the long boat, overloaded as she was, would sink to the bottom, so no news of the shipwreck would ever reach land. It would not even be known that Clubin had been left upon the Douvres. There was no prospect before him but death from cold and hunger. His seventy-five thousand francs could not purchase him a mouthful of bread. All the scaffolding he had built with such infinite care and labour had only brought him to this pass. He alone was the laborious architect of this crowning catastrophe. No resource, — no possible escape; his triumph was transformed into utter ruin. Instead of deliverance, a prison; instead of a long, prosperous future, the death agony! In the twink-

ling of an eye, in the instant which the lightning occupies in passing, his lordly structure had fallen into ruins. The paradise dreamed of by this demon had changed into a sepulchre.

Meanwhile a slight movement became perceptible in the air. The wind was rising. The fog, roughly shaken and rent asunder, moved towards the horizon in huge rugged masses, and the sea became visible again as suddenly as it had disappeared from view a few hours before.

The cattle, more and more invaded by the waters, continued to bellow in the hold.

Night was approaching, probably bringing a storm with it.

The Durande, filling slowly with the rising tide, swung from right to left, then from left to right, and began to turn upon the rock as upon a pivot.

The moment was close at hand when a wave would move her from her fixed position, and probably roll her over on her beam-ends.

It was not even as dark now as when she struck the rocks. Though the day was nearing its close, one could see much more clearly, for the fog had carried a part of the darkness away with it. The western horizon was cloudless. Twilight brings a pale sky. Its vast reflection glimmered on the sea.

The Durande's bows were lower than her stern. Her stern was, in fact, almost out of the water. Clubin mounted the taffrail, and fixed his eyes on the horizon.

The hypocrite is naturally sanguine; he is continually waiting for an opportunity. Hypocrisy is nothing, in fact, but a horrible hopefulness; its very foundation is composed of that virtue transformed into a vice. Strange contradiction! There is a strange trustfulness about hypocrisy. The hypocrite relies upon some power, unrevealed even to himself, which encourages the progress of evil.

Clubin gazed out over the ocean.

The position was desperate, but he had not yet yielded to despair.

He knew that after the fog lifted, vessels that had been lying-to or riding at anchor would resume their course; and he thought that one might pass that way.

As he had anticipated, a sail appeared.

The vessel was coming from the east and steering towards the west.

It had but one mast, and a fore and aft rig. Her bowsprit was almost horizontal. It was a cutter.

In less than a half-hour she must pass not very far from the Douvres.

Clubin said to himself, "I am saved!"

At a moment like this, a man thinks of nothing but his life.

The cutter was probably a foreign craft. Might it not be one of the smuggling vessels on its way to Pleinmont? It might even be Blasquito himself. In that case, not only life, but fortune, would be saved; and the catastrophe at the Douvres, by hastening the conclusion, — by dispensing with the necessity for concealment in the haunted house, and by bringing the adventure to a *dénouement* at sea, — would prove a piece of good fortune.

All his original confidence in his eventual success returned.

It is remarkable how easily scoundrels are persuaded that they deserve to succeed.

There was but one course to adopt.

The Durande being entangled among the rocks, her form was necessarily mingled with their irregular outlines, and she was not likely, in the little light which remained, to attract the attention of the crew of the approaching vessel.

But a human form standing out in bold relief against

the grey sky, upon "The Man" rock, and making signs of distress, would doubtless be seen, and the cutter would then send a boat to take the shipwrecked man aboard.

"The Man" was only two hundred yards off. To reach it by swimming would be an easy matter; to climb it would be equally easy.

There was not a minute to lose.

The bows of the Durande being wedged in between the rocks, it was from the top of the poop where Clubin stood that he had to jump into the sea. He began by taking a sounding, and discovered that there was a considerable depth of water just under the stern of the wrecked vessel. The microscopic shells of foraminifera which the tallow on the lead-line brought up were intact, indicating the presence of hollow caves under the rocks, in which the water was tranquil, however great the agitation on the surface might be.

He undressed, leaving his clothing on the deck. He knew that he would be able to get clothing aboard the cutter.

He retained nothing but his leather belt.

As soon as he was stripped he placed his hand on this belt, buckled it more securely, felt for the iron tobacco-box, took a rapid survey in the direction which he would have to take among the waves and breakers to reach "The Man" rock; then precipitating himself head first, he plunged into the sea.

As he dived from a height, he plunged heavily.

He sank deep in the water, touched the bottom, skirted the submarine rocks for a moment, then struck out to regain the surface.

At that moment he felt himself seized by the foot.

BOOK VII.

THE DANGER OF OPENING A BOOK AT RANDOM.

CHAPTER I.

THE PEARL AT THE FOOT OF A PRECIPICE.

A FEW moments after his brief conversation with Sieur Landoys, Gilliatt reached St. Sampson.

He was troubled, even anxious. What could have happened?

There was a murmur in St. Sampson like that which rises from a startled bee-hive. Everybody was at his door. The women were talking loudly. There were people who seemed to be relating some occurrence and who were gesticulating excitedly. A group had gathered around them. Such exclamations as, How unfortunate! what a pity! could be heard on every side. Some faces wore a smile.

Gilliatt interrogated no one. It was not his nature to ask questions. He was, moreover, too much excited to talk to strangers. He had no confidence in rumours. He preferred to go direct to the Bravées.

His anxiety was so great that he did not even hesitate to enter the house.

The door of the great lower room opening upon the Quay stood wide open. There was a crowd of men and

women on the threshold. Everybody was going in, and Gilliatt went in with the others. On entering, he found Sieur Landoys standing near the door-post.

"You have heard the news, I suppose?" he remarked.

"No."

"I did not like to shout it out to you on the road. It made me feel like a bird of evil omen."

"What has happened?"

"The Durande is lost."

There was a crowd in the room. They were all talking in subdued tones like people in a sick chamber.

The assemblage, which consisted of neighbours, anxious to hear the news, huddled together near the door with a sort of timidity, leaving clear the end of the room where Déruchette was sitting, bathed in tears, Mess Lethierry standing beside her.

He was leaning against the wall at the end of the room with his sailor's cap pulled down over his eyebrows. A lock of grey hair hung down on his cheek. He said nothing. His arms were motionless; he seemed scarcely to breathe.

He looked like a man whose very life had been crushed out of him. The Durande being gone, Lethierry had no object left in life. What should he do now? Get up every morning; go to sleep every night. Never more would he await the coming of the Durande: see her get under way, or come into port. What would the rest of his life be without any object? To drink, to eat, and what then? He had crowned the labours of his life by a masterpiece, effected an advance in civilization by his devotion. The step was lost; the masterpiece destroyed. To live a few dreary years longer! what would be the good of that? There was nothing left for him now. At his age men do not begin life afresh. Besides, he was ruined financially. Poor old man!

Déruchette, sitting near him on a chair and weeping bitterly, held one of Mess Lethierry's hands in hers. Her hands were clasped; his hand was clinched hard. This indicated the shade of difference in their feelings. In clasped hands there is still some sign of hope; in the clinched fist none.

Mess Lethierry gave up his arm to her, and let her do with it what she pleased. He was passive. Struck down by a thunderbolt, he had scarcely a spark of life left within him.

There are crushing misfortunes which isolate the mind entirely from all fellowship with man. The figures which come and go about your room become confused and indistinct. They pass, they even touch you, but never really come near you. You are far away, — inaccessible to them, as they to you. Intense joy and despair differ in this. In despair, we take cognizance of the world only as something dim and afar off: we are blind to what goes on before our eyes; we lose the consciousness of our own existence. It matters not at such times that we are flesh and blood; our consciousness of life is none the more real: we are become, even to ourselves, nothing but a dream.

Mess Lethierry's gaze denoted that he had reached this state of mental absorption.

The neighbours were whispering together, exchanging such bits of information as they had been able to gather. This was the substance of their news: —

The Durande had been wrecked in the fog the day before on the Douvres, about an hour before sunset. With the exception of the captain, who refused to leave his vessel, the crew and passengers had all escaped in the long-boat. A squall from the south-west, springing up as the fog cleared, had almost wrecked them a second time, and carried them out to sea beyond Guernsey.

During the night they had had the good fortune to meet with the "Cashmere," which had taken them aboard and landed them at St. Peter's Port. The disaster was entirely the fault of steersman Tangrouille, who was in prison. Clubin had behaved nobly.

The pilots, who had mustered in great force, pronounced the words "The Douvres" with a peculiar emphasis. "A dreary half-way house, that," said one.

A compass and a bundle of registers and memorandum-books lay on the table; they were doubtless the compass of the Durande and the ship's papers, handed to Imbrancam and Tangrouille by Clubin at the time of the departure of the long-boat. They were evidences of the magnificent self-abnegation of that man who had busied himself in saving these documents even in the presence of death itself, — a little incident full of moral grandeur; an instance of sublime unselfishness never to be forgotten.

They were unanimous in their admiration of Clubin; unanimous also in believing him to have been saved after all. The cutter "Shealtiel" had arrived some hours after the "Cashmere." It was this vessel that had brought the latest intelligence. She had passed four-and-twenty hours in the same waters as the Durande. She had lain-to in the fog, and tacked about during the squall. The captain of the "Shealtiel" was present.

This captain had just finished his account to Lethierry as Gilliatt entered. His narrative was a true one. Towards morning, the storm having abated, and the wind becoming manageable, the captain of the "Shealtiel" had heard the lowing of oxen in the open sea. This sound in the midst of the waves had naturally startled him. He steered in the direction from which the sound had proceeded, and perceived the Durande upon the Douvres. The sea had subsided sufficiently for him to approach. He hailed the wreck, but the bellowing of

cattle was the only reply. The captain of the "Shealtiel" was confident that there was no one aboard the Durande. The wreck still held together, and notwithstanding the violence of the squall, Clubin might have passed the night there. He was not there now, however; so he must have been rescued. It was certain that several sloops and luggers, from Granville and St. Malo, must have passed pretty near the rocks after laying-to in the fog on the previous evening. Consequently it was more than likely that one of these vessels had taken Clubin aboard. It must be remembered that the long-boat of the Durande was full when it left the ill-fated vessel; that it was sure to encounter great risks; that taking another man aboard would have overloaded her, and perhaps caused her to founder; and that these circumstances had no doubt helped to strengthen Clubin in his determination to remain on the wreck. His duty once fulfilled, however, and a vessel at hand, Clubin assuredly would not have scrupled to avail himself of its aid. A hero is not necessarily an idiot. The idea of suicide was absurd in connection with a man of Clubin's irreproachable character. The culprit, too, was Tangrouille, not Clubin. All this was conclusive. The captain of the "Shealtiel" was evidently right, and everybody expected to see Clubin reappear very shortly. There was even a plan to carry him through the town in triumph.

Two things appeared certain from the narrative of the captain, — Clubin was saved, the Durande lost.

As regards the Durande, there was nothing to be done but accept the situation; the catastrophe was irremediable. The captain of the "Shealtiel" had witnessed the foundering of the wreck. The sharp rock on which the vessel had been nailed, as it were, had held her fast during the night, and resisted the shock of the tempest as if reluctant to part with its prey; but in the

morning, just after the captain of the "Shealtiel" had satisfied himself that there was no one aboard to be saved, and was about to bear off again, one of those seas which are like the last angry blows of a tempest had struck her. The wave lifted her violently from her place, and with the swiftness and directness of an arrow from a bow had hurled her against the two Douvres. "A frightful crash was heard," said the captain. The vessel, lifted high by the waves, had plunged between the two rocks up to her midship beam. She had stuck fast again, and more firmly than on the submarine rocks. She must have remained suspended there, and exposed to every wind and sea.

The Durande, according to the statements of the crew of the "Shealtiel," was already three-fourths broken up. She must certainly have foundered during the night, unless the rocks had kept her up. The captain of the "Shealtiel" had watched her a long time with his spy-glass. He gave the details of her injuries with nautical precision. The starboard quarter had been stove in, the masts shattered, the sails blown from the bolt-ropes, the shrouds torn away, the cabin sky-lights smashed by the falling of one of the booms, the dome of the cuddy-house beaten in, the round-house overturned, the hinges of the rudder broken, the trusses wrenched away, the bits gone, the cross-beam destroyed, the shear-rails knocked off, the stern-post broken. As for the portion of the cargo made fast before the foremast, all was destroyed, made a clean sweep of, gone to ten thousand shivers, with top ropes, iron pulleys, and chains. The Durande's hull was shattered; the sea would soon break her up piecemeal. In a few days there would be nothing left of her.

It appeared that the engine was very little injured by all these ravages, — a remarkable fact, and one which proved the excellence of its workmanship. The captain

of the "Shealtiel" thought he could certify that the crank had received no serious injury. The vessel's masts had given way, but the funnel had resisted everything. The iron guards of the captain's gangway were twisted ; the paddle-boxes had suffered, the frames were bruised, but not a float was missing from the paddle-wheels. The machinery was intact. This was the conviction of the captain of the "Shealtiel." Imbrancam, the engineer, who was among the crowd, was of the same opinion. The negro, more intelligent than many of his white companions, was proud of his engines. He lifted up his arms, opening the ten fingers of his black hands, and said to Lethierry, as he sat there silent, "Master, the machinery is still alive!"

The safety of Clubin seeming certain, and the hull of the Durande being hopelessly injured, the engines became the chief topic of conversation among the crowd. They took as much interest in it as if it were a living creature. They all united in praising its good qualities. "That 's what I call a well-built engine," said a French sailor. "Yes, she 's certainly a good one!" cried a Guernsey fisherman. "She must have good stuff in her," said the captain of the "Shealtiel," "to come out of that affair with only a few scratches."

But the Durande had enemies as well as friends. More than one man who possessed a good old sailing-cutter, and who hoped to get a share of the Durande's business, was not sorry to find that the Douvres rock had so effectually disposed of the new invention. The whispering grew louder. The discussion became animated, though the hubbub was evidently a little restrained; and now and then there was a simultaneous lowering of voices out of respect to Lethierry's death-like silence.

The result of the controversy, so obstinately maintained on all sides, was as follows : —

The engines were the most important part of the vessel. To rescue the Durande was impossible; but the machinery might still be saved. These engines were unique. The money to construct others was wanting; and to find a builder would have been still more difficult. The constructor of the machinery was dead. It had cost forty thousand francs. No one would risk that amount again in a similar enterprise, particularly as it was now known that steamboats could be lost like other vessels. The accident to the Durande destroyed all her former prestige. Still, it was deplorable to think that at that very moment this valuable mechanism was still entire and in good condition, and that in five or six days it would probably go to pieces, like the vessel herself. As long as this existed, it might almost be said that there had been no shipwreck. The loss of the engines was alone irreparable. To save the machinery would be almost to repair the disaster.

Save the machinery! It was easy to talk about it, but who would undertake to do it? Was it even possible? To scheme and to execute are two different things, — as different as it is to dream and to do. Now, if any dream had ever appeared wild and impracticable, it was that of saving the engines then wedged between the Douvres. The idea of sending a ship and a crew to work on those rocks was absurd. It was not to be thought of. It was the season of storms. In the first gale the anchor-chains would be snapped on the submarine peaks, and the vessel be shattered on the rocks. It would only be sending a second vessel to be wrecked like the first. On the narrow height where the legends of the place described the shipwrecked sailor as having perished of hunger, there was barely room for one person. To save the engines, therefore, it would be necessary for a man to go to the Douvres, and remain there alone, — alone in that deso-

late spot five leagues from the coast, alone in that region of horrors, alone for entire weeks, alone in the presence of dangers, foreseen and unforeseen, without supplies in the face of hunger and nakedness, without succour in time of distress, without any sign of human life around him save the bleached bones of the miserable being who had perished there in his misery with no companionship save that of death. Besides, how could he hope to remove the machinery? It would require not only a sailor, but an engineer; and what trials he must expect to encounter. The man who would attempt such a task must be more than a hero. He must be a madman; for in certain enterprises, in which superhuman power seems necessary, there is a sort of madness which is more potent than courage. And after all, would it not be a folly to immolate one's self for a mass of rusted iron? No; it was certain that nobody would undertake to go to the Douvres on such an errand. The engine must be abandoned like the rest. The volunteer for such a task would assuredly not be forthcoming. Where, indeed, would they look for such a man?

All this, or similar observations, formed the substance of the excited conversation of the crowd.

The captain of the "Shealtiel," who had been a pilot, expressed the opinion of all present when he exclaimed, —

"No; it's an impossibility. The man does n't exist who could go there and save the machinery of the Durande."

"If I don't go, it is because nobody could," said Imbrancam.

"If he did exist — " resumed the captain.

Déruchette turned.

"I would marry him," she interrupted innocently.

There was a pause.

A man forced his way through the crowd, and standing before her, pale and anxious, asked, —

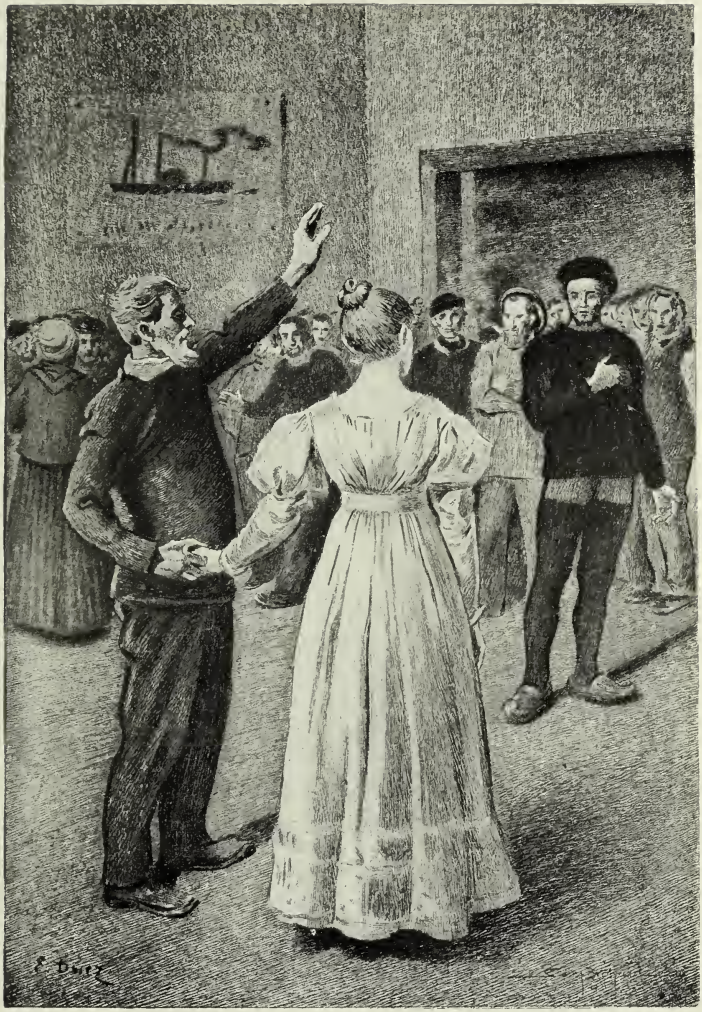
"You would marry him, Miss Déruchette?"

It was Gilliatt.

Every eye was riveted upon him. Mess Lethierry suddenly straightened himself up and glanced around him. His eyes glittered with a strange light.

He snatched off his cap and threw it on the ground; then looking solemnly before him, without seeing any of the persons present, said, —

"Déruchette should be his wife. I swear it in the presence of God."



"Deruchette should be his wife. I swear it in the presence of God."

CHAPTER II.

GREAT ASTONISHMENT ON THE WESTERN COAST.

THE full moon rose about ten o'clock on the following evening; but in spite of the fine weather and favourable wind, no fisherman could have been induced to go out that evening either from Hogue la Perre, or Bourdeaux Harbour, or Houmet Benet, or Platon, or Port Grat, or Vazon Bay, or Perrelle Bay, or Pezeries, or the Tielles or Saints' Bay, or little Bô, or any other port or harbour in Guernsey; and the reason was very plain. A cock had been heard to crow at noonday.

When a cock is heard to crow at such an extraordinary hour, fishing is suspended.

About dusk that evening, however, a fisherman, returning to Omptolle, had a surprise. When off Houmet Paradis, beyond the Two Brayes and the Two Grunes, having to the left of him the Plattes Tougères beacon representing a tub bottom side up, and to the right of him the St. Sampson beacon representing a man's face, the fisherman thought he noticed for the first time a third beacon. What could be the meaning of this? When was it erected on that point? What shoal did it indicate? The supposed beacon answered these questions forthwith. It moved, it was a mast. The astonishment of the fisherman did not diminish. A beacon would have been remarkable; a mast was still more so. It could not be a fishing-boat. When everybody else was returning, some boat was going out. Who could the occupant be, and what was he going to do?

Ten minutes later the vessel, which was moving very slowly, came within a short distance of the Omptolle fisherman. He did not recognize it. He heard the sound of rowing. There were evidently but two oars, so there was probably only one man aboard. The wind was northerly. The man, therefore, was evidently paddling in order to take the wind off Point Fontenelle. Then he would probably use his sails. He must intend to double the Ancresse and Mount Crevel. What could that mean ?

The vessel passed, the fisherman returned home.

That same night, at different hours, and at different places, people scattered along the western coast of Guernsey observed certain facts.

As the Omptolle fisherman was mooring his bark, a carter of seaweed about half a mile off, urging his horses along the lonely road from the Clôtures near the Cromlech, and in the neighbourhood of the Martello Towers 6 and 7, saw a sail being hoisted far out at sea, in a place but little frequented because it requires much knowledge of the waters, and in the direction of North Rock and the Sablonneuse. He paid very little attention to the circumstance, not being a seaman, but a carter of seaweed.

About half an hour afterwards a plasterer, returning from his work in the town, saw a vessel sailing boldly along among the rocks of the Quenon, the Rousse de Mer, and the Gripe de Rousse. The night was dark, but the sky above the sea was light, — an effect common enough, — and he could see quite a long distance in every direction. There was no sail visible except that on this vessel.

A little farther on a gatherer of cray-fish, preparing his traps on the beach which separates Port Soif from the Port Enfer, was puzzled to make out the movements of a vessel between the Boue Corneille and the Moulrette.

The occupant of the boat must have been a good sailor, and in great haste to reach some destination, to risk his craft there.

Just as eight o'clock was striking at Catel, the tavern-keeper at Cobo Bay observed with astonishment a sail out beyond the Boue du Jardin and the Grunettes, and very near the Susanne and the Western Grunes.

On Houmet Point in Vason Bay two lovers were lingering before they parted for the night.

"I am not going because I don't want to stay with you, but because I 've a great deal to do," the young woman was saying to her companion. Their farewell kiss was interrupted by a good-sized sailing boat which passed near them, making in the direction of the Messellettes.

Monsieur le Peyre des Norgiots, an inhabitant of Cotillon Pipet, was engaged about nine o'clock in the evening in examining a hole made by some trespassers in a hedge on his estate known as La Jennerotte. Even while noting the extent of the damage, he could not help observing a fishing-boat audaciously making its way round the Crocq Point at that hour of night.

When the sea was rough, as is usually the case the day after a gale, that route was extremely dangerous, and one was rash to attempt it, at least, unless he knew all the channels by heart.

About half-past nine o'clock, at L'Equerrier, a trawler carrying home his net stopped for a while to watch something that looked like a boat between Colombelle and the Souffleresse. The boat was in a perilous position. Sudden gusts of wind of a very dangerous kind are very common in that spot. The *Souffleresse*, or Blower, is so called because it blows with sudden violence on ships.

As the moon was rising, the tide being high and the sea quiet, in the little strait of Li-Hou, the solitary lighthouse keeper on the island of Li-Hou was considerably

startled. A tall, dark object passed slowly between him and the moon.

As it glided along above the line of the top of the wall formed by the ridges of rock, the keeper of the Li-Hou light fancied he had beheld the Black Lady.

The White Lady haunts the Tau de Pez d'Amont; the Grey Lady, the Tau de Pez d'Aval; the Red Lady, the Silleuse, to the north of the Marquis Bank; and the Black Lady, the Grand Etacré, to the west of Li-Houmet. At night, when the moon shines, these ladies walk abroad, and sometimes meet.

The dark object might, of course, be a sail. The long line of rocks on which she appeared to be walking might be concealing the hull of a bark sailing along behind them.

But the keeper asked himself, what bark would dare, at that hour, to venture between Li-Hou and the Pécheresses, and the Anguillières and Lérée Point? And what object could she have? It seemed to him much more probable that it was the Black Lady.

As the moon was passing the clock-tower of St. Peter in the Wood, the serjeant at Castle Rocquaine, while in the act of raising the drawbridge castle, perceived at the end of the bay beyond Haute Canée, but nearer than the Sambule, a sailing-vessel which seemed to be steadily dropping down from north to south.

On the southern coast of Guernsey behind Pleinmont, in the curve of a bay composed entirely of precipices and rocky walls, there is a singular landing-place, to which a Frenchman, a resident of the island since 1855, the one, perhaps, who writes these lines, has given the name of "The Fourth Story Port," a name now very generally adopted. This port, or landing-place, which was then called the Moie, is a rocky plateau formed partly by Nature, and partly by art, raised about forty feet above the

level of the waves and communicating with the water by two large beams laid parallel in the form of an inclined plane. The fishing vessels are hoisted up out of the water by means of chains and pulleys, and are lowered again in the same manner. There is a ladder for the use of the fishermen. This port, at the time of our story, was much used by smugglers. Being difficult of access, it was well suited to their purposes.

About eleven o'clock, some smugglers, perhaps the same upon whose aid Clubin had counted, stood with their bales of goods on the summit of this platform of the Moie. A smuggler is necessarily a man who is ever on the lookout; it is a part of his business to watch. These men were astonished to see a sail suddenly make its appearance beyond the dusky outline of Cape Pleinmont. It was moonlight. The smugglers observed the sail narrowly, suspecting that it might be some coast-guard cutter about to hide behind the Great Hanway. But the sail left the Hanways behind it, passed to the north-west of the Boue Blondel, and was lost in the pale mists of the distant horizon.

"Where the devil can that boat be going?" asked the smuggler.

That same evening, a little after sunset, some one had been heard knocking at the door of the old house of the Bû de la Rue. It was a boy wearing brown clothes and yellow stockings, — a fact that indicated that he was the little parish clerk.

The Bû de la Rue was shut up.

An old fisherwoman prowling along the shore with a lantern in her hand, called to the boy, and this dialogue ensued between the fisherwoman and the little clerk, before the doorway of the Bû de la Rue: —

"What d' ye want, lad?"

"The man that lives here."

"He's not at home."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Will he be here to-morrow?"

"I don't know."

"Is he gone away?"

"I don't know."

"I've come, my good woman, from the new rector of the parish, the Reverend Ebenezer Caudry, who wishes to pay him a visit."

"I don't know where he is."

"The rector sent me to ask if the man who lives at the Bû de la Rue would be at home to-morrow morning."

"I don't know."

CHAPTER III.

A QUOTATION FROM THE BIBLE.

DURING the twenty-four hours that followed, Mess Lethierry neither ate, nor drank, nor slept. He kissed Déruchette on the forehead, asked after Clubin, of whom there was no news as yet, signed a declaration certifying that he had no intention of preferring a charge against any one, and set Tangrouille at liberty.

All the morning of the next day he remained half supporting himself on the table in the office of the Durande, neither standing nor sitting; answering quietly when any one spoke to him. Curiosity being satisfied, the Bravées became a solitude. There is generally a good deal of curiosity mingled with hasty condolences. When the door at last closed again, leaving the old man once more alone with Déruchette, the strange light that had shone in Lethierry's eyes died out, and the mournful look which filled them after the first news of the disaster returned.

Déruchette, anxious for his sake, had, at the advice of Grace and Douce, silently laid beside him a pair of stockings, which he had been knitting, sailor fashion, when the bad news arrived.

He only smiled bitterly, and said: —

"They must think me a fool."

After a quarter of an hour's silence, he added: —

"Such things are all very well when you are happy."

Déruchette carried away the stockings, and took advantage of the opportunity to also remove the compass and the ship's papers over which Lethierry had been brooding too long.

In the afternoon, a little before tea-time, the door opened and two strangers entered, dressed in black. One was old, the other young. The younger one has already been mentioned in the course of this story.

The two men each wore a grave air; but their gravity seemed different. The old man possessed what might be called professional gravity; the gravity of the young man was a part of his nature. Habit had engendered the one; thought the other.

They were, as their garb indicated, two clergymen, both belonging to the Established Church.

The peculiarity in the appearance of the younger man which would have first struck a close observer was that his gravity, though so pronounced and evidently perfectly natural, was in no wise due to his personal appearance. Gravity is not inconsistent with passion, which it exalts by purifying it; but this young man was strikingly handsome. Being in holy orders, he must have been at least five-and-twenty, but he looked scarcely more than eighteen. In him, the soul seemed created for exalted passion, and the body for love. He looked fair, fresh, slim, and elegant in his severe attire, and he had the cheeks of a young girl and extremely delicate hands. His movements were natural and animated, though subdued. Everything about him was pleasing, elegant, almost voluptuous. The beauty of his expression served to correct this excess of personal attraction. His frank smile, which showed his teeth, regular and white as those of a child, was pensive, even devotional in character. He had all the grace of a page combined with the dignity of a bishop.

His hair, so fair and golden as to be almost effeminate, clustered around his white forehead, which was high and well formed. A double line between the eyebrows gave one the idea of the bird of thought, perched with expanded wings upon his brow.

Those who saw him felt themselves to be in the presence of one of those pure, ingenuous, and benevolent natures whose workings are the reverse of those of the average mind; natures that are rendered wise by illusions and enthusiastic by experience.

His apparent youth did not conceal his real maturity. Compared with the grey-haired clergyman who accompanied him, he seemed at the first glance the son, and at the second glance, the father.

His older companion was no other than Dr. Jaquemin Hérode. Dr. Jaquemin Hérode was a High Churchman; a sect whose belief is a sort of popery without a pope. The Church of England was at that epoch struggling against the tendencies which have since become strengthened and condensed into the form of Puseyism. Dr. Jaquemin Hérode belonged to that shade of Anglicanism which is almost a variety of the Church of Rome. He was haughty, precise, stiff, and commanding in manner. He attached more importance to the letter of the law than to the spirit. His manner was arrogant; his presence imposing. He looked less like a "Reverend" than like a *Monsignore*. His frock-coat was cut somewhat in the fashion of a cassock. His true centre would have been Rome. He was a born Prelate of the Antechamber. He seemed to have been created expressly to play an important part at the Papal Court, to walk behind the Pontifical litter, with all the Court of Rome in *abito paonazzo*. The accident of his English birth and his theological education, directed more towards the Old than the New Testament, had deprived him of that

brilliant destiny. All his glories were summed up in his preferments as Rector of St. Peter's Port, Dean of the Island of Guernsey, and Surrogate of the Bishop of Winchester. These were, undoubtedly, not without their charms.

All this did not prevent M. Jaquemin Hérode from being a very worthy man, however.

As a theologian he was esteemed by those who were competent judges in such matters; he was considered an authority in the Court of Arches,—the Sorbonne of England.

He had an air of erudition; a wise contraction of the eyes: bristling nostrils; teeth that were always showing themselves; a thin upper lip and a thick lower one. He was the possessor of several learned degrees, a valuable prebend, titled friends, the confidence of the bishop, and a Bible that he always carried in his pocket.

Mess Lethierry was so completely absorbed in thought that the entrance of the two priests produced no effect upon him save a slight contraction of the eyebrows.

M. Jaquemin Hérode advanced, bowed, alluded in a few grave and dignified words to his recent promotion, and mentioned that he had come according to custom to introduce to the inhabitants, and to Mess Lethierry in particular, his successor in the parish, the new Rector of St. Sampson, the Rev. J. Ebenezer Caudray, henceforth the pastor of Mess Lethierry.

Déruchette rose.

The young clergyman, who was the Rev. Ebenezer, saluted her.

Mess Lethierry glanced at Monsieur Ebenezer Caudray, and muttered, "A poor sailor."

Grace placed chairs. The two visitors seated themselves near the table.

Dr. Hérode commenced a discourse. He had learned

that a serious misfortune had befallen his host. The Durande had been lost. He came as Lethierry's pastor to offer condolence and advice. This shipwreck was unfortunate, and yet not without its lesson. Let us examine our own hearts. Are we not likely to be unduly puffed up by wealth? The waters of prosperity are dangerous. Afflictions should be borne cheerfully. The ways of Providence are mysterious. Mess Lethierry was ruined perhaps. But riches are a snare. You may have false friends; poverty will scatter them, and leave you alone. *Solus eris.* The Durande was said to have yielded its owner an income of one thousand pounds sterling per annum. That was more than enough for the wise. Let us flee from temptation. Put not your faith in gold. Submit meekly to losses and neglect. Isolation is full of good fruits. It was in solitude that Ajah discovered the warm springs while leading the asses of his father Zibeon. Let us not rebel against the inscrutable decrees of Providence. That good man, Job, greatly increased in riches after his tribulations.

Who could say that the loss of the Durande might not even have its advantages in a temporal way. He, for instance, had invested some money in an excellent enterprise, now in progress at Sheffield. If Mess Lethierry would like to engage in the same business with the money he had left, he could transfer his capital to that town. It was an extensive manufactory of arms for the use of the Czar, now engaged in suppressing an insurrection in Poland. There was a prospect of making three hundred per cent. profit.

The word "Czar" seemed to arouse Lethierry.

"I want nothing to do with the Czar," he replied curtly.

"Princes are recognized by God, Mess Lethierry," the Rev. Jaquemin Hérode replied. "It is written, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' The Czar is Cæsar."

Lethierry, who had partially relapsed into his former state, muttered: —

"Cæsar? who is Cæsar? I don't know him."

The Rev. Jaquemin Hérode continued his exhortation. He did not press the question of Sheffield. To condemn a Cæsar savoured of republicanism. He could understand a man being a republican, but in that case he should turn his thoughts towards a republic. Mess Lethierry might repair his shattered fortunes in the United States, even better than in England. If he desired a profitable investment for any money he had left, he had only to take shares in a great company for developing the resources of Texas, which employed more than twenty thousand negroes.

"I want nothing to do with slavery," said Lethierry.

"Slavery," replied the Rev. Hérode, "is an institution recognized by Scripture. It is written, 'If a man smite his slave, he shall not be punished, for he is his property.'"

Grace and Douce at the door of the room listened to the words of the Rev. Doctor in a sort of ecstasy.

Take it all in all, the doctor was a worthy man; and in spite of his personal and religious differences with Mess Lethierry, he had come to offer him in all sincerity any spiritual or even temporal aid it was in his power to dispense.

If Mess Lethierry's fortune had been impaired to such an extent that he was unable to take part in any enterprise, Russian or American, why should he not obtain some government appointment suited to him? There were many very respectable places open to him, and the reverend gentleman was ready to recommend him. The office of Deputy-Vicomte was vacant in Jersey. Mess Lethierry was popular and respected, and the Rev. Jaquemin Hérode, Dean of Guernsey and Surrogate of the Bishop, would make an effort to obtain the office of

Deputy-Vicomte of Jersey for Mess Lethierry. The Deputy-Vicomte is an important officer. He is present as the representative of Her Majesty at the holding of the Pleas of the Crown, at the debates of the "Cohue," and at public executions.

Lethierry fixed his eye upon Doctor Hérode.

"I don't approve of hanging," he said, curtly.

Doctor Hérode, who, up to that time had uttered his words with the same soothing intonation, now seemed to be seized with a fit of severity, for his tone underwent a marked change.

"Mess Lethierry, the penalty of death is a divine institution. God has placed the sword in the hands of governors. Is it not written, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'?"

The Rev. Ebenezer imperceptibly drew his chair nearer to the Reverend Doctor and said, so as to be heard only by him, —

"What this man says is dictated to him."

"By whom? By what?" demanded the Rev. Jaquemin Hérode, in the same tone.

"By his conscience," the young man replied in a whisper.

The Rev. Jaquemin Hérode felt in his pocket, drew out a small thick volume with clasps, and said aloud: —

"This is conscience."

The book was a Bible.

Then Doctor Hérode's tone became softer. He really wished to render a service to Mess Lethierry, whom he respected highly. As his pastor, it was his right and duty to offer counsel. Mess Lethierry, however, was free to act as he pleased.

Mess Lethierry, who had relapsed again into the same state of overwhelming absorption, no longer listened. Déruchette, seated near him, did not raise her eyes, and

by her silent presence rather increased the embarrassment of the younger visitor. A witness who says nothing is a terrible weight. Doctor Hérode, however, did not seem to feel it.

As Lethierry made no reply, Doctor Hérode expatiated freely. "Counsel is from man; inspiration is from God. In the counsels of the priest there is inspiration. It is good to accept, dangerous to refuse them. Sochoh was seized by eleven devils for disdaining the exhortations of Nathaniel. Tiburianus was stricken with leprosy for having driven the Apostle Andrew from his house. Barjesus, magician though he was, was punished with blindness for having mocked at the words of St. Paul. Elxai and his sisters, Martha and Martena, are in eternal torments for despising the warnings of Valentianus, who clearly proved to them that their Jesus Christ, thirty-eight leagues in height, was a demon. Aholibama, who is also called Judith, obeyed the counsels; Reuben and Peniel listened to advice from on high, as their names, indeed, indicate. Reuben signifies *son of the vision;* and Peniel *the face of God.*"

Mess Lethierry struck the table with his clinched fist.

"*Parbleu!*" he cried; "it was all my fault."

"What do you mean?" asked M. Jaquemin Hérode.

"I say that it was all my fault."

"Your fault? Why?"

"Because I allowed the Durande to return on Fridays."

M. Jaquemin Hérode whispered in Caudray's ear, —

"The man is superstitious."

Then, raising his voice, he resumed in a didactic tone: —

"Mess Lethierry, it is absurd to believe in Fridays. You ought not to put any faith in fables. Friday is just like any other day. It is very often a propitious day. Melendez founded the city of Saint Augustine on a

Friday; it was on a Friday that Henry the Seventh gave his commission to John Cabot; the Pilgrims of the 'Mayflower' landed at Plymouth on a Friday. Washington was born on Friday, the 22d of February, 1732; Christopher Columbus discovered America on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492."

Having delivered himself of these remarks, he rose.

Caudray, whom he had brought with him, also rose.

Grace and Douce, perceiving that the two clergymen were about to take leave, opened the door.

Mess Lethierry saw nothing; heard nothing.

M. Jaquemin Hérode said, in an aside, to M. Caudray: —

"He does not even bow to us. This is not grief; it is insanity. He must have lost his reason."

Nevertheless, he took his little Bible from the table and held it out at arms length, as one holds a bird when one is afraid it will fly away. This attitude aroused the eager attention of all except Lethierry. Grace and Douce leaned forward breathlessly.

His voice assumed all the solemnity of which it was capable.

"Mess Lethierry," he began, "let us not part without reading a page of the Holy Book. It is from books that wise men derive consolation in the trials of life. The profane have their oracles; but believers have a blessed resource in the Bible. The first book that comes to hand, opened by chance, may afford counsel; but the Bible, opened at any page, yields a revelation. It is, above all, a boon to the afflicted. Yea, the Holy Scriptures are a never-failing balm for their wounds. In the day of affliction, it is well to consult its sacred pages, — to open it without choosing the place, and to read with faith the passage upon which the eye chances to fall. What man does not choose is chosen by God. He

knoweth what best suiteth us. His invisible finger pointeth to that which we read. Whatever the page be, it will not fail to enlighten us. Let us seek, then, no other light; but hold fast to His. It is the word from on high. In the text which is evoked with confidence and reverence, we often find a mysterious significance in our present troubles. Let us hearken, then, and obey. Mess Lethierry, you are in affliction, but I hold here the book of consolation. You are sick at heart, but I have here the book of spiritual health."

The Rev. Jaquemin Hérode opened the clasp, and let his finger slip between the leaves. Then he placed his hand a moment upon the open page, he straightened himself up, and after an impressive glance at his auditors began to read in a loud voice.

The passage he had chanced upon was as follows: —

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide, and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and behold the camels were coming.

"And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she lighted off the camel.

"For she had said unto the servant, What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us?

"And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife, and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

Caudray and Déruchette glanced at each other.

END OF VOL. I.

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

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The Durande on the Douvres.

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

PART II.

MALICIOUS GILLIATT.

BOOK I.

THE REEF.

CHAPTER I.

EASY TO REACH, BUT DIFFICULT TO LEAVE.

THE bark which had been seen by so many persons on the coast of Guernsey the previous evening was, as the reader has probably suspected, the old Dutch barge or sloop. Gilliatt had chosen the channel between the rocks along the coast. It was the most dangerous route, but it was also the most direct. To reach his destination as soon as possible was his only thought. Shipwrecks will not wait; the sea is an urgent creditor; an hour's delay may be irreparable. He was anxious to go to the rescue of the machinery immediately.

One of his objects in leaving Guernsey at night was to avoid notice.

He set out like one fleeing from justice, and anxious to hide from human eyes. He shunned the eastern coast, as if he did not care to pass within sight of St. Sampson and St. Peter's Port, and glided silently along the opposite coast, which is comparatively uninhabited. It was necessary to ply the oars among the breakers; but Gilliatt managed them on scientific principles. Taking the water quietly, and dropping it with perfect regularity, he was able to move on in the darkness with very little noise and great rapidity. So stealthy were his movements that one might have supposed him bent upon some evil deed.

The fact is, though he was embarking in an enterprise which might well be called impossible, and was risking his life with every chance against him, his greatest fear was of some possible rival.

As day began to break, those unseen eyes which look down on the world from boundless space might have beheld, in one of the most dangerous and lonely places in the channel, two objects, the distance between which gradually decreased as one approached the other. One, which was almost imperceptible in the general movement of the waters, was a sailboat. In this sailboat was a man. It was Gilliatt's sloop. The other, black, motionless, colossal, rose high above the waves. It was of singular form. Two tall pillars emerging from the sea bore aloft a sort of cross-beam that strongly resembled a bridge between them. This bridge, so singular in shape that it was impossible to imagine what it really was, from a distance, touched each of the two pillars. The whole thing looked like a vast portal. Of what use could such a structure be in the open sea, which stretched far and wide around it? It might have been a Titanic Dolmen, planted there in mid-ocean by an imperious whim, and built by hands accustomed to proportion their

labours to the mighty deep. Its huge outlines stood out in bold relief against the clear sky.

The morning light was growing stronger in the east; the whiteness in the horizon made the water look still darker. In the western sky the moon was sinking.

The two tall perpendicular rocks were the Douvres. The huge mass held fast between them, like an architrave between two pillars, was the wreck of the Durande.

The rocks, thus holding fast and exhibiting their prey, were terrible to behold. Inanimate things sometimes look as if they were endowed with a grim and hostile spirit towards man. There was a menace in the attitude of these rocks. They seemed to be biding their time.

Their whole appearance was highly suggestive of haughtiness and arrogance.

The two rocks, still dripping from the tempest of the day before, were like two wrestlers sweating from a recent contest. The wind had subsided; the sea rippled gently, but the presence of breakers might be detected here and there in light streaks of foam upon the surface of the waters. A sound like the murmuring of bees arose from the sea.

Up to a certain height the Douvres were thickly covered with sea-weed; above this, their steep haunches glittered in places like polished armour. They seemed ready to commence the strife anew. The beholder felt that they were rooted deep in mountains whose summits were beneath the sea. Their aspect was full of tragic power.

Ordinarily the sea conceals her crimes. She delights in secrecy. Her unfathomable depths maintain a rigorous silence. She envelops herself in mystery and very rarely consents to disclose secrets. We know her savage nature, but who knows the extent of her evil deeds? She is at once open and secretive. She wrecks a vessel, and covering it with the waves, ingulfs it deep, as if con-

scious of her guilt. One of her worst crimes is hypocrisy. She slays and steals, then she conceals her booty, assumes an air of unconsciousness, and smiles. She roars like a lion one minute, and bleats like a lamb the next. There was nothing of that kind here, however. The Douvres, lifting above the level of the waters the shattered hull of the Durande, wore an air of triumph. One might have fancied they were two monstrous arms, reaching upwards from the gulf, and exhibiting to the tempest the lifeless body of the ship. Their aspect was like that of an assassin boasting of his evil deeds.

The hour contributed not a little to the solemnity of the scene. There is a mysterious grandeur in the dawn, as of the border-land between the region of consciousness and the world of our dreams. There is something almost ghastly about this transition period. The immense form of the two Douvres, like a capital letter H, the Durande forming its cross-stroke, stood out against the horizon in a sort of gruesome majesty.

Gilliatt was attired in his seaman's rig, — a woollen shirt, woollen stockings, thick shoes, a knitted jacket, trousers of thick stuff, with pockets, and upon his head a cap of red worsted, of the kind then in use among sailors, and known in the last century as a *galérienne*.

He recognized the rocks, and steered towards them.

The situation of the Durande was exactly the contrary of that of a vessel gone to the bottom: it was a vessel suspended in mid-air.

No stranger instance of salvage was ever seen.

It was broad daylight when Gilliatt neared the Douvres.

As we have said, there was very little sea. The slight agitation of the water was due almost entirely to its confinement among the rocks. Every passage, small or large, is subject to this chopping movement. The inside of a channel is always more or less white with foam.

Gilliatt did not approach the Douvres without caution.

He cast the sounding-lead several times.

He had a cargo to land.

Accustomed to long absences, he had a number of necessaries always ready at home. He had brought with him a sack of biscuit, another of rye-meal, a basket of salt fish and smoked beef, a large can of fresh water; a gaily painted Norwegian chest, containing several coarse woollen shirts, his tarpaulin and waterproof overalls, and a sheepskin which he was accustomed to throw over him at night. On leaving the Bû de la Rue he had put all these things into the barge, with the addition of a large loaf of bread. In his haste, he had brought no other tools but his huge forge-hammer, his axe and hatchet, and saw, and a knotted rope, fastened to a grappling-iron. With a ladder of that sort, provided one knows how to use it, the steepest rocks become accessible, and a good sailor will find it possible to scale the highest escarpment. In the island of Sark the visitor can see what feats the fishermen of the Havre Gosselin manage to accomplish with a knotted rope.

His nets and lines and all his fishing tackle were in the sloop. He had placed them there mechanically and rather from force of habit than otherwise; for he intended, if his enterprise succeeded, to remain for some time in a region of breakers, where fishing nets and tackle are of very little use.

When Gilliatt approached the great rock the sea was retiring; a circumstance favourable to his purpose, for the ebbing tide left bare one or two table-rocks, horizontal, or only slightly inclined, at the foot of the smaller Douvre. These table-rocks which varied considerably in breadth, some being narrow and some very wide, and which stood at unequal distances along the side of the great perpendicular column, were continued in the form of a thin

cornice up to a spot just beneath the Durande, which was held fast between the two rocks as in a vice.

This series of platforms would be convenient for approaching and surveying the position. It was convenient also for disembarking the contents of the barge provisionally; but it was necessary to make haste, for it was only above water for a few hours. With the rising tide the table-rocks would be again covered with foam.

It was in front of these table-rocks that Gilliatt pushed in and brought the boat to a standstill.

A thick mass of wet and slippery sea-wrack covered them, rendered more slippery here and there by their sloping surface.

Gilliatt pulled off his shoes, sprang bare-footed on to the slimy weeds, and made the sloop fast to a point of rock.

Then he advanced as far as he could along the granite cornice, reached the rock immediately beneath the wreck, looked up, and examined it.

The Durande had been caught between the two rocks, about twenty feet above the water. It must have been a huge billow that had carried her there.

Such effects from furious seas are not surprising to those who are familiar with the ocean. To cite one example only: — On the 25th January, 1840, in the Gulf of Stora, a tempest struck a brig, and carried it intact over the broken wreck of the corvette "La Marne," and fixed it immovably, bowsprit first, in a gap between the cliffs.

The Douvres, however, held only a part of the Durande.

The vessel had been, as it were, uprooted from the waters by the hurricane. A whirlwind had hurled it against the counteracting force of the rolling waves, and the vessel thus caught in contrary directions by the two claws of the tempest had snapped like a lath. The after-part, with the engine and the paddles, lifted out of the

foam and driven by the fury of the cyclone into passage between the Douvres, had plunged in up to her midship beam, and remained wedged there. The blow that had driven it in this fashion between the two rocks, had been as accurately directed as if dealt with a hammer. The forecastle, carried away by the sea, had fallen in fragments among the breakers.

The hold, broken in, had scattered the bodies of the drowned cattle upon the sea.

A large portion of the forward side and bulwarks still hung to the riders by the larboard paddle-box, and by some shattered braces that could be severed with a blow from a hatchet.

Beams, planks, bits of canvas, pieces of chain, and other fragments of wreck were lying around here and there on the rugged rocks.

Gilliatt examined the Durande attentively. The keel formed a roof over his head.

A cloudless sky stretched far and wide over the motionless waters. The sun rose gloriously above the vast azure circle.

Now and then a drop of water oozed from the wreck and fell into the sea below.

CHAPTER II.

A CATALOGUE OF DISASTERS.

THE Douvres differed in shape as well as in height. Upon the Little Douvre, which was curved and pointed, long veins of reddish rock, of a comparatively soft texture, could be seen running through the granite. At the edges of these red veins were fractures which would be of great service in climbing. One of these openings, a little above the wreck, had been so worn and scooped out by the action of the waves that it had become a sort of niche, in which it would have been quite possible to place a statue. The granite of the Little Douvre was rounded at the surface, and as soft as the touchstone; but this peculiarity did not impair its durability. The Little Douvre terminated in a point like a horn. The Great Douvre, polished, smooth, glossy, perpendicular, and looking as if it had been cut out by the builder's square, was in one piece, and seemed made of black ivory. There was not a hole or a break in its smooth surface. The place looked inhospitable enough. A convict could not have used it for a refuge, nor a bird for its nest. True, there was a horizontal space on its summit as upon "The Man" rock; but the summit of the Great Douvre was inaccessible.

It was possible to scale the Little Douvre, but not to remain on the summit; it would have been possible to remain on the summit of the Great Douvre, but not to scale it.

Gilliatt, having rapidly taken in the situation of affairs, returned to the sloop, landed its contents upon the largest of the horizontal rocks, made the whole mass into a sort of bale, which he rolled up in tarpaulin, made a slip-noose around it with his rope, pushed the package into a nook in the rocks where the waves could not reach it, and then clutching the Little Douvre with his hands, and holding on with his naked feet, he clambered from projection to projection, and from niche to niche, until he found himself on a level with the wrecked vessel.

Having reached the height of the paddle-wheels, he leaped on deck.

The interior of the wreck presented a terrible aspect.

Traces of a frightful struggle were everywhere visible. The ravages of the wind and waves could be seen on every side. The action of the tempest resembles the violence of a band of pirates. The storm-cloud, the thunder, the rain, the squall, the waves, and the breakers are a formidable band of destroyers.

Standing upon the dismantled deck, it was easy to picture the orgy that had been held there by spirits of the storm. All around were traces of their rage. The strange distortion of many parts of the iron-work testified to the terrific force of the gale.

No wild beast can compare with the sea for mangling its prey. Each wave has its talons. The north wind rends, the billows shatter, the waves are like hungry jaws. The ocean strikes as a lion strikes with its heavy paw, tearing and dismembering at the same time.

The destruction everywhere apparent in the Durande had the peculiarity of being detailed and minute. It was a sort of horrible stripping and plucking. Much of it seemed to have been done designedly. The beholder was tempted to exclaim, "What wanton mischief!"

The planking was jagged here and there artistically.

This peculiarity is common in the ravages made by a cyclone. To chip and tear away is one of the whims of that great devastator. Its ways resemble those of the professional torturer. The damages which it causes appear like ingenious punishments. One might fancy it actuated by the worst passions of man. It has the refined cruelty of a savage. While it is exterminating, it dissects bone by bone. It tortures its victim, revenges itself, and appears to take delight in its work. It even seems to stoop to petty acts of malice.

Cyclones are rare in our latitudes, and are for that reason the more dangerous, being generally unexpected. A rock in the pathway of a heavy wind may become the pivot of a storm. It is probable that the squall had rotated around the Douvres, and been suddenly turned into a waterspout by its encounter with the rocks, — a fact which explained the casting of a vessel so high between them. In a cyclone the wind drives the largest vessel onward as swiftly and easily as a stone is hurled from a sling.

The injury which the Durande had received was like the wound of a man cut in twain. It was a divided trunk from which depended a mass of *débris* like the entrails of a human body. Various kinds of cordage hung floating and trembling, chains swung clattering; the fibres and nerves of the vessel hung there naked and exposed. Everything that was not shattered was disjointed. Some fragments of the sheething resembled currycombs bristling with nails; a hand-spike had become nothing but a piece of iron; a sounding-lead, nothing but a lump of metal; a dead-eye had become a mere piece of wood; a halliard, an end of rope; a strand of rope, a tangled skein. Naught remained that was not unhooked, unnailed, cracked, torn, warped and pierced with holes. Nothing hung together in the dreadful mass, everything was torn,

dislocated or broken. Upon every side reigned that wild disorder which characterizes the scene of all struggles, — from the *melées* of men, which are called battles, to the *melées* of the elements, to which we give the name of chaos. Everything was hanging loose and dropping off. A rolling mass of planks, panelling, iron-work, cables, and beams had stopped just at one edge of the big rent in the hull, where the least additional shock would have precipitated it into the water below.

This remnant of her once powerful frame, suspended here between the two Douvres and in imminent danger of falling at any moment, was cracked here and there, showing through big apertures the dismal gloom within.

CHAPTER III.

SOUND, BUT NOT SAFE.

GILLIATT had not expected to find only a part of the ship left. Nothing in the account given by the captain of the "Shealtiel" had led him to anticipate this division of the vessel in the centre. It was probable that the "frightful crash" heard by the captain of the "Shealtiel" had marked the moment when this destruction had taken place under the blows of a tremendous sea. The captain had borne off a little doubtless just before this last heavy squall; and what he had taken for a huge wave was probably a waterspout. Later, when he drew near again to observe the wreck, he had only been able to see the stern of the vessel, the remainder, — that is to say, the large opening where the forepart had given way, — having been concealed from him by huge masses of rock.

With that exception, the information given by the captain of the "Shealtiel" was strictly correct. The hull was useless, but the engine remained intact.

Such cases are common in the history of shipwrecks. The logic of disaster at sea is beyond human science.

The masts, having snapped off short, had fallen over the side; the smoke-stack was not even bent. The thick iron plating which supported the machinery had kept it together. The planks of the paddle-boxes were disjointed, like the slats of wooden shutters; but through the apertures thus made the paddles themselves could be

seen in good condition. A few of their floats only were missing.

The huge stern capstan had escaped destruction as well as the machinery. Its chain was there, and, thanks to its firm fixture in a frame of joists, might still be of service, unless the strain of the voyal should break away the planking. The floor of the deck bent at almost every point, and seemed unsafe throughout.

On the other hand, the trunk of the hull, wedged between the Douvres, held together, as we have already said, and appeared strong.

There was something like derision in this preservation of the machinery; something which imparted an air of irony to the misfortune. The grim malice of the unseen powers of mischief displays itself sometimes in such bitter mockeries. The machinery was safe, but its preservation did not make it any the less lost. The ocean seemed to have kept it only to demolish it at her leisure, as a cat toys with her prey.

To suffer there and to be dismembered day by day seemed its inevitable fate. It seemed doomed to be the plaything of the cruel, relentless sea, and slowly to dwindle away until it disappeared altogether. For what could be done? That this huge mass of machinery and gearing, so ponderous and yet so delicate in its construction, thus hopelessly imprisoned here, could escape slow, but none the less sure, destruction in this lonely, inaccessible spot, seemed an utter impossibility.

The Durande was the captive of the Douvres.

How could she be extricated from that position?

How could she be delivered from her bondage?

This was, indeed, a perplexing problem!

CHAPTER IV.

A PRELIMINARY SURVEY.

GILLIATT was beset on every side with urgent demands upon his attention. The most pressing, however, was to find a safe harbour for the sloop; then, a shelter for himself.

The Durande having settled down more on the larboard than on the starboard side, the right paddle-box was much higher than the left.

Gilliatt climbed upon the right paddle-box. From that position, although the cleft extending at an acute angle behind the Douvres had several elbows, he was able to study the ground-plan of the group.

This survey was the preliminary step of his operations.

The Douvres, as we have already described them, were like two high-gable ends, forming the narrow entrance to a straggling alley of small cliffs with perpendicular sides. It is not unusual to find in primitive submarine formations these singular passages, which seem to have been cut with a hatchet.

This defile was extremely winding, and never dry even at low water. A turbulent current traversed it from end to end at all times. The sharpness of its turnings was favourable or unfavourable, according to the nature of the prevailing wind; sometimes it broke the swell and caused it to subside; sometimes it augmented it. This latter effect was the most frequent. An obstacle arouses the anger of the sea, and leads it into excesses.

Stormy winds are subjected to similar compression in these narrow, winding passages between the rocks, and acquire the same malevolent character. The tempest chafes against its sudden imprisonment. Its bulk is still immense, but sharpened and contracted. It is both ponderous and keen. It pierces even while it fells. It is a hurricane contracted, like the draught through the crevice of a door.

The two ridges of rock, leaving this passage-way between them, were much lower than the Douvres, and gradually decreased until they finally disappeared altogether beneath the waves.

There was another, but much narrower inlet, which formed the eastern entrance of the defile. It was evident that the double prolongation of the ridge of rocks continued under water as far as "The Man" rock which stood like a square citadel at the extremity of the group.

At low water, indeed, which was the time when Gilliatt was observing them, the two rows of rock showed their tops, some high and dry, all visible, and maintaining an unbroken line.

"The Man" formed one boundary, and buttressed on the eastern side the entire mass, which was protected on the opposite side by the two Douvres.

The whole looked like a winding chaplet of rocks, having the Douvres at one extremity and "The Man" at the other.

The Douvres themselves were merely two gigantic shafts of granite which rose perpendicularly out of the water, almost touching each other, and forming the crest of one of the mountain ranges lying beneath the ocean. The surf and the squall had broken them up and divided them like the teeth of a saw. Only the highest part of the ridge was visible; this was the group of rocks. The base, which was concealed by the waves, must have been

enormous. The passage in which the storm had wedged the Durande was between these two colossal shafts.

This passage, which was as zig-zag in form as forked lightning, was of the same width throughout. The ocean had so fashioned it. Its eternal commotion sometimes produces singular regularities. There is a sort of geometry in the action of the sea.

From one extremity of the defile to the other, the two granite walls confronted each other at a distance in which the midship frame of the Durande exactly fitted. Between the two Douvres, the widening of the Little Douvre, curved and turned back as it was, had left space enough for the paddles. Any where else they would have been hopelessly shattered.

The high double façade of rock within the passage was hideous to behold. When in the exploration of the watery waste we call the ocean, we encounter the unknown world of the sea, all is uncouth and shapeless. All of the defile that Gilliatt could see from the deck, was appalling. In the rocky gorges of ocean we can often trace a forcible representation of shipwreck. The defile of the Douvres was one of these gorges, and its effect was exciting to the imagination. The oxides in the rock showed on the escarpment here and there in red splotches, like marks of clotted blood; it resembled the splashes on the walls of an abattoir. Associations of the charnel-house haunted the place. The rough marine stones, diversely tinted, here by the decomposition of metallic amalgams, there by mould causing purple scales, hideous green blotches, and lurid splashes, aroused ideas of murder and extermination. It was like the unwashed walls of a chamber which had been the scene of an assassination; or it might have been imagined that men had been crushed to death there, leaving traces of their wretched fate. Some spots seemed to be

still dripping with carnage; here the wall was wet, and it seemed impossible to touch it without making one's fingers bloody. The blight of massacre seemed everywhere. At the base of the double escarpment, scattered along the water's edge, or just below the waves, or in the worn hollows of the rocks, were monstrous rounded masses of shingle, some scarlet, others black or purple, which bore a strange resemblance to the internal organs of the body; they might have been taken for fresh lungs, or decaying livers. Giants might have been disembowelled there. From the top to the bottom of the cliff, ran long red lines, which might have been mistaken for oozings from a funeral bier.

Such sights are frequent in marine caverns.

CHAPTER V.

A WORD UPON THE SECRET CO-OPERATIONS OF THE ELEMENTS.

THOSE who, by the disastrous chances of sea-voyages, happen to be condemned to a temporary sojourn upon a rock in mid-ocean, find that the shape of their inhospitable refuge is by no means a matter of indifference. There is the pyramidal-shaped rock, — a single peak rising out of the water; there is the round rock somewhat resembling a circle of big stones; and there is the corridor-rock. The latter is the most alarming of all. It is not only the incessant agony of the waves between its walls, or the tumult of the imprisoned sea; there are also certain obscure meteorological characteristics which seem to result from the parallelism of two rocks in mid-ocean. The two straight sides seem to form a genuine galvanic battery.

The first result of the peculiar position of these corridor-rocks is an action upon the air and the water. The corridor-rock acts upon the waves and the wind mechanically by its form; galvanically, by the different magnetic action rendered possible by its vertical sides and by the masses in juxtaposition and opposite to each other.

This kind of rock attracts to itself all the forces scattered in the winds, and exercises a singular power of concentration over the tempest.

Hence there is an increased violence in storms that occur in the immediate neighbourhood of such rocks.

It must be borne in mind that the wind is composite in character. The wind is believed to be simple; but it is by no means simple. Its power is not merely chemical, but also magnetic. Its effects are often inexplicable. The wind is as much electrical as aerial. Certain winds coincide with the *auroræ boreales*. The wind blowing from the bank of the Aiguilles heaps up waves one hundred feet high; a fact noticed with astonishment by Dumont-d'Urville. "The corvette," he says, "knew not what to make of it."

In southern seas the waters often become inflated like an immense tumour; and at such times the ocean becomes so terrible that the savages flee from the sight of it. The storms in polar seas are different. The air is filled with tiny bits of ice; and the fierce gusts of wind blow the sledges of the Esquimaux backwards on the snow. Other winds burn. The simoon of Africa is the typhoon of China and the samiel of India. Simoon, typhoon, and samiel are believed to be the names of demons. These storms come down from the mountains. A storm vitrified the volcano of Tolucca. This hot wind, a whirlwind of inky blackness, rushing upon red clouds, is alluded to in the Vedas: "Behold the black god, who comes to steal the red cows." In all these facts we trace the presence of the electric mystery.

The air is full of it; so are the waves. The sea, too, is composite in its nature. Beneath the waves of water which we see, it has its waves of force, which are invisible. Its constituents are innumerable. Of all the elements the ocean is the most indivisible and the most profound.

Think of this chaos, so enormous that it reduces all other things to one level. It is the universal recipient, the reservoir of germs of life, and the crucible of transformations. It amasses and then disperses, it accumulates and then sows, it devours and then creates. It

receives all the waste and refuse waters of the earth, and converts them into treasure. It is solid in the iceberg, liquid in the wave, fluid in suspension. Regarded as matter, it is a mass; regarded as a force, it is an abstraction. It equalizes and unites all phenomena. It may be called the infinite in combination. By force and disturbance, it arrives at transparency. It dissolves all differences, and absorbs them into its own unity. One of its drops is complete, and represents the whole. From the abundance of its tempests, it attains equilibrium. Plato beheld the mazy dances of the spheres. Strange as the assertion may seem, it is nevertheless true that the ocean, in its vast terrestrial journey round the sun, becomes, with its flux and reflux, the balance of the globe.

Any marine phenomenon is only a repetition of some other natural phenomenon. The sea is expelled from a waterspout as from a syphon; the storm carries out the principle of the pump; lightning issues from the sea as well as from the air. Aboard ships faint shocks are sometimes felt, and an odour of sulphur issues from the receptacles of chain cables. The ocean seethes and boils. "The devil has put the sea in his caldron," said De Ruyter. In the tempests which characterize the equinoxes and the restoration of equilibrium to the profilic power of Nature, vessels breasting the foam seem to emit a kind of fire; phosphoric lights chase each other along the rigging, so close sometimes to the sailors at their work that the latter stretch forth their hands and try to catch these birds of flame as they fly past. After the great earthquake of Lisbon, a blast of hot air, as from a furnace, drove before it towards the city a wave sixty feet high. The convulsions of the ocean are closely related to the convulsions of the earth.

These immeasurable forces sometimes produce extraordinary inundations. At the end of the year 1864, one of

the Maldive Islands, a hundred leagues from the Malabar coast, actually foundered in the sea. It sunk to the bottom like a shipwrecked vessel. The fishermen who sailed from it in the morning found nothing when they returned at night. They could scarcely distinguish their villages under the sea. On this occasion, boats were spectators of the wreck of houses.

In Europe, where Nature seems restrained by the presence of civilization, such events are rare and are supposed to be impossible. Nevertheless, Jersey and Guernsey originally formed a part of Gaul; and even now, as we write these lines, an equinoctial gale has just demolished the cliff on the frontier of England and Scotland, called the "First of the Fourth" (*Première des Quatre*).

Nowhere do these terrific forces appear more formidably conjoined than in the surprising strait known as the Lyse-Fiord. The Lyse-Fiord is the most dangerous of all the Gut reefs of the ocean. Their terrors are there complete. It is in the Norwegian sea, near the inhospitable Gulf of Stavanger, and in the 59th degree of latitude. The water is black and heavy, and subject to intermitting storms. In this sea, and in the midst of this solitude, there is a great sombre passage-way, — a passage-way for no human foot. None ever pass through it; no ship ever ventures in. It is a corridor ten leagues in length, between two rocky walls three thousand feet in height. The defile has its elbows and angles like all such marine thoroughfares, — never straight, having been formed by the irregular action of the water. In the Lyse-Fiord, the sea is almost always tranquil; the sky above is serene; but the place is terrible. Where is the wind? Not on high. Where is the thunder? Not in the heavens. The wind is under the sea; the lightnings within the rock. Now and then there is a convulsion of the water. At certain

moments, when there is perhaps not a cloud in the sky, nearly half way up the perpendicular rock, at a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the water, and usually on the southern rather than on the northern side, the rock suddenly thunders, lightnings dart forth, and then retire like those toys which lengthen out and spring back again in the hands of children. They contract and enlarge; strike the opposite cliff, re-enter the rock, issue forth again, recommence their play, multiply their heads and tips of flame, strike wherever they can, begin again, and then begin again with startling abruptness. Flocks of birds fly away in terror. Nothing could be more mysterious than this artillery issuing out of the invisible. One cliff attacks the other, raining lightning blows from side to side. Their warfare is not waged against mankind. It is the old enmity of two rocks in the impassable gulf.

In the Lyse-Fiord, the rock performs the function of the clouds, and the thunder breaks forth like volcanic fire. This strange defile is a voltaic pile, the plates of which are the double line of cliffs.

CHAPTER VI.

A STABLE FOR THE HORSE.

GILLIATT was sufficiently familiar with marine rocks to grapple effectively with the Douvres. First of all, as we have just said, it was necessary to find a safe shelter for the sloop.

The double row of reefs, which stretched in a sinuous form behind the Douvres, was connected here and there with other rocks, and suggested the existence of blind passages opening out in a straggling way, and attached to the principal ridge like branches to the trunk of a tree.

The lower part of these rocks was covered with kelp, the upper part with lichens. The uniform level of the sea-weed indicated the high-water mark in calm weather. The parts which the water had not touched presented those silver and golden hues imparted to marine rocks by the white and yellow lichen.

A sort of leprosy of conoidal shells covered the rock at certain points, — the dry rot of the granite.

At other points in the retreating angles, where fine sand had accumulated, worn from the surface by the wind rather than by the action of the waves, appeared tufts of blue thistles.

In the indentations, sheltered from the winds, could be traced the little perforations made by the sea-urchin. This shelly mass of prickles, which moves about like a living ball, by rolling on its spines, and the armour of which is composed of ten thousand pieces, artistically

adjusted and welded together, — the sea-urchin, which is popularly called, for some unknown reason, "Aristotle's lantern," gnaws away the granite with his five teeth, and then lodges himself in the hole. It is in such holes that the cockle gatherers find them. They cut them in halves and eat them raw, like an oyster. Some steep their bread in the soft flesh. Hence its other name, "Sea egg."

The tops of the further reefs, left visible by the receding tide, extended close to the escarpment of "The Man" and into a sort of creek, enclosed on nearly all sides by rocky walls. Here was evidently a possible harbourage.

It was shaped like a horseshoe, and was open only on the side of the east wind, which was the least violent of all winds in this marine labyrinth. The water was consequently protected there, and almost motionless.

The shelter seemed comparatively safe. Gilliatt, moreover, had not much choice.

If he wished to take advantage of the low water, it was necessary to make haste.

The weather continued to be fine and calm. The insolent sea was for a while in a gentle mood.

Gilliatt descended, put on his shoes again, unmoored the cable, re-embarked, and pushed out into the water.

He used his oars, and kept quite close to the side of the rock.

Having reached "The Man" rock, he examined the entrance to the little creek.

A fixed, wavy line in the motionless sea, a sort of wrinkle, imperceptible to any eye save that of a sailor, marked the channel.

Gilliatt studied its curve for a moment, then he held off a little in order to veer easily, and steer well into the channel; and suddenly with a stroke of the oars he entered the little bay.

He sounded.

The anchorage appeared to be excellent.

The sloop would be safe there against almost any of the contingencies of the season.

The most formidable reefs have quiet nooks of this sort. The ports which are thus found among the breakers are like the hospitality of the fierce Bedouin, — friendly and sure.

Gilliatt got the sloop as near to "The Man," as he could, but still far enough off to escape grazing the rock; then he cast his two anchors.

This done, he folded his arms, and reflected on his position.

The sloop was protected. Here was one problem solved. But another remained. Where could he find shelter himself?

He had the choice of two places, — the sloop itself, with its bit of cabin, which was scarcely habitable, and the summit of "The Man" rock, which could be scaled without much difficulty.

From both of these refuges it was possible at low water, by jumping from rock to rock, to reach the passage between the Douvres where the Durande was fixed, almost without wetting one's feet.

But low water lasts only a little while, and all the rest of the time he would be cut off either from his shelter or from the wreck by more than two hundred fathoms. Swimming among breakers is difficult at all times; if there is the least commotion in the sea it is impossible.

He was obliged to give up the idea of a shelter in the sloop or upon "The Man."

No resting-place was possible among the neighbouring rocks.

The summits of the lower ones disappeared twice a day beneath the rising tide.

The summits of the higher ones were constantly swept by flakes of foam, and promised nothing but an inhospitable drenching.

No choice remained but the wreck itself.

Was it possible to find a refuge there?

Gilliatt hoped it might be.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHAMBER FOR THE VOYAGER.

HALF AN HOUR afterwards, Gilliatt having returned to the wreck, climbed to the deck, and soon afterwards descended into the hold, thus completing the summary survey begun on his first visit.

By the help of the capstan he had raised to the deck of the Durande the bale into which he had made the cargo of the sloop. The capstan had worked well. Bars for turning it were not wanting. Gilliatt had only to select one from a pile of rubbish.

He found among the *débris* a cold chisel, dropped, no doubt, from the carpenter's box, and which he gladly added to his little stock of tools.

Besides this, for in such a dearth of appliances every little counts, he had his jack-knife in his pocket.

Gilliatt worked all day long on the wreck, clearing away, propping, and arranging.

By nightfall he had discovered the following facts:

The entire wreck shook in the wind, and trembled with every step he took. There was nothing stable or strong except that portion of the hull which was jammed between the rocks and which contained the engine. There, the beams were effectually supported by the granite walls.

Establishing his home in the Durande would be imprudent. It would increase the weight; and instead of adding to her burden, it was important to lighten it.

To burden the wreck in any way was indeed the very contrary of what he wanted.

The dilapidated mass required, in fact, the most careful management. It was like a sick man on the verge of dissolution. A strong wind would suffice to put an end to it.

It was, moreover, bad enough to be compelled to work there. The amount of disturbance which the wreck would have to withstand would necessarily strain it, perhaps beyond its strength.

Besides, if any accident should happen in the night while Gilliatt was sleeping, he would necessarily perish with the vessel. No assistance was possible; all would be over. In order to save the shattered vessel, it was absolutely necessary to remain outside of it.

How to be outside and yet near it, — this was the problem.

The difficulty became complicated.

Where could he find a shelter under such conditions?

Gilliatt reflected.

Nothing remained but the two Douvres. They seemed hopeless enough.

From below it was impossible to tell with certainty whether the upper surface of the Great Douvre was flat or conical.

High rocks with flattened summits like the Great Douvre and "The Man," are usually decapitated peaks. They abound among mountains and in the ocean. Certain rocks, particularly those which are met with in the open sea, bear marks like half-felled trees. They appeared to have received a terrific blow from an axe. They have been subjected, in fact, to the blows of the gale, that indefatigable wood-cutter of the sea.

There are other and still more powerful causes of marine convulsions. Hence the innumerable bruises

upon these primeval masses of granite. Some of these sea giants have had their heads struck off; and sometimes these heads, from some inexplicable cause, do not fall, but remain shattered on the summit of the mutilated trunk. These cases are by no means rare. The Devil's Rock, at Guernsey, and the Table, in the Valley of Anweiler, illustrate some of the most surprising examples of this strange geological enigma.

Some such phenomenon had probably fashioned the summit of the Great Douvre.

If the protuberance which Gilliatt fancied he could discern on the plateau were not a natural irregularity in the stone, it must necessarily be some remaining fragment of the shattered summit.

Perhaps the fragment might contain some excavation, — some hole into which a man could creep for cover. Gilliatt asked for no more.

But how could he reach the plateau? How could he scale that perpendicular wall, hard and polished as a pebble, half covered with a growth of glutinous confervæ, and having the slippery look of a soapy surface?

The edge of the plateau was at least thirty feet above the deck of the Durande.

Gilliatt took from his box of tools the knotted rope, hooked it to his belt by the grapnel, and set to work to scale the Little Douvre. The ascent became more difficult as he climbed. He had forgotten to take off his shoes, — a fact which increased the difficulty. With great labour and straining, however, he reached the edge. Once there, he raised himself and stood erect. There was scarcely room for his two feet. To make it his lodging would be difficult. A Stylite might have contented himself there; Gilliatt, more luxurious in his requirements, wanted something more commodious.

The Little Douvre, leaning towards the great one, looked from a distance as if it was saluting it, and the

space between the Douvres, which measured a score of feet below, was only eight or ten at the highest point.

From the spot to which he had climbed, Gilliatt could see more distinctly a rocky excrescence which partly covered the plateau of the Great Douvre.

This plateau was at least twenty feet above his head.

A precipice separated him from it. The curved escarpment of the Little Douvre sloped away out of sight beneath him.

He detached the knotted rope from his belt, took a rapid glance at the dimensions of the rock, and slung the grapnel up to the plateau.

The grapnel scratched the rock, and slipped. The knotted rope with the hooks at its end fell beneath his feet, swinging against the side of the Little Douvre.

He renewed the attempt; slung the rope farther, aiming at the granite protuberance, in which he could perceive crevices and scratches.

The cast was so neat and skilful this time, that the hooks caught.

He pulled on it with all his strength. A piece of the rock broke, fell, and the knotted rope with its heavy iron came down once more, striking the escarpment beneath his feet.

He slung the grapnel a third time.

It did not fall.

He put a hard strain upon the rope; it resisted. The grapnel was firmly anchored at last.

The hooks had caught in some fracture in the plateau which he could not see.

It was necessary to trust his life to that unknown support.

He did not hesitate.

The case was urgent. He was compelled to adopt the quickest course.

Moreover, to descend again to the deck of the Durande,

in order to devise some other step, was impossible. A slip was probable, and a fall almost certain. It was easier to climb than to descend.

Gilliatt's movements were decisive, like those of all good sailors. He never wasted force. He always proportioned his efforts to the work in hand. Hence the wonderful feats of strength he performed with ordinary muscles. His biceps were no more powerful than those of ordinary men, but his heart was firmer He added, in fact, to physical strength, the energy which is one of the most potent of the mental faculties.

The feat to be accomplished was appalling.

It was to cross the space between the two Douvres, supported only by this slender line.

Oftentimes in the path of duty and devotion, the gaunt form of death rises before men to present this momentous question: —

"Wilt thou dare this?" asks the shadow.

Gilliatt tested the cord again; the grappling-iron held firm.

Wrapping his left hand in his handkerchief, he grasped the knotted rope with his right hand, which he covered with his left; then stretching out one foot, and striking the rock vigorously with the other in order that the impetus might prevent the rope twisting, he hurled himself from the top of the Little Douvre upon the side of the larger one.

The shock was severe.

In spite of his precautions, the rope twisted, and his shoulder struck the rock.

There was a rebound.

In their turn his clinched fists struck the rocks, and the handkerchief having become loosened, they were terribly scratched. They had, indeed, narrowly escaped being crushed.

Gilliatt remained hanging there a moment with his brain whirling wildly.

He was sufficiently master of himself not to let go his hold of the rope.

A few moments passed in unavailing jerks and oscillations before he could seize the rope with his feet; but he succeeded at last.

Recovering himself, and holding the rope at last between his feet as with two hands, he gazed into the depth below.

He had no anxiety about the length of the rope, which had many a time served him for great heights, and which, in fact, trailed upon the deck of the Durande.

Assured of being able to descend again, he began to climb.

In a few moments he had gained the summit.

Never before had any wingless creature found a footing there. The plateau was covered in parts with the dung of birds. It was an irregular trapezium, a mass broken from the colossal granitic prism of the Great Douvre. This block was hollowed in the centre like a basin, — the work of the rain.

Gilliatt, in fact, had guessed correctly.

At the southern angle of the block he found a mass of superimposed rocks, — probably fragments of the fallen summit. These rocks, which looked like a heap of gigantic paving-stones, would have afforded plenty of room for a wild beast to secrete himself between them, if one could have found its way there, for they were piled one upon the other, leaving interstices like a heap of ruins. They did not form grottoes or caves, but the pile was full of holes like a sponge. One of these holes was large enough to admit a man.

The floor of this recess was covered with moss and a few tufts of grass. Gilliatt could fit himself in it as

in a kind of sheath. The entrance was about two feet high, but it became smaller near the bottom. Stone coffins are sometimes of this form. The mass of rocks behind lying towards the south-west, the recess, though protected from showers, was open to the cold north wind.

Gilliatt was satisfied with the place.

The two chief problems were solved, — the sloop had a harbour, and he himself had found a shelter.

The chief merit of his cave was its accessibility from the wreck.

The grappling-iron of the knotted cord having fallen between two blocks, had become firmly hooked, but Gilliatt prevented any possibility of its giving way by rolling a huge stone upon it.

He was now free to operate at leisure upon the Durande.

Henceforth he was at home.

The Great Douvre was his dwelling, the Durande his workshop.

It was a comparatively easy matter for him to go to and fro, ascending and descending.

He dropped down easily by means of the knotted rope on to the deck.

The day's work was a good one, the enterprise had begun well; he was satisfied, and began to feel hungry.

He untied his basket of provisions, opened his knife, cut a slice of smoked beef, took a bite from his brown loaf, took a draught from his can of fresh water, and thus supped admirably.

To do well and eat well are two great comforts. A full stomach resembles an easy conscience.

This supper ended, there was still a little more daylight at his disposal. He took advantage of it to begin the lightening of the wreck, — an urgent necessity.

He had passed part of the day in gathering up the fragments. He now put to one side, in the strong compartment which contained the engine, all articles that might prove of use to him, such as wood, iron, cordage, and canvas; all that was useless he cast into the sea.

The cargo of the sloop, hoisted on to the deck by the capstan, compact as he had made it, was an encumbrance. Gilliatt surveyed the sort of niche, at a height within his reach, in the side of the Little Douvre. These natural closets, not entirely shut in, it is true, are often seen in rocks. It struck him that it would be possible to intrust some stores to their keeping, and he accordingly placed in the back of the recess the two boxes containing his tools and his clothing, and his two bags of rye-meal and biscuit. In front — a little too near the edge perhaps, but he had no other place — he deposited his basket of provisions.

He had taken care to remove from the box of clothing his sheepskin, his big coat with a hood, and his waterproof overalls.

To lessen the action of the wind upon the knotted cord, he made the lower extremity fast to one of the riders of the Durande.

This rider being bent a good deal, held the end of the cord as firmly as a stalwart hand.

There was still some difficulty concerning the upper end of the cord. To control the lower part was all very well, but at the summit of the escarpment, at the spot where the knotted cord touched the ridge of the plateau, there was reason to fear that it would be fretted and worn away by the sharp edge of the rock.

Gilliatt searched in a pile of rubbish, and took from it some scraps of sail, and from a bunch of old cables pulled out some strands of rope-yarn with which he filled his pockets.

Any sailor would have suspected that he intended to bind with these pieces of canvas and ends of yarn that portion of the knotted rope which rubbed against the edge of the rock, so as to preserve it from friction, — an operation which is called "keckling."

Having provided himself with these things, he drew his overalls over his legs, put his waterproof coat over his jacket, drew its hood over his red cap, tied the sheepskin around his neck by the two legs, and arrayed in this complete panoply, he grasped the rope, now firmly fastened to the side of the Great Douvre, and again began the assault of this grim citadel of the sea.

In spite of his scratched hands, Gilliatt easily regained the summit.

The last pale tints of sunset were fading from the sky. It was night upon the sea below.

A little light still lingered upon the top of the Douvre.

Gilliatt profited by this remnant of daylight to bind the knotted rope. He wound around it again and again at the part which passed over the edge of the rock, a bandage of several thicknesses of canvas strongly tied at every turn. The whole resembled somewhat the padding which actresses place upon their knees, to prepare them for the agonies and supplications of the fifth act.

This accomplished, Gilliatt rose from his stooping position.

While he had been busied in his task, he had had a vague sense of a strange fluttering in the air.

It resembled, in the silence of evening, the noise which an immense bat might make with the beating of its wings.

Gilliatt raised his eyes.

A big black circle was revolving above his head in the pale twilight sky.

Such circles are seen around the heads of saints in old

pictures. These, however, are golden on a dark ground, while the circle around Gilliatt was dark upon a pale ground. The effect was strange. It spread round the Great Douvre like an aureole of night.

The circle came nearer, then retired; grew narrower, and then spread wide again.

It was an immense flock of gulls, sea-mews, and cormorants; a vast multitude of affrighted sea-birds.

The Great Douvre was probably their lodging-place, and they were coming to rest for the night. Gilliatt had appropriated their home. It was evident that their unexpected fellow-lodger annoyed them.

A man there was an object they had never beheld before.

Their wild flattering continued for some time.

They seemed to be waiting for the stranger to leave the place.

Gilliatt followed them dreamily with his eyes.

The flying multitude at last seemed to abandon their design. The circle suddenly assumed a spiral form, and the cloud of sea-birds settled down upon "The Man" rock at the extremity of the group, where they seemed to be conferring and deliberating.

Gilliatt, after settling down in his granite alcove, and covering a stone for a pillow for his head, could hear the birds for a long time chattering to one another, or croaking, as if by turn.

Then they were silent, and finally they all fell asleep, — the birds upon their rock, Gilliatt upon his.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMPORTUNÆ VOLUCRES.

GILLIATT slept well; but he was cold, and this caused him to wake from time to time. He had naturally placed his feet at the end and his head at the mouth of his cave. Unfortunately, he had not taken the precaution to remove from his couch a number of angular stones, which did not by any means conduce to sleep.

Now and then he half opened his eyes.

At intervals he heard loud noises. It was the rising tide entering the caverns below with a sound like the report of a cannon.

All the circumstances of his position conspired to produce the effect of a vision. Hallucinations seemed to surround him. The darkness strengthened this impression; and Gilliatt felt himself plunged into a region of unrealities. He asked himself if it were not all a dream?

Then he dropped to sleep again, and this time in a veritable dream, fancied himself at the Bû de la Rue, at the Bravées, at St. Sampson. He heard Déruchette singing; everything seemed real now. While he slept he seemed to wake and live; it was when he awoke again that he appeared to be sleeping.

In fact, from this time on he lived in a dream.

Towards the middle of the night a confused murmur filled the air. Gilliatt had a vague consciousness of it even in his sleep. It was perhaps a breeze rising.

Once, awakened by a cold shiver, he opened his eyes a little wider than before. Clouds were moving in the

zenith; the moon was flying through the sky, with one large star following closely in her wake.

Gilliatt's mind was full of the incidents of his dreams. The fantastic outlines of the objects around him as seen in the darkness mingled confusedly with the impressions of his sleeping hours.

By daybreak he was half frozen; but he slept on soundly.

The sudden daylight aroused him from a slumber which might have proved dangerous. The alcove faced the rising sun.

Gilliatt yawned, stretched himself, and sprang out of his resting-place.

His slumber had been so deep that he could not at first recall the circumstances of the night before.

By degrees the sense of reality returned, and he began to think of breakfast.

The weather was calm; the sky cool and serene. The clouds were gone; the night wind had cleared the horizon, and the sun rose brightly. Another fine day was dawning. Gilliatt felt cheerful and hopeful.

He threw off his overcoat and his overalls, rolled them up in the sheepskin with the wool inside, fastened the roll with a bit of rope-yarn, and pushed it into the cave for protection in case of rain.

This done, he made his bed, — that is, he removed the stones.

His bed made, he slid down the rope to the deck of the Durande and approached the niche where he had placed his basket of provisions. The basket was not there; as it was very near the edge, the wind in the night had blown it down, and rolled it into the sea.

This seemed to indicate that the rock was defending itself.

There was an evident spirit of mischief and malice in a wind which had sought out his basket in that position.

It was the beginning of hostilities. Gilliatt understood the token.

To those who live in a state of familiarity with the sea, it is natural to regard the wind as an individual, and the rocks as sentient beings.

Nothing remained for Gilliatt but the biscuit and the rye-meal, except the shell-fish, on which the shipwrecked sailor had supported a lingering existence upon "The Man" rock.

It was useless to think of fishing. Fish are naturally averse to the neighbourhood of rocks. The drag and bow net fishers would only waste their time among the reefs, the sharp tops of which would prove destructive only to their nets.

Gilliatt breakfasted on a few limpits which he plucked with difficulty from the rocks. He narrowly escaped breaking his knife in the attempt.

While he was making his frugal meal, he became aware of a strange disturbance on the sea. He looked around.

It was a swarm of gulls and sea-mews which had just alighted upon some low rocks, and were beating their wings and tumbling over each other, screaming and shrieking the while. All were swarming noisily around the same object. This horde with beaks and talons were evidently pillaging something.

It was Gilliatt's basket.

Blown down upon a sharp point by the wind, the basket had burst open, and the birds had gathered round it immediately. They were carrying off in their beaks all sorts of fragments of provisions. Gilliatt, even at that distance, recognized his smoked beef and salt fish.

It was their turn now to be aggressive. The birds were retaliating. Gilliatt had robbed them of their lodging, they deprived him of his supper.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ROCK, AND HOW GILLIATT USED IT.

A WEEK passed.

Although this was the rainy season no rain fell, a fact for which Gilliatt felt very thankful.

But the work he had entered upon was apparently beyond the power of human strength or skill. Success appeared so improbable that the attempt seemed like madness.

It is not until a task is fairly grappled with that its difficulties and perils become fully manifest. There is nothing like a beginning for proving how difficult it will be to reach the end. Every beginning is a struggle against resistance. The first step is an exorable undeceiver. A difficulty that one touches pricks like a thorn.

Gilliatt found himself immediately confronted by obstacles.

In order to raise the engine of the Durande from the wreck in which it was three-fourths buried, — in order to accomplish a salvage in such a place and in such a season, it seemed necessary to be a legion of men. Gilliatt was alone; a complete complement of carpenters' and engineers' tools and implements were needed. Gilliatt had a saw, a hatchet, a chisel, and a hammer. He needed both a good workshop and a good shed; Gilliatt had not a roof to cover him. Provisions, too, were necessary, and Gilliatt had not even bread.

Any one who could have seen Gilliatt working on the rock during that first week might have been puzzled to determine the nature of his operations. He seemed to have no thought either of the Durande or the two Douvres. He was busy only among the breakers; he seemed absorbed in saving the smaller portions of the wreck. He took advantage of every high tide to strip the reefs of everything that the shipwreck had distributed among them. He went from rock to rock, picking up whatever the sea had scattered, — bits of sail, pieces of iron, splintered panels, shattered planking, broken yards, — here a beam, there a chain, there a pulley.

At the same time, he carefully examined all the recesses in the rocks. To his great disappointment none were habitable. He suffered greatly from the cold in the night in his present lodgings on the summit of the rock, and he would have been glad to find some better shelter.

Two of those recesses were quite large. Although the natural pavement of rock was for the most part oblique and uneven, it was possible to stand upright, and even to walk within them. The wind and the rain entered there at will, but the highest tides did not reach them. They were near the Little Douvre, and were approachable at any time. Gilliatt decided that one should serve him as a storehouse, the other as a forge.

With all the lanyards, rope-bands, and reef-points he could collect, he tied the wood and iron in bundles, and the canvas in rolls, then lashed all these together carefully. As the rising tide approached these packages, he began to drag them across the reefs to his storehouse. In a hollow in the rocks he had found a top-rope, by means of which he had been able to haul even the large pieces of timber. In the same manner he dragged from the sea the numerous pieces of chain which he found scattered among the breakers.

Gilliatt worked at these tasks with astonishing activity and tenacity. He accomplished whatever he attempted; nothing could withstand his ant-like perseverance.

By the end of the week he had gathered into this granite warehouse of marine stores, and arranged in order, this miscellaneous mass of salvage. There was a corner for the tacks of sails and a corner for sheets. Bow-lines were not mixed with halliards; parrels were arranged according to their number of holes. The coverings of rope-yarn, unwound from the broken anchorings, were tied in bunches; the dead-eyes without pulleys were separated from the tackle-blocks. Belaying-pins, bulls-eyes, preventer-shrouds, down-hauls, snatch-blocks, pendents, kevels, trusses, stoppers, and sailbooms, if they were not too much damaged by the storm, were placed in different compartments. All the cross-beams, timber-work, uprights, stanchions, mast-heads, binding-strakes, portlids, and clamps were heaped up apart. Whenever it was possible, he arranged the broken planks from the vessel's bottom in their proper order. There was no mixing up reef-points with nippers, or crow's-feet with tow lines, or pulleys for the small with pulleys for the large ropes, or fragments from the waist with fragments from the stern. A place had even been reserved for the cat-harpings, which had supported the shrouds of the top-mast and the futtock-shrouds. Every part had its appointed place. The entire wreck was there classed and ticketed.

A stay-sail, fixed by huge stones, served, though torn and damaged, to protect what the rain might have injured.

Shattered as the bows of the boat were, he had succeeded in saving the two cat-heads with their three pulley-blocks.

He had found the bowsprit too, and had had much

trouble in unrolling its gammoning; it was very hard and tight, having been, according to custom, made by the help of the windlass, and in dry weather. Gilliatt, however, persevered until he had detached it; for this heavy rope was likely to be very useful to him.

He had been equally successful in discovering the little anchor which had become fast in the hollow of a reef, where the ebb tide left it uncovered.

In what had once been Tangrouille's cabin he found a piece of chalk, which he preserved carefully. He reflected that he might have some marks to make.

A fire-bucket and several pails in pretty good condition completed this stock of working materials.

All that remained of the Durande's supply of coal he carried into the warehouse.

In a week this salvage of *débris* was finished; the rock was swept clean, and the Durande was lightened. Nothing was left to burden the hull now except the machinery.

The portion of the fore-side bulwarks which hung to it did not distress the hull. The mass hung without dragging, being partly sustained by a ledge of rock. It was large and broad, however, and heavy to drag, and would have encumbered his warehouse too much. These bulwarks strongly resembled the stocks in a shipyard.

Gilliatt left the mass where it was.

He had been profoundly thoughtful during all this labour. He had sought in vain for the figurehead, — the "doll," as the Guernsey folks called it, — of the Durande. It was one of the things that the waves had swept away forever.

Gilliatt would have given his right hand to find it, if he had not been in such urgent need of both his hands just at that time.

At the entrance to the storehouse and outside it were

two piles of rubbish, — a pile of iron that would do for forging, and a pile of wood for fuel.

Gilliatt was always at work by early dawn. He did not take a moment's rest except at night.

The wild sea-birds, flying hither and thither, watched him curiously at his work.

CHAPTER X.

THE FORGE.

THE warehouse completed, Gilliatt constructed his forge.

The other recess which he had chosen had within it a sort of passage like a gallery in a mine. He at first conceived the idea of making this his lodging; but the draught was so continuous and so strong in this passage that he had been compelled to abandon the plan. This current of air so incessantly renewed first gave him the notion of the forge. As it would not answer for a chamber, he was determined that this recess should be his blacksmith's shop. To make obstacles serve our purpose, it is a great step towards triumph. The wind was Gilliatt's enemy. He set about making it his servant.

The proverb applied to certain kinds of men — "fit for everything, good for nothing" — may also be applied to the hollows in rocks. They give no advantages gratuitously. Here we find a hollow fashioned in the shape of a bath; but it allows the water to run off through a fissure; there is a rocky chamber, but without a roof; here a bed of moss, but reeking with moisture; here an armchair, but one of hard stone.

The forge which Gilliatt intended to establish had been roughly outlined by nature; but it was a troublesome matter to reduce this rough sketch to manageable shape; — to transform this cave into a laboratory and smith's shop. Out of three or four large rocks, shaped like a funnel and ending in a narrow fissure, chance had

constructed a sort of ponderous, ill-shapen blower, of very different power from those huge old forge bellows fourteen feet long, which poured out at every breath ninety-eight thousand inches of air. This was quite a different kind of machine. The proportions of the hurricane cannot be definitely measured.

This excess of power was an embarrassment. The incessant draught was difficult to regulate.

The cavern had two inconveniences, — the wind traversed it from end to end; so did the water.

This was not sea-water, but a continual little trickling stream, more like a spring than a torrent.

The foam which the surf hurled upon the rocks and sometimes more than a hundred feet in the air, had filled with sea-water a natural cave situated among the high rocks overlooking the excavation. The overflowings of this reservoir formed, a little back of the escarpment, a tiny waterfall about an inch in breadth, but twelve or fourteen feet high. An occasional contribution from the rains also helped to fill the reservoir. From time to time a passing cloud dropped a shower into this rocky basin which was always overflowing. The water was brackish and unfit to drink, but clear, and fell in graceful drops from the ends of the long marine grasses, as from the ends of a length of hair.

He was struck with the idea of making this water serve to regulate the draught in the cave. By means of a funnel made of rough planks and hastily put together to form two or three pipes, one of which was furnished with a valve, and of a large tub arranged as a lower reservoir, without checks or counterweight, and completed solely by air-tight stuffing above and air-holes below, Gilliatt, who, as we have said before, was handy at the forge and at the mechanic's bench, succeeded in constructing, instead of the forge-bellows, which he did not

possess, an apparatus less perfect than what is known nowadays by the name of a "*cagniardelle*," but less rude than that which the people of the Pyrenees formerly called a "*trompe*."

He had some rye-meal, and out of it he manufactured some paste. He had also some white rope, which he picked out into tow. With this paste and tow, and some scraps of wood, he stopped all the crevices of the rock, leaving only a tiny air-hole made of a powder-flask which he had found aboard the Durande, and which had served for loading the signal gun. This powder-flask was directed horizontally upon a large stone, which Gilliatt made the hearth of the forge. A stopper made of a piece of tow served to close it in case of need.

After this he heaped up the wood and coal upon the hearth, struck his steel against the bare rock, caught a spark upon a handful of loose tow, and having ignited it, soon lighted his forge fire.

He tried the blower: it worked well.

Gilliatt felt the pride of a Cyclops: he was now the master of air, water, and fire. Master of the air; for he had given lungs to the wind, and changed the rude draught into a useful blower. Master of water, for he had converted the little cascade into a "*trompe*." Master of fire, for out of this moist rock he had struck a flame.

The cave being almost everywhere open to the sky, the smoke issued freely, blackening the curved escarpment. The rocks which seemed made only for foam became now familiar with soot.

Gilliatt selected for an anvil a large, smooth stone, of about the required shape and dimensions. It formed a substantial base for the blows of his hammer; but one that was very dangerous inasmuch as fragments were liable to fly off from it. One of the extremities of this block, rounded and ending in a point, might, for want of something better, serve instead of a conoid horn; but the

other kind of horn of the pyramidal form was wanting. It was the ancient stone anvil of the Troglodytes. The surface, polished by the waves, had almost the firmness of steel.

He regretted not having brought his anvil. As he did not know that the Durande had been broken in two by the tempest, he had hoped to find the carpenter's chest and all the tools generally kept in the forehold. But it was the forepart of the vessel that had been carried away.

The two excavations which he had found in the rock were contiguous. The warehouse and the forge communicated with each other.

Every evening, when his work was ended, he supped on a small biscuit, moistened in water, a sea-urchin or a crab, or a few *châtaignes de mer*, the only food to be found among these rocks; and, shaking like his knotted rope, mounted again to his cell on the Great Douvre.

The very drudgery of his daily occupation increased the sort of abstraction in which he lived. To be steeped too deeply in realities is in itself a cause of visionary moods. His bodily labour, with its infinite variety of details, did not lessen the feeling of stupor which arose from the strangeness of his position and his work. Ordinary physical fatigue is a thread which binds man to earth; but the very peculiarity of the enterprise he was engaged in kept him in a kind of ideal. There were times when he seemed to be striking at the clouds. At other times, his tools seemed to him like weapons. He had a singular feeling as if he were repressing or providing against some latent danger of attack. Untwisting ropes, unravelling threads of yarn in a sail, or propping up a couple of beams seemed to him at such times like fashioning engines of war. The infinite pains which he had taken in his salvage operations seemed at last so many precautions against probable aggressions.

GILLIATT.

His instincts became less and less those of a worker, and more and more those of a keeper of wild beasts.

His business there was that of a tamer. He had a vague perception of the fact.

Around him, far as eye could reach, was the spectacle of infinite labour wasted and lost. Nothing is more disturbing to the mind than the contemplation of the diffusion of forces at work in the unfathomable and illimitable space of the ocean. The mind tends naturally to seek the object of these forces. The incessant movement in space, the ever restless sea, the clouds that seem continually hurrying somewhere, the vast mysterious prodigality of effort, — all this is a problem. Whither does all this perpetual movement tend? What are these winds constructing? What are all these giant blows building up? These howlings, shriekings, and sobbings of the storm, what do they result in? and what is the object of this tumult? The ebb and flow of these questionings is eternal as the tide. Gilliatt could answer for himself; he knew his work, but the agitation which surrounded him on all sides and at all times perplexed him with its eternal questionings. Unknown to himself, mechanically, by the mere pressure of external things, and without any other effect than a strange, unconscious bewilderment, Gilliatt, in this dreamy mood, blended his own toil somehow with the prodigious, wasted labour of the sea. How under such circumstances could he hope to escape the influence of that mystery of this dread, laborious ocean? how do other than meditate, so far as meditation was possible, upon the vacillation of the waves, the perseverance of the foam, the imperceptible wearing away of the rocks, the furious beatings of the winds, and all this travail and weariness for no apparent object.

For no object? No! O Thou Unknown, Thou only knowest for what!

CHAPTER XI.

DISCOVERY.

A ROCK near the coast is sometimes visited by men; a rock in mid-ocean never. What object would any one have in visiting it? It is not an island. No supplies can be obtained there; there are no fruit-trees, no pasturage, no beasts, no springs of water fit for man's use. Nothing is to be found there but inevitable shipwreck.

This kind of rocks, which in the old sea dialect were called *Isolés*, are, as we have said, strange places. The sea is their only visitor; she works her own will with them. There is no sign of terrestrial life to disturb her. Man is a terror to the sea; she is shy of his approach, and hides her deeds from him. But she among the lone sea rocks is bolder. The unceasing murmur of the waves is not interrupted here. She labours at the rock, repairs its damage, sharpens its peaks, makes them rugged or renews them. She pierces the granite, wears down the soft stone, and denudes the hard; she rummages, dismembers, bores, perforates, and grooves; she fills the rock with cells, and makes it sponge-like, hollows out the inside, or adorns the outside with sculptures. She makes caves, sanctuaries, and palaces for herself in this lonely spot. She has her exuberant and hideous vegetation, composed of floating plants which bite, and of monsters which take root; and she hides away all this terrible magnificence in her secret depths. No eye watches her

on these isolated rocks; no spy embarrasses her movements. Here she freely develops her mysterious side, which is inaccessible to man. Here she deposits all her strange secretions. Here, all the unknown wonders of the sea are congregated.

Promontories, capes, headlands, breakers, and shoals are veritable works of art. The geological formations of the earth are nothing in comparison with the vast operations of the ocean. These breakers, these submarine habitations, these pyramids, and crests of foam are all productions of that mysterious art which the author of this book has somewhere called "the Art of Nature." Their style is recognizable by its vastness. The effects of chance seem to be design. Its works are multiform. They reproduce the mazy labyrinths of the coral groves, the sublimity of the cathedral, the extravagance of the pagoda, the amplitude of the mountain, the delicacy of the jeweller's work, the horrors of the sepulchre. They are filled with cells like wasps' nests, with dens like menageries, with subterranean passages like the haunts of moles, with dungeons like bastiles, with ambuscades like a hostile camp. They have their doors, but they are barricaded; their columns, but they are shattered; their towers, but they are tottering; their bridges, but they are broken. Their compartments are unaccommodating; these are fitted for the birds only, those only for fish. Their style of architecture is varied and inconsistent; it regards or disregards at will the laws of equilibrium, — breaks off, stops short, begins in the form of an archivolt, and ends in an architrave. Enceladus is the mason. A wondrous science of dynamics here exhibits its problems ready solved. Fearful overhanging blocks threaten, but fall not; the human mind cannot guess what power supports the toppling masses. Blind entrances, gaps, and ponderous suspensions multiply and vary infinitely. The

laws which regulate this Babel baffle human induction. The Unknown, that great architect, plans nothing, but succeeds in all. Rocks massed together in confusion form a monstrous monument, defy reason, yet maintain equilibrium. Here is something more than solidity: it is eternity. But order is wanting. The wild tumult of the waves seems to have passed into the wilderness of stone. It is like a tempest petrified forever. Nothing could be more impressive than this architecture; always standing, yet always seeming to fall; in which everything seems to give support, and yet to withdraw it. A struggle between opposing lines has resulted in the construction of an edifice, filled with traces of the efforts of those old antagonists, — the ocean and the storm.

This architecture has its hideous masterpieces, of which the Douvres was one.

The sea had fashioned and perfected it with grim solicitude. The snarling waters had licked it into shape. It was hideous, treacherous, dark, full of hollows.

It had a complete venous system of submarine caverns ramifying and losing themselves in unfathomable depths. Some of the orifices of this labyrinth of passages were left exposed by the low tides. A man might enter there, but only at the peril of his life.

Gilliatt was obliged to explore all these grottoes, for the purpose of his salvage labour. There was not one which was not repulsive in aspect. Each cave bore that strong resemblance to an abattoir which is a characteristic of such formations. A person who has never seen these hideous natural frescoes upon walls of everlasting granite, in excavations of this kind, can form no idea of the strange effect they produce.

These pitiless caverns, too, were crafty and treacherous. Woe betide him who might loiter there! The rising tide filled them to their very roofs.

Rock limpets and edible mosses abounded among them.

They were obstructed by quantities of shingle, heaped together in their recesses. Some of the big smooth stones weighed more than a ton. They were of every size, and every hue; but the greater part were blood-coloured. Some, covered with a hairy and glutinous seaweed, looked like big green moles boring their way into the rock.

Several of the caverns terminated abruptly in the form of a half cupola. Others, main arteries of a mysterious circulation, lengthened out in the rock in dark and tortuous fissures. They were the streets of the submarine city; but they contracted more and more, and at length left no way for a man to pass. Peering in with the help of a lighted torch, he could see nothing but dark hollows dripping with moisture.

One day, Gilliatt, in his explorations, ventured into one of these fissures. The state of the tide favoured the attempt. It was a beautiful, calm, sunshiny day. There was no fear of any accident from the sea to increase the danger.

Two necessities, as we have said, compelled him to undertake these explorations. He had to gather fragments of wreck and other things to aid him in his labour, and also to search for crabs and crayfish for his food. The shell-fish on the rocks had begun to fail him.

The fissure was narrow, and the passage difficult. Gilliatt could see daylight beyond. He made an effort, contorted himself as much as he could, and penetrated into the cave as far as possible.

He had reached, without suspecting it, the middle of the rock, the very point upon which Clubin had steered the Durande. Though abrupt and almost inaccessible without, it was hollow within. It was full of galleries, pits, and chambers, like the tomb of an Egyptian king. This network of caverns was one of the most complicated of the labyrinths created by the restless sea.

The branches of this submarine tunnel probably communicated with the sea outside by more than one issue; some, opening on a level of the waves, others, deep and invisible.

It was near here, but Gilliatt knew it not, that Clubin had dived into the sea.

In this crocodile cave, — where crocodiles, it is true, were not among the dangers, — Gilliatt wound in and out striking his head occasionally, bent low and rose again, lost his footing and regained it many times, advancing laboriously the while. By degrees the gallery widened; a glimmer of daylight appeared, and he found himself suddenly at the entrance to a cavern of a singular kind.

CHAPTER XII.

THE INTERIOR OF AN EDIFICE UNDER THE SEA.

THIS gleam of daylight was most fortunate.

One step further, and Gilliatt must have fallen into a pool that was, perhaps, bottomless. The waters of these cavern pools are so cold and paralyzing as to prove fatal to the strongest swimmers.

There is, moreover, no means of remounting or of clinging to any part of their steep walls.

He stopped short. The passage from which he had just emerged ended in a narrow and slippery projection, a sort of corbel in the peaked wall. He leaned against the side and surveyed it.

He was in a large cave. Over his head was a roof not unlike the inside of a vast skull, which had just been dissected. The dripping ribs of the striated indentations of the roof seemed to imitate the branching fibres and jagged sutures of the bony cranium. A stony ceiling and a watery floor. The rippling waters between the four walls of the cave looked like wavy paving tiles. The grotto was shut in on all sides. Not a window, not even an air-hole visible. No breach in the wall, no crack in the roof. The light came from below and through the water, a strange, sombre light.

Gilliatt, the pupils of whose eyes had contracted during his explorations of the dusky corridor, could distinguish everything around him in the pale glimmer.

He was familiar, from having often visited them, with the caves of Plémont in Jersey, the Creux-Maillé at Guernsey, the Botiques at Sark; but none of these marvellous caverns could compare with the subterranean and submarine chamber into which he had made his way.

Under the water at his feet he could discern a sort of arch. This arch, a natural ogive, fashioned by the waves, glittered brightly between its two dark and deep supports. It was through this kind of submerged porch that the daylight entered the cave from the open sea. A strange light shooting upward from the gulf.

The glimmer spread out beneath the waters like a large fan, and was reflected on the rocks. The direct rays, divided into long, broad shafts, shone out in strong relief against the darkness below; while the refracted rays being much duller looked as if they were seen through panes of glass. There was light in the cave it is true; but it was an unearthly light. The beholder might have dreamed that he had entered some other planet. The glimmer was an enigma, like the glaucous light from the eye of a Sphinx. The whole cave represented the interior of a death's head of enormous proportions, and of a strange splendour. The vault was the hollow of the brain, the arch the mouth; the sockets of the eyes were wanting. The cavern, swallowing and disgorging by turn the flux and reflux through its mouth wide opened to the full noonday without, seemed to drink in the light and vomit forth bitterness, like some intelligent but malevolent human beings. The light, traversing this inlet through the vitreous medium of the sea-water, became green, like a ray of starlight from Aldebaran; and the pool seen in this light looked like a liquid emerald. A tint of aquamarine of marvellous delicacy pervaded the entire cave. The roof, with its cerebral lobes and countless ramifications, like fibres of nerves, gave out a tender

reflection of chrysoprase. The ripples reflected on the roof enlarged and contracted their glittering scales in a mysterious and mazy dance. They gave the beholder an impression of something weird and spectral; he wondered what prey secured, or what expectation about to be realized, moved with a joyous thrill this magnificent network of living fire. From the projections of the vault and the angles of the rock hung lengths of delicate fibrous plants, bathing their roots probably through the granite in some pool above, and distilling from their silky tips, one by one, a pearly drop. These drops fell in the water now and then with a gentle splash. The effect of the scene was singular. Nothing more beautiful or more mournful could be imagined.

It was a wondrous palace, in which death sat smiling and content.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT WAS SEEN THERE; AND WHAT WAS HALF-SEEN.

CONTRADICTORY as the terms appear, this strange cave was a place of dazzling gloom.

The palpitation of the sea made itself felt throughout the cavern. The oscillation without raised and depressed the level of the waters within, with the regularity of respiration. A mysterious spirit seemed to pervade this vast organism, as it swelled and subsided in silence.

The water had a magical transparency; and Gilliatt distinguished at various depths submerged recesses, and jutting rocks of a deeper and deeper green. Certain dark hollows, too, were there, probably too deep for soundings.

On each side of the submarine portico, elliptical arches indicated the position of small lateral caves, low alcoves of the central cavern, accessible, perhaps, at low tides.

These openings had roofs in the shape of inclined planes, and at more or less acute angles. Little sandy beaches of a few feet wide, laid bare by the action of the water, extended inward, until they were lost to view in these recesses.

Here and there sea-weeds more than a yard in length undulated beneath the water, like long tresses waving in the wind; and one caught glimpses of dense masses of aquatic plants.

Above and below the surface of the water, the walls of the cave were covered from top to bottom with that won-

derful efflorescence of the sea, rarely seen by human eyes, which the old Spanish navigators called *praderias del mar*. A luxuriant moss of varied tints of olive concealed and adorned the rough granite. From every jutting point hung the thin fluted strips of tangle which sailors use as barometers. The light breath which stirred in the cavern waved their glossy lengths to and fro.

Under this mossy covering, one caught occasional glimpses of some of the rarest gems in the casket of the ocean, — ivory shells, whorls, mitres, casks, purple-fish, univalves, struthiolaires, and turriculated cerites. Many bell-shaped limpet shells adhered to the rocks, forming settlements like tiny huts between alleys in which prowled oscabrions, those beetles of the sea. As very few large pebbles found their way into the cavern, many shell-fish took refuge there. The crustacea are the grandees of the sea, who, in their lacework and embroidery, avoid the rude contact of the pebbly crowd. The glittering heaps of shells, in certain spots under the wave, gave out singular irradiations, among which the eye caught glimpses of confused azure and gold, and mother-of-pearl of every tint of the water.

Upon the side of the cave, a little above the water-line, a strange but magnificent plant, attaching itself like a fringe to the border of sea-weed, continued and completed it. This plant, thick, fibrous, inextricably intertwined, and almost black, hung in big dusky festoons, dotted with thousands of tiny flowers of the colour of lapis-lazuli. In the water they seemed to glow like small blue flames. Out of the water they were flowers; beneath it they were sapphires. When the water rose and inundated the base of the wall clothed with these plants, the rock seemed to be covered with gems.

With every swelling of the wave these flowers in-

creased in splendour, and at every subsidence grew dull again. So it is with the destiny of man; aspiration is life, expiration is death.

One of the greatest marvels of the cave was the rock itself. Forming here a wall, there an arch, and here again a pillar or pilaster, it was often rough and bare; while sometimes the rock close beside it was enriched with the most delicate natural carving. It was the wondrous art-work of the ocean. Here a sort of panel, cut square and covered with round embossments, simulated a bas-relief. Seeing this sculpture, with its shadowy designs, a man might have fancied that Prometheus had sketched it for Michael Angelo. It seemed as if that great genius with a few blows of his mallet could have finished the labours of the giant. In other places the rock was damasked like a Saracen buckler, or engraved like a Florentine vase. There were portions which looked like Corinthian brass, others like arabesques, as on the door of a mosque; others like Runic stones with indistinct and mystical designs. Plants with twisted creepers and tendrils, crossing and re-crossing upon the groundwork of lichens, covered it with filigree. The grotto reminded one not a little of the Alhambra. It was a strange compound of barbarism and the goldsmith's art, with the imposing and rugged architecture of ocean.

The magnificent sea-mosses covered the angles of granite as with velvet. The escarpments were festooned with flowering bindweed, sustaining itself with graceful ease, and ornamenting the walls with a tasteful design. Wall-pellitories showed their strange clusters here and there. All the beauty possible to a cavern was there. The wondrous light of Eden which came from beneath the water, at once a submarine twilight and a heavenly radiance, softened down and blended all harsh lineaments. Every wave was a prism. The outlines of things under these

rainbow-tinted undulations produced the chromatic effect of a too convex glass. Solar spectra shot through the waters. Fragments of rainbows seemed floating in that auroral diaphany. In more secluded corners, there was a sort of moonlight effect discernible on the water. Every kind of splendour seemed to unite there, forming a strange twilight. Nothing could be more perplexing or enigmatical than the weird beauties of this cavern. It seemed to be an enchanted region. The fantastic vegetation and the rude masonry of the place seemed to harmonize.

The effect of all these strange contrasts was marvellously lovely. The branches seemed to droop under their weight of bloom. The savage rock and the delicate flower closely embraced each other. Massive pillars had for capitals and bands frail quivering garlands; it was like the fingers of fairies tickling the feet of Behemoth, and the rock sustained the plant, and the plant enfolded the rock with wondrous grace.

The result of these mysteriously harmonized deformities was one of sovereign beauty. The works of Nature, no less supreme than those of genius, contain something of the Absolute, and have an imposing air. Their very unexpectedness makes a profound impression on the mind, and are never more ravishing than when they suddenly cause the Exquisite to spring forth from the Terrible.

This unknown grotto was, so to speak, siderealized. One felt overwhelmed with amazement there. This crypt was filled with an Apocalyptic light. You were not sure what this or that thing was. There was reality stamped with impossibility before one's eyes. It could be seen, it could be touched, it was there, but it was difficult to believe it.

Was it really daylight that entered through this sub-

marine casement? Was it really water that trembled in this dusky pool? Were not these arched roofs and porches fashioned out of sunset clouds? What stone was that beneath one's feet? Was not this solid shaft about to melt away and vanish in thin air? What was this cunning jewelry of glittering shells, half-seen beneath the wave? How very remote life, and the green earth, and human faces were! What strange enchantment haunted this mystic twilight!

At the extremity of the cave, which was oblong in form, rose a Cyclopean archivolt, singularly perfect in form. It was a sort of cave within a cave, a tabernacle within a sanctuary. Here, behind a sheet of brilliant verdure, interposed like the veil of a temple, a square rock bearing some resemblance to an altar rose out of the water. The water surrounded it on all sides. It seemed as if a goddess had just descended from it. One might have fancied that some celestial creature dwelt there in pensive beauty, but became invisible on the approach of mortals. It was hard to conceive of that superb chamber without a majestic vision within it. The imagination of the intruder might evoke again the marvellous apparition. A flood of chaste light falling upon white shoulders; a forehead bathed in the light of dawn; an oval-shaped Olympian visage; a bust of marvellous beauty; arms modestly drooping; floating tresses forming a sort of aureole; a delicately modelled body of snowy whiteness, half-enveloped in a sacred cloud, the form of a nymph with the glance of a virgin; a Venus rising from the sea, or an Eve emerging from Chaos, — this was the vision that filled the mind.

There could be no doubt that a supernatural form inhabited this sanctuary. Some woman in celestial nudity, with the soul of a star, had probably been there just now. On that pedestal, whence an ineffable ecstasy emanated,

imagination beheld a gleaming whiteness, living and erect. The mind pictured for itself, in the midst of the silent wonders of this cave, an Amphitrite, a Tethys, a Diana with the power to love. It was she, who, departing, had left in the cave this wonderful effulgence, this sort of perfumed light. The dazzling glory of the vision was no longer there; this female, created to be seen only by the unseen, was not visible, but was felt. The goddess was absent; but the divine influence was present.

The beauty of the recess seemed specially adapted for this celestial presence. It was for the sake of this deity, this fairy of the pearl caverns, this queen of the Zephyrs, this goddess born of the waves, it was for her — or so, at least, the mind imagined — that this subterranean dwelling had been thus religiously walled in, so that nothing might ever trouble the majestic silence in which she dwelt.

Gilliatt, who was a kind of seer amid the secrets of Nature, stood there musing, — a prey to varied and bewildering emotions.

Suddenly he became aware of a strange object rapidly approaching through the wonderfully transparent water, a few feet from him. A sort of long ragged band was moving amidst the oscillation of the waves. It did not float, but swam. It seemed to have an object in view; it was advancing somewhere rapidly. The object resembled a jester's bawble, in shape, with points that hung flabby and undulating, and seemed to be covered with a thick slime. It was worse than horrible; it was foul. The beholder felt that it was something monstrous. It was a living thing, unless, indeed, it were only an illusion. It seemed to be seeking the darker portions of the cave, where it finally vanished. The deep waters grew darker as its sinister form glided into them and disappeared.

BOOK II.

THE TASK.

CHAPTER I.

THE RESOURCES OF ONE WHO HAS NOTHING.

THE cavern seemed loath to part with its visitor. The entrance had been difficult; the return proved more difficult still. Gilliatt finally succeeded in extricating himself, however; but he did not return to the spot. He had found nothing that he was in quest of, and he had no time to indulge his curiosity.

He put the forge in operation at once. Tools were wanting; he set to work and made them.

For fuel he had the wreck; for motive power, the water; for his bellows, the wind; for his anvil, a stone; for skill, his instinct.

He entered upon his herculean task with ardour.

The weather seemed to smile upon his work. It continued to be as dry and serene. The month of March had come, but it was tranquil. The days grew longer. The blue sky, the gentleness of the breeze, the serenity of the noontide,— all seemed to preclude any idea of mischief. The waves danced merrily in the sunlight. A kiss is the first step in treachery; the ocean is prodigal of such caresses. Her smile, like that of woman's sometimes, cannot be trusted.

There was very little wind, and the hydraulic bellows worked all the better on that account. Much wind would have hindered rather than aided it.

Gilliatt had a saw; he manufactured for himself a file. With the saw he attacked the wood; with the file, the metal. Then he availed himself of the two iron hands of the smith, the pincers and the pliers. The pincers gripe, the pliers handle; one is like the closed hand, the other like the fingers. Tools are organs. By degrees he made for himself a number of auxiliaries, and constructed his armour. He made a screen for his forge-fire with a piece of barrel hoop.

One of his principal labours was the sorting and repairing of pulleys. He mended both the blocks and the sheaves of tackle. He cut down the irregularities of all broken joists, and re-shaped the extremities. He had, as we have said, a great many pieces of wood, stored away and arranged according to their shape and dimensions, as well as the nature of their grain; the oak on one side, the pine on the other; the short pieces like riders, separated from the straight pieces like binding strakes. This formed his reserve of supports and levers, which he might need at any moment.

A person who intends to construct hoisting tackle ought, of course, to provide himself with beams and blocks; but these are not sufficient. He must have cordage as well. Gilliatt restored the cables, large and small. He frayed out the tattered sails, and succeeded in converting them into an excellent yarn, of which he made twine. With this he joined the ropes. The joins, however, were liable to rot. It was necessary, therefore, to make use of these cables as soon as possible. He had only been able to make white tow, for he was without tar.

The ropes mended, he proceeded to repair the chains.

Thanks to the lateral point of the stone anvil, which served the part of the conoid horn, he was able to forge rings, rude in shape, it is true, but strong. With these he fastened together the severed lengths of chains, and made long pieces.

To work at a forge without assistance is a difficult matter; nevertheless, he succeeded. It is true that he had only to forge and shape comparatively small articles, which he was able to hold by his pliers with one hand, while he hammered with the other.

He cut into small pieces the iron bars of the captain's bridge, by which Clubin used to pass to and fro from paddle-box to paddle-box giving his orders; fashioned one end of each piece into a point, and affixed a flat head to the other. In this way he manufactured huge nails nearly a foot in length. These nails, much used in pontoon making, are useful in fixing anything in rocks.

What was his object in all these labours? We shall see.

He was several times compelled to renew the blade of his hatchet and the teeth of his saw. For renotching the saw he had manufactured a three-sided file.

Occasionally he made use of the capstan of the Durande. The hook of the chain broke: he made another.

By the aid of his pliers and pincers, and by using his chisel as a screwdriver, he set to work to remove the two paddle-wheels of the vessel, — a task which he finally accomplished. This was rendered practicable by reason of a peculiarity in their construction. The paddle-boxes which covered them were of great service to him in stowing them away. With the planks from these paddle-boxes he made two cases, in which he deposited the two paddles, piece by piece, each part being carefully numbered.

His lump of chalk became precious for this purpose.

He kept the two cases on the strongest part of the wreck.

When these preliminaries were completed, he found himself face to face with the great difficulty. The problem of the engine of the Durande was now clearly before him.

Taking the paddle-wheels to pieces had proved practicable. It was very different with the machinery.

In the first place, he was almost entirely ignorant of the details of the mechanism. Working thus blindly he might do some irreparable damage. If he ventured to dismember it, very different tools would be required than those he could fabricate with a cavern for a forge, a draught of wind for a bellows, and a stone for an anvil. In attempting, therefore, to take the machinery to pieces, there was great danger of destroying it.

The attempt seemed, at first, wholly impracticable.

The apparent impossibility of the project rose up before him like a stone wall, blocking further progress.

What was to be done?

CHAPTER II.

HOW SHAKSPEARE MAY MEET ÆSCHYLUS.

A PLAN at last occurred to Gilliatt.

Since the time of the carpenter-mason of Salbris, who, in the sixteenth century, in the dark ages of science, — long before Amontons had discovered the first law of friction, or Lahire the second, or Coulomb the third, — without any other helper than a child, his son, with ill-fashioned tools, in the chamber of the great clock of La Charité-sur-Loire, solved at one stroke five or six problems in statics and dynamics inextricably intervolved like the wheels in a block of carts and wagons, — since the time of that grand and marvellous achievement of the poor workman, who found means, without breaking a single piece of wire, without throwing one of the teeth of the wheels out of gear, to lower in one piece, by a marvellous simplification, from the second story of the clock-tower to the first, that massive monitor of the hours, made all of iron and brass, "large as the room in which the man watches at night from the tower," with its movements, its cylinders, its barrels, its drums, its hooks, and its weights, the barrel of its spring steelyard, its horizontal pendulum, the holdfasts of its escapement, its reels of large and small chains, its stone weights, one of which weighed five hundred pounds, its bells, its peals, its jacks that strike the hours, — since the time, I say, of the man who accomplished this miracle, and of whom posterity knows not even the name, nothing that could be compared with the

project which Gilliatt was meditating had ever been attempted. What Gilliatt dreamed of doing was still harder, that is, still grander.

The ponderousness, the delicacy, the manifold difficulties, were no less in the machinery of the Durande than in the clock of La Charité-sur-Loire.

The untaught mechanic had his helpmate, his son; Gilliatt was alone.

A crowd gathered from Meung-sur-Loire, from Nevers, and even from Orleans, able in time of need to assist the mason of Salbris, and to encourage him with their friendly voices. Gilliatt had no voices but those of the wind around him; no crowd but the assemblage of waves.

There is nothing more remarkable than the timidity of ignorance, unless it be its temerity. When ignorance becomes daring, she has sometimes a sort of compass within herself, — the intuition of the truth, clearer oftentimes in a simple mind than in a learned brain.

Ignorance impels to an attempt. It is a state of wonderment, which, with its concomitant curiosity, forms a power. Knowledge often disconcerts one and makes one over-cautious. Gama, had he known what lay before him, would have recoiled before the Cape of Storms. If Columbus had been a great geographer, he might have failed to discover America.

The second successful climber of Mont Blanc was the savant, Saussure; the first, the goatherd, Balmat.

These instances, I admit, are exceptions, which detract nothing from science, which remains the rule. The ignorant man may discover; it is the learned who invent.

The sloop was still at anchor in the creek of "The Man" rock, where the sea left it in peace. Gilliatt, it will be remembered, had arranged everything for maintaining constant communication with it. He visited the sloop and measured her beam carefully in several parts,

but particularly her midship frame. Then he returned to the Durande and measured the diameter of the floor of the engine-room. This diameter, of course, without the paddles, was two feet less than the broadest part of the deck of his bark. The machinery, therefore, might be put aboard the sloop.

But how could it be got there ?

CHAPTER III.

GILLIATT'S MASTERPIECE COMES TO THE RESCUE OF LETHIERRY'S MASTERPIECE.

ANY fisherman, who was insane enough to loiter at that season in the neighbourhood of Gilliatt's labours, would have been repaid for his hardihood by a singular sight between the two Douvres.

Before his eyes would have appeared four stout beams, at equal distances, stretching from one Douvre to the other, and apparently forced into the rock, which is the firmest of all holds. On the Little Douvre, their extremities were laid and buttressed upon the projections of rock. On the Great Douvre, they had been driven in by blows of a hammer, by the powerful hand of a workman standing upright upon the beam itself. These supports were a little longer than the distance between the rocks. Hence the firmness of their hold; and hence, also, their slanting position. They touched the Great Douvre at an acute, and the Little Douvre at an obtuse, angle. Their inclination was slight; but it was unequal, which was a defect. But for this defect, they might have been supposed to be prepared to receive the planking of a deck. To these four beams were attached four sets of hoisting apparatus, each having its pendent and its tackle-fall, with the bold peculiarity of having the tackle-blocks with two sheaves at one extremity of the beam, and the simple pulleys at the opposite end. This distance, which was too great not to be perilous, was necessitated by the operation

to be effected. The blocks were firm, and the pulleys strong. To this tackle-gear cables were attached, which looked like threads from a distance; while beneath this apparatus of pulleys and spars, the massive hull of the Durande seemed to be suspended in the air by threads.

It was not yet suspended, however. Under the cross beams, eight perpendicular holes had been made in the deck, four on the port, and four on the starboard, side of the engine; eight other holes had been made beneath them through the hull. The cables, descending vertically from the four tackle-blocks, through the deck, passed out at the starboard side under the keel and the machinery, re-entered the ship by the holes on the port side, and passing upward again through the deck, returned, and were wound around the beams. Here a sort of jigger-tackle held them in a bunch bound fast to a single cable, capable of being directed by one arm. The single cable passed over a hook, and through a deadeye, which completed the apparatus and kept it in check. This combination compelled the four tacklings to work together, and, acting as a complete restraint upon the suspending powers, became a sort of dynamical rudder in the hand of the pilot of the operation, maintaining the movements in equilibrium.

The ingenious adjustment of this system of tackling had some of the simplifying qualities of the Weston pulley of these days, with a mixture of the antique polyspaston of Vitruvius. Gilliatt had invented the arrangement, although he knew nothing of the dead Vitruvius or of the still unborn Weston. The length of the cables varied, according to the unequal inclination of the cross-beams. The ropes were dangerous, for the untarred hemp was liable to give way. Chains would have been better in this respect, but chains would not have passed through the tackle-blocks easily.

The apparatus was full of defects; but as the work of one man, it was surprising.

For the rest, it will be understood that many details are omitted which would render the construction perhaps intelligible to practical mechanics, but obscure to others.

The top of the funnel passed between the two beams in the middle.

Gilliatt, unconscious plagiarist, without suspecting it, had reconstructed, three centuries later, the mechanism of the Salbris carpenter, — a mechanism rude and incorrect, and fraught with no little danger to him who might venture to use it.

Here let us remark that defects do not prevent a piece of machinery from working after a fashion. It may limp, but it moves.

The obelisk in the square of St. Peter's at Rome is erected in a way which offends against all the principles of statics. The carriage of the Czar Peter was so constructed that it looked ready to overturn at every step; but it travelled onward for all that. What blunders characterize the machinery at Marly! Everything that is heterodox in hydraulics! Yet did it not supply Louis XIV. with water all the same?

Come what might, Gilliatt had faith. He even anticipated success so confidently as to fix in the bulwarks of the sloop, on the very day when he measured its proportions, two pair of corresponding iron rings on each side, exactly at the same distances as the four rings on board the Durande, to which the four chains of the funnel were attached.

He had a very complete and settled plan in his mind. All the chances being against him, he had evidently determined that all the precautions at least should be on his side.

He did some things which seemed useless; a sign of careful premeditation.

His manner of proceeding would, as we have said, have puzzled an observer, even though he was familiar with mechanical operations.

A witness of his labour who had seen him, for example, with enormous efforts and at the risk of breaking his neck, driving eight or ten huge nails which he had forged into the base of the two Douvres at the entrance to the passage between them, would have had some difficulty in understanding the object of these nails, and would probably have wondered what could be the use of all that trouble.

If he had then seen him measuring the portion of the fore bulwark which had remained hanging to the wreck, then attaching a strong cable to the upper edge of that portion, cutting away with strokes of his hatchet the fastenings which held it, then dragging it out of the defile with the aid of the receding tide, pushing the lower part while he dragged the upper part, and, finally, with great labour, fastening with the cable this heavy mass of planks and piles wider than the entrance of the defile itself, with the nails driven into the base of the Little Douvre, the observer would perhaps have found the operation still more difficult to comprehend, and might have wondered why Gilliatt, if he wanted, for the purpose of his operations, to disencumber the space between the two rocks of this mass, had not allowed it to fall into the sea, where the tide would have carried it away.

Gilliatt had his reasons, however.

In fixing the nails in the base of the rocks, he had taken advantage of all the cracks in the granite, enlarging them when needful, and inserting, first of all, wooden wedges in which he drove the nails. He made a rough beginning of similar preparations in the two rocks which stood at the other end of the narrow passage on the eastern side. He placed plugs of wood in all the crevices, as if he desired to have them, too, in readiness; but

this appeared to be a mere precaution, for he made no use of them. He was compelled to economize, and to use his materials only when he had need of them. This was another great drawback.

As fast as one task was accomplished, another became necessary. Gilliatt passed unhesitatingly from one to another, making gigantic strides all the while.

CHAPTER IV.

SUB RE.

THE aspect of the man who accomplished all these labours became terrible.

Gilliatt expended all his strength at once in his multifarious tasks, and regained it with difficulty.

Privations on the one hand, and fatigue on the other, had greatly reduced him in flesh. His hair and beard had grown long. He had only one shirt that was not in rags. He went about barefooted, the wind having carried away one of his shoes, and the sea the other. Flying fragments of the rude and dangerous stone anvil which he used had left small wounds upon his hands and arms. These wounds, or rather scratches, were not deep; but the keen air and the salt water irritated them continually.

He was hungry, thirsty, and cold.

His store of fresh water was gone; his rye-meal was used up. He had nothing left but a little hard tack.

This he gnawed with his teeth, having no water in which to steep it.

Little by little, and day by day, his strength decreased.

These terrible rocks were consuming his life.

How to obtain food was a problem; how to get drink was a problem; how to find rest was a problem.

He ate when he was fortunate enough to find a crayfish or a crab; he drank when he chanced to see a sea-bird descend upon a point of rock; for on climbing up to the spot he generally found a hollow there, with a little fresh water. He drank from it after the bird, sometimes with

the bird; for the gulls and sea-mews had become accustomed to him, and no longer flew away on his approach. Even in his greatest need of food he did not attempt to molest them. He had, as will be remembered, a superstition about birds. The birds on their part, now that his hair was rough and wild, and his beard long, had no fear of him. The change in his face gave them confidence; he had lost all resemblance to man and taken the form of the wild beast.

In fact, the birds and Gilliatt had become good friends. Companions in poverty, they helped each other. So long as he had had any meal, he had crumbled for them some bits of the cakes he made. In his deeper distress they showed him, in their turn, the places where he could find tiny pools of water.

He ate the shell-fish raw. Shell-fish help in a certain degree to quench thirst. The crabs he cooked. Having no kettle, he roasted them between two stones heated red-hot in his fire, after the manner of the Färöe island savages.

Meanwhile, signs of the equinoctial season had begun to appear. Then came rain, — an angry rain. No showers or steady torrents, but fine, sharp, icy points which penetrated to his skin through his clothing, and to his bones through his skin. It was a rain which yielded very little drinking water, but which drenched him none the less.

Chary of assistance, prodigal of misery, such was the character of these rains. For one entire week Gilliatt suffered from them day and night.

At night, in his rocky recess, nothing but the overpowering fatigue occasioned by his daily toil enabled him to sleep. The big sea-gnats stung him, and he generally awoke covered with blisters.

He had a kind of slow fever, which sustained him; but

this fever is a succour which destroys. By instinct he chewed the mosses, or sucked the leaves of wild cochlearia, scanty tufts of which grew in the dry crevices of the rocks. Of his suffering, however, he took little heed. He had no time to devote to the consideration of his own privations. The rescue of the machinery of the Durande was progressing well. That sufficed for him.

Every now and then, as the necessities of his work demanded, he jumped into the water, swam to some point, and gained a footing there. He plunged into the sea and left it, as a man passes from one room to another in his dwelling.

His clothing was never dry. It was saturated with rain water, which had no time to evaporate, and with sea water, which never dries.

Living in wet clothing is a habit which may be acquired. The poor groups of Irish people, — old men, mothers, half naked girls and infants, — who spend the winter in the open air, in the snow and rain, huddled together at the corners of the London streets, live and die in this condition.

To be soaked through, and yet be thirsty: Gilliatt became accustomed to this strange torture. There were times when he was glad to suck the sleeve of his big coat.

The fire that he made scarcely warmed him. A fire in the open air yields very little comfort. It burns a person on one side, while he freezes on the other.

Gilliatt often shivered while sweating over his forge.

Everywhere about him resistance loomed amid a terrible silence. He felt himself to be the enemy of an unseen combination.

There is a dismal *non possumus* in Nature.

The inertia of matter is like a grim threat.

A mysterious persecution environed him. He suffered

equally from sudden flushes and sudden chills. The fire ate into his flesh; the water froze him; feverish thirst tormented him; the wind tore his clothing; hunger undermined the organs of the body. The mental depression all this caused was terribly exhausting. Obstacles silent, immense, seemed to converge from all points towards him with the blind irresponsibility of fate, yet full of a savage unanimity. He felt them pressing inexorably upon him. There was no way of escaping them. His sufferings produced the impression of some living persecutor. He had a constant sense of something working against him, of a hostile form ever present, ever labouring to circumvent and to subdue him.

He could flee from the struggle; but so long as he remained, he had no choice but to war against this secret hostility. He asked himself what it was. It took hold of him, grasped him tightly, overpowered him, deprived him of breath. The invisible persecutor was destroying him by slow degrees. Every day the feeling of oppression became greater, as if the mysterious screw had received another turn.

His situation in this dreary spot resembled a duel, in which a suspicion of treachery haunts the mind of one of the combatants.

It seemed to be a coalition of obscure forces which surrounded him. He felt that there was an invincible determination to be rid of his presence. It is thus that the glacier drives away the loitering ice-block.

Almost without seeming to touch him, this latent coalition had reduced him to rags; had left him bleeding, distressed, and, as it were, *hors de combat*, even before the real battle began. He toiled no less assiduously and unremittingly; but as the work progressed the workman himself seemed to lose ground. One might have fancied that Nature — that wild beast in dread of the soul —

had resolved to undermine the man. Gilliatt toiled on and left the rest to the future. The sea had begun by consuming him; what would come next?

The double Douvres, — that granite dragon lying in ambush in mid-ocean, — had sheltered him. It had allowed him to enter, and to do his will; but its hospitality resembled the welcome of devouring jaws.

The unfathomable space around and above him, so full of opposition to man's will; the mute, inexorable determination of phenomena, following their appointed course; the great general law of things, implacable and passive; the ebbs and flows; the rock itself, a dark Pleiad, whose points were each a star amid vortices, the centre of radiating currents; the strange, indefinable conspiracy to crush with indifference the temerity of a living being; the wintry winds, the clouds, and the beleaguering waves which enveloped him, — closed in around him slowly, and shut him out from all companionship, like a dungeon built up stone by stone around a living man. Everything against him; nothing for him; he felt himself isolated, abandoned, enfeebled, sapped, forgotten. His storehouse empty, his tools broken or defective, he was tormented with hunger and thirst by day, with cold by night, with wounds and tatters, rags covering sores, torn hands, bleeding feet, wasted limbs, pallid cheeks. But there was unquenchable fire in his eye.

Superb fire, will-power made visible! Such is the eye of man. The eyeball tells how much of the man there is in us. We reveal ourselves by the light under our eyebrows. Petty consciences wink; grand consciences flash. If there is no spark in the eyeball, there is no thought in the brain, no love in the heart. He who loves, wills, and he who wills, lightens and flashes. Resolution gives fire to the look, — a fire composed of the combustion of timid thoughts.

The headstrong are really the sublime. The man who is only brave owes it to impulse; the man who is only valiant merely possesses that temperament; the man who is courageous has only one virtue; the man who is headstrong in the truth is sublime. All the secrets of great souls lie in the one word, *Perseverando.* Perseverance is to courage what the winch is to the lever, a perpetual renewal of the point of support. Let the goal be on earth or in heaven, to reach the goal is everything; in the first case one is Columbus, in the second case, Jesus. Never to disobey the dictates of your conscience, never to allow your will to be disarmed, results in suffering, but in triumph as well. The propensity of morals to fall does not preclude the possibility of soaring. From the fall comes the ascension. Weak souls are disconcerted by specious obstacles; strong souls, never. Perish, they possibly may; conquer, they certainly will. You might give Stephen all sorts of good reasons why he should not let himself be stoned. This contempt for sensible objections gives birth to that sublime victory which is called martyrdom.

All his efforts seemed to tend to the impossible. His success was meagre and slow. He was compelled to expend much labour to accomplish very trivial results. It was this that gave to his struggle such a noble and pathetic character.

That it should have required so many preparations, so much toil, so many cautious experiments, such nights of hardship, and such days of danger merely to set up four beams over a shipwrecked vessel, to divide and isolate the portion that could be saved, and to adjust to that wreck within a wreck four tackle-blocks with their cables was merely due to his solitary position.

But Gilliatt had merely accepted this solitary position. He had deliberately chosen it. Dreading a competitor

because a competitor might have proved a rival, he had asked no assistance. The gigantic undertaking, the risk, the danger, the arduous toil, the possible destruction of the salvor in his work, famine, fever, nakedness, distress, — he had chosen all these for himself! Such was his selfishness.

He was like a man placed in the bell of an air-pump, which is being slowly exhausted of air. His vitality was failing him little by little. He scarcely perceived the fact.

The decline of physical strength does not necessarily impair the will. Faith is only a secondary power; the will is the first. The mountains, which faith is proverbially said to move, are nothing in comparison with what the will can accomplish. All that Gilliatt lost in vigour, he gained in tenacity. The deterioration of the physical man under the depressing influence of the surrounding sea and rock and sky only seemed to reinvigorate his moral nature.

Gilliatt felt no fatigue, or, rather, he would not yield to any. The refusal of the mind to recognize the failings of the body is in itself an immense power.

He saw nothing, except the steps attending the progress of his labours. His object — now seeming so near attainment — wrapped him in perpetual illusions. He endured all this suffering without any other thought than that contained in the word "Forward." His work flew to his head; the strength of the will is intoxicating. This intoxication is called heroism.

He had become a kind of Job, with the ocean as the scene of his sufferings.

But he was a Job wrestling with difficulties, a Job combating and making way against afflictions; a conquering Job; and if such names are not too great to be applied to a poor sailor and fisher of crabs and crayfish, a combination of Job and Prometheus.

CHAPTER V.

SUB UMBRA.

SOMETIMES in the night Gilliatt woke and peered into the darkness.

He felt a strange emotion.

As his eyes opened upon the blackness of the night, the situation seemed unspeakably dismal and full of disquietude.

There is such a thing as the pressure of darkness.

A strange roof of shadow; a deep obscurity, which no diver can explore; a light of a strange, subdued, and sombre kind, mingled with that obscurity; floating atoms of rays, like the dust of seeds or of ashes; millions of lamps, but no illumination; a vast sprinkling of fire, of which no man knows the secret; a diffusion of shining points, like a drift of sparks arrested in their course; the disorder of the whirlwind, with the fixedness of death; a mysterious and abysmal depth; an enigma, at once showing and concealing its face; the Infinite in its mask of darkness, — these are the synonyms of night. Its weight lies heavily on the soul of man.

This combination of all mysteries, — the mystery of the Cosmos and the mystery of Fate, — overpowers the human brain.

The pressure of darkness acts in inverse proportion upon different natures. In the presence of night man feels his own incompleteness. He perceives the dark void, and realizes his frailty. The sky is black, the man

blind. Face to face with night, man bends, kneels, prostrates himself, crouches on the earth, crawls towards a cave, or seeks for wings. Almost always he shrinks from that vague presence of the Unknown. He asks himself what it is; he trembles and bows the head. Sometimes he desires to go to it.

To go whither?

He can only answer, "There!"

There! But what is it like? and what will be found there?

This curiosity is evidently forbidden to the spirit of man; for all around him the roads which bridge that gulf are demolished or gone. There is no arch to enable him to span the Infinite. But there is a fascination about forbidden knowledge, as in the edge of the abyss. Where the foot cannot tread, the eye may reach; where the eye can penetrate no further, the imagination may soar. There is no man, however feeble or insufficient his resources, who does not make the attempt. According to his nature he questions or recoils before this great mystery. With some it has the effect of repressing, with others it enlarges, the soul. The spectacle is sombre, indefinite.

Is the night calm and cloudless? It is then a mass of shadow. Is it stormy? It is then a sea of cloud. Its limitless depths reveal themselves to us, and yet baffle our gaze; close themselves against research, but remain open to conjecture. Its innumerable dots of light only make the obscurity beyond deeper. Jewels, scintillations, stars; proofs of the existence of unknown universes which bid defiance to man's approach; landmarks of the infinite creation; boundaries there, where there are no bounds; landmarks impossible, and yet real, revealing the immensity of those infinite deeps. One microscopic glittering point; then another; then another; imperceptible.

tible, yet enormous. Yonder light is a focus; that focus is a star; that star is a sun; that sun is a universe; that universe is nothing. For all numbers are as zero in the presence of the Infinite.

These worlds, which yet are nothing, exist. Through this fact we feel the difference which separates the *being nothing* from the *not to be*.

The inaccessible added to the inexplicable, such are the heavens.

A sublime phenomenon is evolved from this thought, — the development of the soul by awe.

Awe is peculiar to man; the beast knows it not. Intelligence finds in this sublime terror its eclipse and the proof of its existence.

Darkness is unity, hence horror; at the same time it is complex, hence terror. Its unity crushes the spirit, and destroys all inclination to resist. Its complexity makes us look anxiously around on all sides; it seems as if some accident were about to happen. We surrender, yet are on our guard. One is in the presence of Omnipotence, hence submission; and in the presence of the many, hence distrust. The unity of darkness contains a multiple, visible in matter and realizable in thought. Its very silence is only another reason for one to be on the watch.

Night — as the writer has said elsewhere — is the proper, normal state of the special creation to which we belong. Day, brief in duration as in space, is merely proximity to a star.

The wonderful mystery of night is not accomplished without friction, and the friction of such a machine is the contusions of life. This friction of the machine we call Evil. In the darkness we are conscious of this Evil, this covert lie against divine order, this open blasphemy of fact rebelling against the ideal. Evil disturbs the vast Whole of the Cosmos with a strange hundred-headed

teratology. Evil is always present to oppose. It is the hurricane that stops the ship; it is chaos and checks the budding of a world. Good is characterized by unity, Evil by ubiquity; Evil disarranges life; it makes the bird destroy the fly, and the comet destroy the planet. Evil is an erasion in the book of Nature.

The darkness of night makes the brain whirl. One who attempts to sound its depths is submerged, and struggles in vain. No task is so hard as an examination of the land of shadows. It is the study of an effacement.

There is no definite spot where the spirit can rest. There are points of departure, no points of arrival. The decussation of contradictory solutions; all the different diversities of doubt simultaneously presented; the ramifications of phenomena perpetually exfoliating under an indefinite power of growth; an inexplicable promiscuity which makes minerals vegetate, vegetation live, thought ponder, love radiate, and gravitation attract; a simultaneous attack upon all questions deploying in a limitless obscurity; the half-seen sketching the unknown; cosmic simultaneousness in full view, not to the eye but to the mind, in the vast indistinct of space; the invisible become a vision, — such are the night and the shades of darkness.

He knows no details; he bears, to an extent proportionate to his spirit, the monstrous load of the Whole. It was this that drove the Chaldean shepherds to astronomy. Involuntary revelations come from the pores of Nature; an exudation of science is in some way self-produced, and wins the ignorant. Every person who leads a lonely life under this mysterious impregnation, becomes, often unconsciously, a natural philosopher.

The Darkness is indivisible; it is inhabited, — sometimes inhabited without change of place by the Absolute, sometimes inhabited but subject to change of place. To

move therein is alarming. A holy creative power accomplishes its phases therein. Premeditations, powers, self-chosen destinies work out their measureless task there. A terrible and horrible life is in it. There are vast evolutions of stars, the stellar family, the planetary family, the zodiacal star-dust; the *quid divinum* of currents, of influences, of polarization and attraction. There are affinities and antagonisms in it; a stupendous ebb and flow of the universal antithesis; the imponderable at liberty in the midst of centres; the wandering atom, the scattered germ; circles of fecundation, osculations, and repugnancies, unheard-of profusion, distances like dreams; giddy revolutions; worlds plunging into the incalculable; prodigies pursuing each other in the gloom; the pantings of flying spheres and whirling wheels. The learned conjecture, the simple assent and tremble; it is, and it vanishes; it is impregnable, beyond reach, beyond approach. Conviction becomes oppression; some — we know not what — black evidence lies heavy on us; we can grasp nothing; we are crushed by the impalpable.

Everywhere around us we see the incomprehensible, nowhere the intelligible!

And then add the momentous question, Is this Immanence endowed with a soul?

We are in doubt. We look and listen.

Still the sad earth moves and rolls; the flowers are conscious of the mighty movement; the silenia opens at eleven o'clock in the evening, the hemerocallis at five in the morning. Striking regularity.

Each drop of water is a miniature world; the infusoria come to life. Think of the marvellous fecundity of an animalcule! The imperceptible displays its grandeur; the antistrophe of immensity is revealed; a diatome in a single hour produces thirteen hundred millions of diatomes.

Surely every enigma is summed up in this.

The irreducible equation is here. We are constrained to have faith. But to have faith does not suffice to give one tranquillity. Faith has a strange need of forms. Hence religions. Nothing is so unsatisfying as a belief without outlines.

Whatever we think, whatever we wish, whatever may be our repugnance, to look into the darkness is not to look, but to contemplate.

What can be done with these phenomena? How move in the spot where they converge? To dispel this pressure is impossible. Darkness is a silence, but an eloquent silence. One conclusion stands out majestically, — the existence of a God. This belief in God is inherent in man. Syllogisms, quarrels, negations, systems, religions, pass over it without diminishing it. This thought is confirmed by darkness. The marvellous harmony of forces of Nature is manifested by their power to maintain all this obscurity in equilibrium. The universe is suspended in mid-air, yet nothing falls. Incessant, immeasurable change takes place without accident or fracture. Man participates in this transition movement; and the wonderful oscillations to which he is subjected, he calls destiny. Where does destiny begin? Where does Nature end? What is the difference between an event and a season, between a sorrow and a rain-storm, between a virtue and a star? Is not an hour a wave? The machinery in motion continues its passionless revolutions, without any regard to man. The starry heaven is a system of wheels, beams, and counterweights. It is supreme contemplation coupled with supreme meditation, all reality *plus* all abstraction. Nothing beyond; here we are stopped. The darkness reveals not the secret. We are in the train of a complicated mechanism, an integral part of an unknown Whole, and feel the Un-

known within us fraternize mysteriously with an Unknown without us.

It is this which tells us that death is inevitable. What anguish, and at the same time what rapture! To be absorbed in the Infinite, and thereby brought to attribute to one's self a necessary immortality, or — who knows? — a possible eternity! to feel in the immense flood of the deluge of universal life the insubmersible will of the I! To look on the stars and say, "I am a soul like you;" to look into the darkness and say, "I am an abyss like you!"

Such are the thoughts and visions awakened by the night!

All these vague fancies, multiplied and intensified by solitude, weighed upon Gilliatt.

He comprehended them not, but he felt them. His was a powerful though uncultivated intellect, a noble though unsophisticated heart.

CHAPTER VI.

GILLIATT PLACES THE SLOOP IN READINESS.

THIS rescue of the machinery of the wreck as meditated by Gilliatt was, as we have already said, like the escape of a criminal from a prison and necessitated all the patience and industry recorded of such achievements, — industry carried to the point of a miracle, patience only to be compared with a long agony. A certain prisoner named Thomas, at the Mont St. Michel, found means of secreting the greater part of a wall in his paillasse. Another at Tulle, in 1820, cut away a quantity of lead from the terrace where the prisoners walked for exercise. With what kind of a knife? No one could guess. With what fire he melted this lead no one has ever discovered; but it is known that he cast it in a mould made of a bit of bread. With this lead and this mould he made a key, and with this key he succeeded in opening a lock of which he had never seen anything but the keyhole. Gilliatt possessed some of this marvellous ingenuity. He had once climbed and descended from the cliff at Boisrosé. He was the Baron Trenck of the wreck, and the Latude of her machinery.

The sea, like a jailer, kept watch over him.

For the rest, mischievous and inclement as the rain had been, he had contrived to derive some benefit from it. He had partially replenished his stock of fresh water; but his thirst was inextinguishable, and he emptied his can as fast as he filled it.

One day — it was on the last day of April or the first of May — everything was in readiness.

The engine-room was as it were enclosed between the eight cables hanging from the tackle-blocks, four on one side, four on the other. The sixteen holes on the deck and under the keel, through which the cables passed, had been hooped around. The planking had been sawed, the timber cut with the hatchet, the iron-work with a file, the sheathing with a chisel. The part of the keel immediately under the machinery was cut so as to descend with it while still supporting it. The whole ponderous mass was held by only a single chain, which was itself only kept in position by a filed notch. At this stage of proceedings, in such a task and so near its completion, haste is prudence.

The water was low, the moment favourable.

Gilliatt had succeeded in removing the axle of the paddle-wheels, the extremities of which might have proved an obstacle and checked the descent. He had contrived to make this heavy portion fast in a vertical position within the engine-room itself.

It was time to bring his work to an end. The workman, as we have said, was not worn out, for his will was strong; but his tools were. The forge was fast becoming useless. The blower had begun to work badly. The little hydraulic fall being of sea-water, saline deposits had incrusted the joints of the apparatus, and now prevented its free action.

Gilliatt visited the creek of "The Man" rock, examined the sloop, and assured himself that everything was in good condition, particularly the four iron rings fixed to starboard and to larboard; then he weighed anchor, and worked the heavy barge-shaped craft with the oars till he brought it alongside the two Douvres.

The defile between the two rocks was wide enough to admit it. There was also depth enough. On the day of his arrival he had satisfied himself that it was possible to push the sloop under the Durande.

The feat, however, was difficult; it required the minute precision of a watchmaker. The operation was all the more delicate from the fact that, in order to accomplish his object, he was compelled to force it in by the stern, rudder first. It was necessary that the mast and the rigging of the sloop should project beyond the wreck in the direction of the sea.

All this made Gilliatt's task very difficult. It was not like entering the creek of "The Man," where it was a mere affair of the tiller. It was necessary to push, drag, row, and take soundings all at once. Gilliatt spent but a quarter of an hour in these manœuvres; but he was successful.

In fifteen or twenty minutes the sloop was fastened under the wreck. It was almost wedged in there. By means of his two anchors he moored the boat at bow and stern. The stronger of the two was placed so as to hold against the strongest wind that blew, which was that from the south-west. Then by the aid of a lever and the capstan, he lowered into the sloop the two cases containing the pieces of the paddle-wheels. These two cases were to serve as ballast.

Relieved of these encumbrances, he fastened the gearing that was to regulate the action of the pulleys to the hook of the chain of the capstan.

In the work that now devolved upon her, the defects of the old sloop became useful qualities. It had no deck; so the cargo could go all the deeper down into the hold. Her mast was far forward, — too far forward indeed for general purposes, — but that only gave more room; and the mast standing thus beyond the bulk of

the wreck, there would be nothing to hinder its disembarkation.

While engaged in these operations, Gilliatt suddenly perceived that the sea was rising. He looked around to see from what quarter the wind was coming.

CHAPTER VII.

SUDDEN DANGER.

THE breeze was scarcely perceptible; but what there was came from the west,—a disagreeable habit of the winds during the equinoxes.

The effect of the sea upon the Douvres rocks depended greatly upon the quarter from which the wind came. The waves entered the rocky corridor either from the east or from the west, according to the gale which drove them along before it. Entering from the east, the sea was comparatively gentle; coming from the west, it was always violent. The reason for this was, that the wind from the east blowing from the land had not had time to gather much force; while the westerly winds, coming from the Atlantic, blew unchecked from a vast ocean. Even a very slight breeze, if it came from the west, was serious. It rolled up huge billows in the illimitable expanse and dashed the waves against the narrow defile in greater bulk than could find entrance there.

A sea which rolls into a gulf is always terrible. It is the same with a crowd of people. When the quantity that can enter is less than the quantity that is endeavouring to force its way in, there is a fatal crush in the crowd, a fierce convulsion on the water. As long as the west wind blows, however slight the breeze, the Douvres are subjected to that rude assault twice a day. The sea rises, the tide breasts up, the narrow gorge gives little entrance; the waves, driven violently against it, rebound and roar, and a tremendous surf beats upon both sides of

the passage. Thus the Douvres, during the slightest wind from the west, present the singular spectacle of a comparatively calm sea without, while a storm is raging within. This tumult of waters is much too circumscribed in character to be called a tempest. It is merely a local outbreak among the waves, but a terrible one. As regards the winds from the north and south, they strike the rocks crosswise, and create little surf in the passage. The entrance on the east, it must be remembered, was close to "The Man" rock. The dangerous opening on the west was at the opposite end of the passage, exactly between the two Douvres.

It was at this western entrance that Gilliatt found himself with the wrecked Durande, and the sloop made fast beneath it.

A catastrophe seemed inevitable. There was not much wind, but it was sufficient to make mischief.

Before many hours, the swell which was rising would be rushing with full force into the gorge between the Douvres. The first waves were already breaking. This swell, and eddy of the entire Atlantic, would have the boundless sea behind it. There would be no squall; no tempest, but a huge overwhelming wave, which beginning on the coast of America rolls towards the shores of Europe with an impetus gathered in a journey over two thousand leagues. This wave, a gigantic ocean barrier, meeting the gap of the rocks, must be caught between the two Douvres, standing like watch-towers at the entrance of the causeway. Thus swelled by the tide, augmented by resistance, and urged on by the wind, it would hurl itself against the cliffs and rush between the rocky walls, where it would reach the sloop and the Durande, and in all probability destroy them.

A protection against this danger was needed. Gilliatt had one.

The problem was to prevent the sea reaching it at one bound; to prevent it from striking, while allowing it to rise; to bar the passage without refusing it admission; to prevent the compression of the water in the gorge, which was the whole danger; to turn an eruption into a flood; to deprive the waves of their violence, and compel the furies to be gentle; it was, in fact, to substitute an obstacle which would appease for an obstacle which would irritate.

Gilliatt with that agility which is so much more potent than mere strength, sprang upon the rock like a chamois among the mountains, or a monkey in the forest; using the smallest projection for his tottering and dizzy strides, leaping into the water, and emerging from it again; swimming among the shoals and clambering upon the rocks, with a rope between his teeth and a mallet in his hand. He detached the cable which held the forward end of the Durande to the base of the Little Douvre; fashioned out of some ends of hawsers some rough hinges, with which he affixed this bulwark to the huge nails fixed in the granite like the gates of a dock, turning their sides, as he would turn a rudder, outward to the waves, which pushed one end towards the Great Douvre, while the rope hinges held the other end to the Little Douvre; next, he contrived, by means of the huge nails placed beforehand for the purpose, to fix the same kind of fastenings on the Great Douvre as on the little one, made the huge mass of wood-work fast to the two pillars of the gorge, slung a chain across this barrier like a baldric upon a cuirass, and in less than an hour this barricade against the sea was complete, and the gorge was closed as by a folding-door.

This powerful apparatus, a heavy mass of beams and planks, had with the aid of the water been handled by Gilliatt with all the adroitness of a juggler. It might

almost have been said that the obstruction was completed before the rising sea had time to discover it.

It was one of those occasions on which Jean Bart would have used the famous expression which he applied to the sea every time he narrowly escaped shipwreck. "We have cheated the Englishman;" for it is well known that when that famous admiral meant to speak contemptuously of the ocean he called it "the Englishman."

The entrance to the defile being thus protected, Gilliatt thought of the sloop. He loosened sufficient cable for the two anchors to allow her to rise with the tide, — an operation similar to what the mariners of old called "mouiller avec des embossures." In all this, Gilliatt was not taken the least by surprise; this possibility had been foreseen. A seaman would have perceived it by the two pulleys of the top ropes cut in the form of snatch-blocks, and fixed behind the sloop, through which passed two ropes, the ends of which were slung through the rings of the anchors.

Meanwhile the tide was rising fast; the half flood had arrived, — a moment when the shock of the waves, even in comparatively moderate weather, may become considerable. Exactly what Gilliatt expected came to pass. The waves rolled violently against the barrier, struck it, broke heavily, and passed beneath it. Outside there was a heavy swell; within, the waters were quiet. He had invented a sort of marine Caudine Fork. The sea was conquered.

CHAPTER VIII.

MOVEMENT RATHER THAN PROGRESS.

THE long dreaded moment had come.

The problem now was to get the machinery into the sloop.

Gilliatt remained thoughtful for some moments, supporting the elbow of his left arm in his right hand, and pressing his left hand to his forehead.

Then he climbed upon the wreck. The part of it which contained the engine was to be separated from it, and the other part left.

He severed the four straps which held the four chains that extended from the funnel to the larboard and the starboard sides. The straps being only of rope, his knife served him well enough for this purpose.

The four chains, set free, hung down the sides of the funnel.

From the wreck he climbed up to the apparatus which he had constructed, stamped upon the beams, inspected the tackle-blocks, looked to the pulleys, handled the cables, examined the eking-pieces, assured himself that the untarred hemp was not saturated, found that nothing was wanting and that nothing had given way; then springing from the height of the suspending props on to the deck, he took up his position near the capstan, in that portion of the Durande which he intended to leave wedged between the two Douvres. This was to be his post during his labours.

Gravely, but calmly, he gave a final glance at the hoisting-tackle, then seized a file and began to sever the chain which held the whole suspended. The rasping of the file was audible amid the roaring of the sea. The chain from the capstan, attached to the regulating gear, was within Gilliatt's reach, quite near his hand.

Suddenly there was a crash. The link which he was filing snapped when only half cut through; the whole apparatus lunged violently. He had barely time to seize the regulating gear.

The severed chain struck against the rock; the eight cables creaked; the huge mass, sawed and cut through, detached itself from the wreck; the bottom of the hull opened, and the iron flooring of the engine-room became visible below the keel.

If he had not seized the regulating-tackle at that instant, it would have fallen. But his powerful hand was there, and the mass descended steadily.

When the brother of Jean Bart, Peter Bart, that powerful and sagacious toper, that poor Dunkirk fisherman, who thee'd and thou'd the Grand Admiral of France, went to the rescue of the galley "Langeron," in distress in the Bay of Ambleteuse, in the hope of saving the heavy floating mass in the breakers of that dangerous bay, he rolled up the mainsail, tied it with sea-reeds, and trusted to the ties to break away of themselves, and give the sail to the wind at the right moment. In like manner Gilliatt had trusted to the breaking of the chain; and the same eccentric feat of daring was crowned with the same success.

The tackle, taken in hand by Gilliatt, held out and worked well. Its function, it will be remembered, was to regulate the powers of the apparatus, thus reduced from many to one, by bringing them into united action. This gearing somewhat resembled the bridle of a bow-

line, except that instead of trimming a sail it served to balance a complicated mechanism.

Erect, and with his hand upon the capstan, Gilliatt was able to feel the pulse of the apparatus, so to speak.

It was here that his inventive genius manifested itself.

A remarkable coincidence of forces was the result.

While the machinery of the Durande, detached in a mass, was being lowered into the sloop, the sloop slowly rose to receive it. The wreck and the salvage vessel thus assisting each other as it were, saved half the labour of the operation.

The tide swelling between the two Douvres raised the sloop and brought it nearer to the Durande. The sea was more than conquered, — it was tamed and broken in. It became, in fact, part and parcel of the mechanism.

The rising waters lifted the vessel without any shock, but as gently, and almost as cautiously, as one would handle porcelain.

Gilliatt combined and proportioned the two labours, that of the water and that of the apparatus; and standing steadfast at the capstan, like some grim statue, watched every movement that went on around him, and regulated the slowness of the descent by the slow rise of the sea.

There was no jerk given by the waters, no slip among the tackle. It was a strange combination of all the natural forces. On one side, gravitation lowering the huge bulk, on the other the sea raising the bark. The attraction of heavenly bodies which causes the tide, and the attractive force of the earth, which men call weight, seemed to conspire together to aid Gilliatt in his plans. There was no hesitation, no stoppage in their service; under the dominion of intellect these passive forces became active auxiliaries. From minute to

minute the work advanced; and the distance between the wreck and the sloop slowly diminished. The approach continued in silence, and as if in a sort of terror of the man who stood there. The elements received his orders and obeyed them.

Almost at the precise moment when the tide ceased to rise, the cable ceased to slide. Suddenly, but without any commotion, the pulleys stopped. The huge machine had taken its place in the sloop, as if placed there by a powerful hand. It stood straight, upright, motionless, firm. The iron floor of the engine-room rested its four corners evenly upon the hold.

The work was accomplished.

Gilliatt contemplated it, lost in thought.

He was not the spoiled child of success. He staggered under the weight of his great joy. He felt his limbs give way under him; and as he contemplated his triumph, this man, who had never been dismayed by danger, began to tremble.

He gazed upon the sloop under the wreck, and at the machinery in the sloop. He could hardly believe his own eyes. It might have been supposed that he had never looked forward to that which he had accomplished. A miracle had been wrought by his hands, and he contemplated it in bewilderment.

His reverie lasted but a short time.

Starting like one suddenly awakened from a deep sleep, he seized his saw, cut the eight cables now separated from the sloop, thanks to the rising of the tide, by only about ten feet; sprang aboard, took a coil of rope, made four slings, passed them through the rings prepared beforehand and fastened to both sides of the sloop the four funnel chains which had been still fastened to their places aboard the Durande only an hour before.

The funnel being secured, he disengaged the upper

part of the machinery. A portion of the planking of the Durande was adhering to it; he struck off the nails and relieved the sloop of this encumbrance of planks and beams, which fell over on to the rocks, — a great assistance in lightening it.

The sloop, however, as has been foreseen, behaved well under the burden of the machinery. It had sunk in the water, but only to a good water-line. Although massive, the engine of the Durande was less heavy than the pile of stones and the cannon which he had once brought back from Herm in the sloop.

His task was now ended; he had only to depart.

CHAPTER IX.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

BUT all was not yet ended.

To re-open the gorge closed by a portion of the Durande's bulwarks, and push out into the open sea, seemed a very easy and simple matter. But on the ocean every minute tells. There was little wind; scarcely a ripple on the open sea. The afternoon was beautiful, and promised a fine night. The sea, indeed, was calm, but the ebb had begun. The moment was favourable for starting. There would be the ebb tide for leaving the Douvres; and the flood would carry him into Guernsey. He could be at St. Sampson's by daybreak.

But an unexpected obstacle presented itself. There was a flaw in his arrangements which had baffled all his foresight.

The machinery was freed, but the chimney was not.

The tide, by raising the sloop towards the wreck suspended in the air, had diminished the dangers of the descent, and abridged the labour. But this diminution of distance had left the top of the funnel entangled in the gaping frame formed by the open hull of the Durande. The funnel was held fast there as between four walls.

The services rendered by the sea had been accompanied by this unfortunate drawback. It seemed as if the waves, constrained to obey, had avenged themselves by a malicious trick.

It is true that what the flood tide had done, the ebb would undo.

About eight feet of the funnel was entangled in the wreck. The water level would fall about twelve feet. Thus the funnel descending with the falling tide would have four feet of room to spare, and could easily clear itself.

But how much time would elapse before that release would be completed? Six hours.

In six hours it would be nearly midnight. How could he attempt to start at such an hour? How could he find his way among all these reefs, so full of danger even by day? How could he risk his vessel in the dead of night in that inextricable labyrinth, that ambuscade of shoals.

There was no help for it. He must wait for the morrow. The six hours lost entailed a loss of at least twelve hours.

He could not even hasten matters by opening the mouth of the gorge. His breakwater would be needed against the next tide.

He was compelled to wait. Folding his arms was almost the only thing which he had not done since his arrival on the rocks.

This forced inaction irritated him almost as much as if it had been his own fault. He thought, "What would Déruchette say of me if she saw me here doing nothing?"

And yet this interval for regaining his strength was not unnecessary.

The sloop was now at his service; he determined to spend the night in it.

He mounted once more to fetch his sheepskin from the Great Douvre; descended again; supped off a few limpets and *châtaignes de mer;* drank, being very thirsty, a few draughts of water from his can, which was nearly empty; wrapped himself in the skin, the wool of which

felt very comfortable to him; stretched himself out like a big watch-dog beside the engine, drew his red cap over his eyes, and slept.

His sleep was profound. It was such sleep as men enjoy after the completion of a herculean task.

CHAPTER X.

SEA–WARNINGS.

IN the middle of the night he suddenly awoke with a jerk like the recoil of a spring.

He opened his eyes.

The Douvres, towering high above his head, were illumined as if by a reflection from dying embers.

Over all the dark escarpment of the rock there was a light like the reflection of a fire.

Where did this fire come from?

It was from the water.

The appearance of the sea was extraordinary.

The water seemed on fire. As far as the eye could reach, among the reefs and beyond them, the sea was covered with flame. The flame was not red; it had nothing in common with the grand living fires of volcanic craters or of great furnaces. There was no sparkling, no glare, no purple edges, no noise. Long trails of pale light simulated upon the water the folds of a winding-sheet. It was the ghost of a great fire, rather than the fire itself.

It was in some degree like the livid glow of unearthly flames lighting the inside of a sepulchre.

A gleaming darkness.

The night itself, dim, vast, and widely diffused, was the fuel of that cold flame. It was a strange illumination issuing out of gloom. Even the shadows formed a part of that phantom fire.

The sailors of the Channel are familiar with these wonderful phosphorescent displays, so full of warning for the navigator. Nowhere are they more startling than in the "Great V," near Isigny.

In this light, surrounding objects lose their reality. A spectral glimmer renders them, as it were, transparent. Rocks become no more than outlines. Cables of anchors look like iron bars heated to a white heat. The nets of the fishermen seem webs of fire beneath the water. The half of the oar above the waves is dark as ebony, the part in the sea like silver. The drops from the blades uplifted from the water fall in starry showers upon the sea. Every boat leaves a furrow behind it like a comet's tail. The sailors seem to be on fire. If you plunge your hand into the water, you withdraw it clothed in flame. The flame is dead, and is not felt. Your arm becomes a firebrand. The foam twinkles. The fish are tongues of flame or fragments of forked lightning, moving in the pallid depths.

The reflection of this brightness had passed through the closed eyelids of Gilliatt aboard the sloop. It was this that had awakened him.

His waking was most opportune.

The ebb tide had run out, and the waters were beginning to rise again. The funnel, which had become disengaged during his sleep, was about to re-enter the yawning gap above it.

It was rising slowly but surely.

A rise of another foot would have entangled it in the wreck again. A rise of one foot is equivalent to half-an-hour's tide. If he intended, therefore, to take advantage of the temporary deliverance once more within his reach, he had just half-an-hour before him.

He leaped to his feet.

Urgent as the situation was, he stood for a few mo-

ments meditating as he contemplated the phosphorescence on the waves.

Gilliatt was familiar with the sea in all its phases. Notwithstanding all her tricks, and often as he had suffered from her terrors, he had long been her companion. That mysterious entity which we call the ocean had nothing in its secret thoughts which he could not divine. Observation, meditation, and solitude, had given him a quick perception of coming changes, of wind or cloud or wave, and had made him weatherwise.

Gilliatt hastened to the top ropes and payed out some cable; then being no longer held fast by the anchors, he seized the boat-hook of the sloop, and pushed her towards the entrance to the gorge some fathoms from the Durande, and quite near to the breakwater. Here, as the Guernsey sailors say, it had *du rang*. In less than ten minutes the sloop was withdrawn from beneath the remains of the wreck. There was no further danger of the funnel being caught in a trap. The tide might rise now.

And yet Gilliatt's manner was not that of one about to take his departure.

He stood gazing at the light upon the sea again; but he had no intention of starting. He was thinking how he could fasten the sloop again, and fasten it more securely than ever, though much nearer the mouth of the gorge.

Up to this time he had used the two anchors of the sloop, but had not yet employed the little anchor of the Durande, which he had found, as the reader will remember, among the rocks. This anchor had been deposited in readiness for any emergency, in a corner of the sloop, with a quantity of hawsers, and coils of top-ropes, and his cable, all furnished beforehand with large knots, which prevented its dragging. He now dropped this

third anchor, taking care to fasten the cable to a rope, one end of which was slung through the anchor ring, while the other was attached to the windlass of the sloop. In this manner he made a kind of fore-and-aft mooring, much stronger than the moorings with two anchors. All this indicated keen anxiety, and a redoubling of precautions. A sailor would have seen in this operation something similar to an anchorage in bad weather, when there is fear of a current which might carry the vessel to leeward.

The phosphorescence which he had been observing, and upon which his eye was again fixed, was ominous, but at the same time useful. But for it he would have been held fast locked in sleep, and betrayed by the night. The strange appearance upon the sea had awakened him, and made things about him visible.

The light which it shed upon the rocks was, indeed, threatening; but alarming as it appeared to Gilliatt, it had served to show him the dangers of his position, and had rendered it possible for him to extricate the sloop. Now, whenever he was able to set sail, the vessel, with its freight of machinery, would be free.

And yet the idea of departing was further than ever from his mind. The sloop being securely fixed in its new position, he went in quest of the strongest chain which he had in his store-house, and attaching it to the nails driven into the two Douvres, he strengthened on the inside with this chain the rampart of planks and beams, already protected from without by the cross chain. Instead of opening the entrance to the defile, he made the barrier more complete.

The phosphorescence still lighted him, but it was diminishing. Day, however, was beginning to break.

Suddenly he paused to listen.

CHAPTER XI.

MURMURS IN THE AIR.

A FEEBLE, indistinct sound seemed to reach his ear from somewhere in the dim distance.

At certain times the depths of ocean give out a murmuring sound.

He listened a second time. The distant noise recommenced. Gilliatt shook his head like one who recognizes at last something familiar to him.

A few minutes later he was at the other end of the opening between the rocks, at the entrance facing the east, which had remained open until then, and with heavy blows of his hammer was driving large nails into the sides of the gully near " The Man " rock, as he had done in the gully at the Douvres.

The crevices of these rocks were prepared and well furnished with timber, almost all of which was heart of oak. The rock on this side being much broken up, there were abundant cracks, and he was able to fix even more nails there than in the base of the two Douvres.

Suddenly, and as if some great breath had passed over it, the luminous appearance on the waters vanished. The light of dawn which was becoming brighter every moment, took its place.

The nails being driven, Gilliatt dragged beams and ropes and chains to the spot, and, without taking his eyes off his work, or permitting his mind to be diverted for a moment, began to construct across the gorge at

"The Man" rock with horizontal beams, made fast by cables, one of those open barriers which science has now adopted under the name of breakwaters.

Those who have witnessed, for example, at La Rocquaine in Guernsey, or at Bourg-d'Eau in France, the effect produced by a few posts fixed in the rock, will understand the efficacy of these simple preparations. This sort of breakwater is a combination of what is known in France as an *épi* with what is known in England as "a dam." Breakwaters are the *chevaux-de-frise* of fortifications against tempests. Man can struggle successfully with the sea only by taking advantage of this principle of dividing its forces.

Meanwhile, the sun had risen, and was shining brightly. The sky was clear, the sea calm.

Gilliatt hastened on with his work. He, too, was calm; but there was anxiety in his haste. He passed with long strides from rock to rock, and returned dragging sometimes a rider, sometimes a binding strake. The utility of this preparation soon became manifest. It was evident that he was about to confront a danger which he had foreseen.

A strong iron bar served him as a lever for moving the beams.

The work was executed so fast that it was a rapid growth rather than a construction. One who has never seen a military pontooner at his work can scarcely form an idea of the rapidity with which this work progressed.

The eastern opening was even narrower than the western. The rocks were only five or six feet apart. The smallness of this opening was a great help. The space to be fortified and closed up being very small, the apparatus would be stronger and more simple. Horizontal beams, therefore, sufficed, the upright ones being useless.

The first cross-pieces of the breakwater being fixed, Gilliatt climbed upon them and listened once more.

The murmurs had become significant.

He continued the construction of his breakwater. He supported it with the two cat-heads of the Durande, bound to the frame of beams by cords passed through the three pulley-sheaves, and made the whole fast with chains.

The apparatus was nothing more or less than a colossal hurdle, having beams for rods, and chains in place of wattles.

It seemed woven together, quite as much as built.

He multiplied the fastenings, and added nails where they were needed.

Having obtained a great quantity of bar iron from the wreck, he had been able to make a large number of these heavy nails.

While he worked, he ate a biscuit or two. He was thirsty, but he could not drink, having no more fresh water. He had emptied the can at his meal of the evening before.

He added afterwards four or five more pieces of timber, then climbed again upon the barrier and listened.

The noises from the horizon had ceased; all was still.

The sea was smooth and quiet, deserving all those complimentary phrases which worthy people bestow upon it when well satisfied with a trip. "A mirror," "a pond," "like oil," and so forth. The deep blue of the sky responded to the deep green tint of the ocean. The sapphire and the emerald hues vied with each other. Each was perfect. Not a cloud on high, not a line of foam below. In the midst of all this splendour, the April sun rose magnificently. It was impossible to imagine a lovelier day.

On the edge of the horizon a flock of birds of passage

formed a long dark line against the sky. They were flying towards land as if alarmed.

Gilliatt set to work again to raise the breakwater.

He raised it as high as he could, — as high, indeed, as the curvature of the rocks would permit.

Towards noon the sun seemed to emit more than its usual warmth. Noon is the critical time of the day. Standing upon the powerful frame which he had built up, he paused again to survey the wide expanse.

The sea was more than tranquil. A dull, dead calm reigned. No sail was visible. The sky was everywhere clear; but it had changed from blue to white in colour. The whiteness was peculiar. To the west, and upon the horizon, was a small spot of a sickly hue. The spot remained in the same place, but grew larger by degrees. Near the breakers the waves shuddered, but very gently.

Gilliatt had done well to build his breakwater.

A tempest was at hand.

The elements had determined to give him battle.

BOOK III.

THE STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER I.

EXTREMES MEET.

NOTHING is more dangerous than a late equinox.

The appearance of the sea presents a strange phenomenon, resulting from what may be called the arrival of the ocean winds.

In all seasons, but particularly at the epoch of the Syzygies, when least expected, the sea sometimes becomes singularly tranquil. That vast perpetual movement ceases; a sort of drowsiness and languor overspreads it, and it seems weary and about to rest. Every rag of bunting, from the tiny streamer of the fishing-boat to the great flag of ships of war, droops against the mast. The admiral's flag, and Royal and Imperial ensigns sleep alike.

Suddenly all these streamers begin to flutter gently.

If there happen to be clouds, the moment has come for noting the formation of the *cirri;* if the sun is setting, for observing the red tints of the horizon; or if it be night and there is a moon, for looking for the halo.

It is then that the captain or commander of a squadron, if he happen to possess one of those storm glasses, the inventor of which is unknown, watches his instrument carefully, and takes his precautions against the south wind if the clouds look like dissolved sugar, or against the north wind if they exfoliate in crystalliza-

tions like brakes or brambles, or like fir-trees. Then, too, the poor Irish or Breton fisherman, after having consulted some mysterious gnomon engraved by the Romans or by demons upon one of those straight enigmatical stones, which are called in Brittany "Menhir," and in Ireland "Cruach," hauls his boat up on the shore.

Meanwhile, the serenity of sky and ocean continues. The day dawns radiant, and Aurora smiles. It was this which filled the old poets and seers with religious horror, terrified at the thought that men dared to fancy the falsity of the sun. "Solem quis dicere falsum audeat?"

The power to discern latent possibilities in the world of Nature is prevented in man by the fatal opacity of surrounding things. The most terrible and perfidious of her aspects is that which masks the convulsions of the deep.

Hours, and sometimes even days, pass thus. Pilots direct their telescopes here and there. The faces of old seamen always have an expression of severity left upon them by the annoyance of perpetually looking for changes.

Suddenly a great confused murmur is heard. A sort of mysterious dialogue takes place in the air.

Nothing unusual is seen.

The wide expanse is tranquil.

Yet the noises increase. The dialogue becomes more audible.

There is something moving beyond the horizon.

Something terrible. It is the wind.

The wind, or rather that nation of Titans we call the gale,— the unseen mob.

India knew them as the Maruts, Judea as the Keroubim, Greece as the Aquilones. They are the invisible winged creatures of the Infinite. Their blasts sweep over the earth.

CHAPTER II.

THE OCEAN WINDS.

THEY come from the immeasurable deep. Their wide wings need the breadth of the ocean gulf, the spaciousness of desert solitudes. The Atlantic, the Pacific — those vast blue expanses — are their delight. They hasten thither in flocks. Commander Page witnessed, far out at sea, seven waterspouts at once. They roam there, wild and terrible! The eternal flux and reflux is their work. The extent of their power, the limits of their will, no one knows. They are the Sphinxes of the deep: Gama was their Œdipus. In that dark, ever-moving expanse, they appear with faces of cloud. He who perceives their pale lineaments in that wide arena, the horizon of the sea, feels himself in presence of an unsubduable power. It might be imagined that the proximity of human intelligence disquieted them, and that they revolted against it. The mind of man is invincible, but the elements baffle him. He can do nothing against these ubiquitous powers which no one can bind. The gentle breeze becomes a gale, smites with the force of a war-club, and then becomes gentle again. The winds attack with a terrible crash, and defend themselves by relapsing into nothingness. He who would contend with them must use artifice. Their varying tactics, their swift redoubled blows, confuse one. They fly as often as they attack. They are tenacious and impalpable. Who can circumvent them? The prow of the Argo, cut from an

oak of Dodona's grove, that mysterious pilot of the bark, spoke to them, and they insulted that pilot-goddess. Columbus, beholding their approach towards the "Pinta," mounted upon the poop, and addressed them with the first verses of St. John's Gospel. Surcouf defied them: "Here come the gang," he used to say. Napier greeted them with cannon-balls. They assume the dictatorship of chaos.

Chaos is theirs, in which to wreak their mysterious vengeance; the cave of the winds is more appalling than that of lions. How many corpses lie in its deep recesses, where the howling gusts sweep relentlessly over that obscure and ghastly mass! The winds are heard wheresoever they go, but they give ear to none. Their acts resemble crimes. No one knows upon whom they may hurl their hoary surf; with what ferocity they hang over shipwrecks, looking at times as if they flung their impious foam-flakes in the face of heaven. They are the tyrants of unknown regions. "Luoghi spaventosi," murmured the Venetian mariners.

The fields of space are subjected to their fierce assaults. Strange things happen in those lonely regions. Sometimes a horseman rides through the gloom; sometimes the air is full of a faint rustling as in a forest; again nothing is visible, but the tramp of a cavalcade is heard. The noonday is overcast with sudden night: a tornado passes. Or midnight suddenly becomes bright as day: the polar lights are in the heavens. Whirlwinds pass in opposite directions, and in a sort of hideous dance, a stamping of the storm fiends upon the waters. An overburdened cloud opens and falls to earth. Other clouds, filled with lurid light, flash and roar, then frown again ominously. Emptied of their lightnings, they are but as spent brands. Pent-up rains dissolve in mists. Yonder sea looks like a fiery furnace, into which the rains are fall-

ing; flames seem to issue from the waves. The white gleam of the ocean under the shower is reflected to marvellous distances. The different masses transform themselves into uncouth shapes. Monstrous whirlpools make strange hollows in the sky. The vapours revolve, the waves spin, the giddy Naiads roll. The sea, solid and yielding, moves, but does not change place; all is livid; shrieks as of despair resound through the air.

Great sheaves of shadow and darkness are gathered up in the distant sky. Now and then comes a convulsion. The murmur becomes uproar as the wave becomes surge. The horizon, a confused mass of strata oscillating ceaselessly, mutters in a continual undertone. Strange and abrupt outbursts break the monotony. Cold blasts burst forth, followed by hot blasts. The restlessness of the sea betokens anxious expectation, agony, profound terror. Suddenly the hurricane sweeps down, like a wild beast, to drink of the ocean: a monstrous draught! The sea rises to the invisible mouth; a mound of water is formed; the swell increases, and the waterspout appears: the Prester of the ancients, stalactite above, stalagmite below, a whirling double-inverted cone, the kiss of two mountains, — a mountain of foam ascending, a mountain of vapour descending, — terrible coition of the cloud and the wave. Like the column in Holy Writ, the waterspout is dark by day and luminous by night. In its presence the thunder itself is silent and seems cowed.

The vast commotion of these solitudes has its gamut, a terrible crescendo. There are the gust, the squall, the storm, the gale, the tempest, the whirlwind, and the waterspout, — the seven chords of the wind's lyre, the seven notes of the great deep. The heavens are a huge arena; the sea a vast round; but a breath passes, they have vanished, and all is fury and wild confusion.

Such are these inhospitable realms.

The winds rush, fly, swoop down, die away, commence again, hover about, whistle, roar, and smile; they are frenzied, wanton, unbridled, or sink to ease upon the raging waves. Their howlings have a harmony of their own. They make the entire heavens resound. They blow in the cloud as in a trumpet; they sing through infinite space with the mingled tones of clarions, horns, bugles, and trumpets, — a sort of Promethean fanfare.

Such was the music of ancient Pan. Their harmonies are terrible. They revel in darkness. They drive and disperse great ships. Night and day, in all seasons, from the tropics to the pole, there is no truce; sounding their fatal trumpet through the tangled thickets of clouds and waves, they pursue their grim chase of vessels in distress. They have their packs of bloodhounds, and amuse themselves by setting them to barking at the rocks and billows. They drive the clouds together, and then roughly disperse them. They mould and knead the supple waters as with a million hands.

The water is supple because it is incompressible. It slips away without effort. Borne down on one side, it escapes on the other. It is thus that water becomes waves, and the billows are a token of its liberty.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS EXPLAINED.

THE fiercest descent of the winds upon the earth takes place at the equinoxes. At this period the balance of tropic and pole librates, and the vast atmospheric tides pour their flood upon one hemisphere and their ebb upon another. The signs of Libra and Aquarius have reference to these phenomena.

It is the time of tempests.

The sea awaits their coming in silence.

Sometimes the sky looks sickly. Its face is wan. A thick dark veil obscures it. The mariners observe with uneasiness the threatening aspect of the clouds.

But it is its air of calm contentment which they dread most. A smiling sky in the equinoxes is a tempest in disguise. It was under skies like these that "The Tower of Weeping Women," in Amsterdam, was filled with wives and mothers scanning the far horizon.

When the vernal or autumnal storms loiter by the way, they are only gathering strength, hoarding up their fury for greater destruction. Beware of the gale that has been long delayed. It was Ango who said that "the sea pays old debts handsomely."

When the delay is unusually long, the sea reveals her impatience only by a deeper calm; but the magnetic intensity manifests itself in what might be called a fiery humour in the sea. Fire issues from the waves; electric air, phosphoric water. The sailors feel a strange lassi-

tude. This time is particularly dangerous for iron vessels; their hulls are then liable to produce variations of the compass, leading them to destruction. The transatlantic steam-vessel "Iowa" perished from this cause.

To those who are familiar with the sea, its aspect at these moments is peculiar. It might be imagined to be both desiring and fearing the approach of the cyclone. Certain unions, though strongly urged by Nature, are attended by this strange compound of terror and desire. The lioness in her tenderest moods flies from the lion. Thus the sea, in the fire of her passion, trembles at the near approach of her union with the tempest. The nuptials are prepared. Like the marriages of the ancient emperors, they are celebrated with immolations. The *fête* is seasoned with disasters.

Meanwhile, from yonder deep, from the great open sea, from the unapproachable latitudes, from the lurid horizon of the watery waste, from the furthermost limits of ocean, the winds rush in.

Beware! for this is the famous equinox.

The storm plots all sorts of mischief. In ancient mythology these personalities were recognized taking part in this grand drama of Nature. Eolus plotted with Boreas. The alliance of element with element is necessary; they divide their task. One has to give impetus to the wave, the cloud, the stream: night too is an auxiliary, and must be employed. There are compasses to be falsified, beacons to be extinguished, lanterns of lighthouses to be masked, stars to be hidden. The sea must lend her aid. Every storm is preceded by a murmur. Beyond the horizon there is a premonitory whispering among the hurricanes.

This is the noise which is heard afar off in the darkness amid the terrible silence of the sea.

It was this significant whispering that Gilliatt had

noticed. The phosphorescence on the water had been the first warning; this murmur the second.

If the demon Legion really exists, he is assuredly no other than the wind.

The entire heavens take part in a tempest: the entire ocean also. All their forces are marshalled for the strife. A contest with a storm is a contest with all the powers of sea and sky.

It was Messier, that great authority among naval men, the thoughtful astronomer of the little lodge at Cluny, who said, "The wind from everywhere is everywhere." He had no faith in the idea of winds imprisoned even in inland seas. With him there were no Mediterranean winds; he declared that he recognized them as they wandered about the earth. He declared that on a certain day and at a certain hour, the Föhn of the Lake of Constance, the ancient Favonius of Lucretius, had traversed the sky of Paris; on another day, the Bora of the Adriatic; on another day, the whirling Notus, which is supposed to be confined in the round of the Cyclades. He indicated their currents. He did not think it impossible that even the Autan, which circulates between Malta and Tunis, and the Autan, which circulates between Corsica and the Balearic Isles, could escape their bounds. He did not admit the theory of winds imprisoned like bears in their dens. It was he, too, who said that, "every rain comes from the tropics, and every flash of lightning from the pole." The wind, in fact, becomes saturated with electricity at the intersection of the colures which marks the extremity of the axis, and with water at the equator, thus bringing moisture from the equatorial line and the electric fluid from the poles.

The wind is ubiquitous.

We certainly do not mean by this that wind zones do not exist. Nothing is better established than the exis-

tence of those continuous air currents; and aërial navigation by means of wind boats, to which the passion for Greek terminology has given the name of "aëroscaphes," may one day succeed in utilizing these rivers of air. The regular course of air streams is an incontestable fact. There are rivers of wind and streams of wind and brooks of wind, although their branches are exactly the opposite of water currents; for in the air the brooks flow out of the streams, and the streams flow out of the rivers instead of flowing into them. Hence, instead of concentration we have dispersion.

The united action of the winds and the unity of the atmosphere is the natural result of this dispersion. The displacement of one molecule produces the displacement of another. The vast body of air becomes subject to one agitation.

To these profound causes of coalition we must add the irregular surface of the earth, whose mountains furrow the atmosphere, contorting and diverting the winds from their course, and determining the directions of counter currents in infinite radiations.

The phenomenon of the wind is the oscillation of two oceans one against the other; the ocean of air, superimposed upon the ocean of water, rests upon these currents, and is convulsed with this vast agitation.

The indivisible cannot produce separate action. No partition divides wave from wave. The islands of the Channel feel the influence of the Cape of Good Hope. Navigation is everywhere obliged to contend with the same monster; the sea is one and the same hydra. The waves cover it as with a fish-skin. The ocean is Ceto.

Upon that unity reposes an infinite variety.

CHAPTER IV.

TURBA, TURMA.

ACCORDING to the compass there are thirty-two winds. But these may be subdivided indefinitely. Classed by its direction, the wind is incalculable; classed by its kind, it is infinite. Homer himself would have shrunk from the task of enumerating them.

The polar current encounters the tropical current. Heat and cold are thus combined; the equilibrium is disturbed by a shock; a wave of wind issues forth and is distended, scattered, and broken up in every direction in fierce streams. The dispersion of the gusts shakes the streaming locks of the wind upon the four corners of the horizon.

All the winds that blow are there. The wind of the Gulf Stream, which disgorges the great fogs on Newfoundland; the wind of Peru, in the region of silent heavens, where no man ever heard the thunder roar; the wind of Nova Scotia, where flies the great auk (*Alca impennis*) with his furrowed beak; the whirlwinds of Ferro in the China seas; the wind of Mozambique, which destroys the canoes and junks; the electric wind of Japan, foretold by the gong; the African wind, which blows between Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak, where it gains its liberty; the currents of the equator, which pass over the trade winds, describing a parabola, the summit of which is always to the west; the Plutonian wind, which issues from craters and is the terrible

breath of flames; the singular wind peculiar to the volcano Awa, which forms an olive-hued cloud to the northward; the Java monsoon, against which the people construct those casemates known as hurricane houses; the branching north winds called by the English "Bush winds;" the curved squalls of the Straits of Malacca, observed by Horsburgh; the powerful south-west wind, called "pampero" in Chili, and "rebojo" in Buenos Ayres, which carries the great condor out to sea, and saves him from the pit where the Indian, concealed under a newly stripped bullock-hide, watches for him, lying on his back and bending his great bow with his feet; the chemical wind, which, according to Lemery, produces thunderbolts from the clouds; the Harmattan of the Caffres; the Polar snow-driver, which harnesses itself to the everlasting icebergs; the wind of the Gulf of Bengal, which sweeps over a continent to pillage the triangular town of wooden booths at Nijni-Novgorod, in which the great fair of Asia is held; the wind of the Cordilleras, agitator of great waves and forests; the wind of the Australian Archipelago, where the bee-hunters take the wild hives hidden under the forked branches of the giant eucalyptus; the sirocco, the mistral, the hurricane, the dry winds, the inundating and diluvian winds, the torrid winds, which scatter dust from the plains of Brazil upon the streets of Genoa; those which obey the diurnal rotation, those which revolt against it, and of which Herrara said, "Malo viento torna contra el sol;" those winds which hunt in couples, conspiring mischief, the one undoing the work of the other; and those old winds which assailed Columbus on the coast of Veragua, and which for forty days, — from the 21st of October to the 28th of November, 1520, — delayed and nearly frustrated Magellan's approach to the Pacific; and those which dismasted the Armada and confounded Philip II. Others, too, there are, of whose

names there is no end. The winds, for instance, which carry showers of frogs and locusts, and drive before them clouds of living things across the ocean; those which blow in what are called "wind-leaps," and whose function is to destroy ships at sea; those which at a single blast throw the cargo out of trim, and compel the vessel to continue her course half broadside over; the winds which construct the circum-cumuli; the winds which mass together the circum-strata; the dark heavy winds bloated with rain; the winds of hailstorms; the fever winds, whose approach sets the salt springs and sulphur springs of Calabria boiling; those which impart a glittering appearance to the fur of African panthers, prowling among the bushes of Cape Ferro; those which come quivering from the cloud, like the tongue of a trigonocephal, the terrible forked lightning; and those which bring whirlwinds of black snow. Such is the legion of winds.

The Douvres rock heard their distant tramp at the very moment that Gilliatt was constructing his breakwater.

As we have said, the wind means a combination of all winds. The entire horde was advancing, — on one side, a legion of demons; on the other, Gilliatt.

CHAPTER V.

GILLIATT'S ALTERNATIVES.

THE mysterious forces had chosen their time well. Chance, if chance exists, is sometimes far-seeing.

So long as the sloop was anchored in the little creek of "The Man" rock, and so long as the machinery was imprisoned in the wreck, Gilliatt's position was impregnable. The sloop was safe, the machinery sheltered. The Douvres, which held the hull of the Durande fast, condemned it to slow destruction, but protected it against unexpected accidents. At all events, one resource had remained to him. If the engine had been destroyed, Gilliatt would have been safe, for he would still have had the sloop with which to make his escape.

But to wait till the sloop was removed from the anchorage where she was so well protected; to allow it to be placed in the defile of the Douvres; to watch until the sloop, too, was entangled in the rocks; to permit him to complete the salvage, the moving, and the final embarkation of the machinery; to inflict no injury upon the wonderful apparatus by which one man was enabled to put the whole aboard his bark; to further, in fact, the success of his exploits so far, — this was only the trap which the elements had laid for him. Now, for the first time, he began to perceive in all its sinister characteristics the trick which the sea had been meditating so long.

The machinery, the sloop, and their master were all within the gorge now. One blow, and the sloop might

be dashed to pieces on the rock, the machinery destroyed, and Gilliatt drowned.

The situation could not have been more critical.

The Sphinx, which men have pictured as concealing herself in the cloud, seemed to mock him with a dilemma.

"Should he go or stay?"

To go would have been madness; to remain was terrible.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMBAT.

GILLIATT climbed to the summit of the Great Douvre.

From there he could command a view of the entire horizon.

The western side was appalling. A wall of cloud spread across it, barring the wide expanse from side to side, and was now ascending slowly from the horizon towards the zenith. This wall, straight, perpendicular, without a single crack or crevice throughout its whole extent, seemed to have been built by the square and measured by the plumb-line. It was cloud in the likeness of granite. Its escarpment, perfectly perpendicular at the southern end, curved a little towards the north, like a bent sheet of iron, presenting the steep slippery face of an inclined plane. The dark wall enlarged and grew; but its entablature remained parallel with the horizon line, which was almost indistinguishable in the gathering darkness. Silently, and in one solid mass, the battlements ascended. No undulation, no wrinkle, no projection changed its shape or relative position in the heavens. The appearance of this slowly ascending immobile mass of cloud was impressive. The sun, overhung by a strange sickly transparent haze, lighted up this outline of the Apocalypse. Already the cloudy bank had blotted out one half the sky. It was like a huge mountain uprising between earth and heaven.

It was night suddenly blotting out midday.

A heat like that from an oven door proceeded from that mysterious mass. The sky, which had changed from blue to white, was now turning from white to a slaty grey. The sea beneath was leaden-hued and dull. There was not a breath, not a wave, not a sound. As far as eye could reach, the ocean was deserted. Not a sail was visible in any direction. The birds had disappeared. Some deed of frightful treachery seemed impending.

The wall of cloud grew visibly larger.

This moving mountain of vapour, which was approaching the Douvres, was one of those clouds which might be justly called war clouds. Grim and sinister of aspect, it seemed to threaten with destruction anything and everything that stood in its way.

Its approach was terrible.

Gilliatt observed it closely, muttering to himself, "I am thirsty enough, but you will give me plenty to drink."

He stood there motionless a few moments, with his eye fixed upon the cloud bank, as if mentally taking a sounding of the tempest.

His cap was in his jacket pocket; he took it out and placed it on his head. Then he fetched from the cave, which had so long served him as a sleeping-room, a few articles which he had kept there in reserve; he put on his overalls, and attired himself in his waterproof overcoat, like a knight who puts on his armour at the moment of battle. He had no shoes; but his naked feet had become hardened to the rocks.

This preparation for the storm being completed, he looked down upon his breakwater, grasped the knotted cord hurriedly, descended from the plateau of the Douvre, stepped on to the rocks below, and hastened to his storehouse. A few minutes later he was again at work. The vast silent cloud might have heard the strokes of his

hammer. With the nails, ropes, and beams which still remained, he constructed a second frame for the eastern gully, which he succeeded in fastening ten or twelve feet from the other.

The silence was still unbroken. The blades of grass between the crevices in the rocks did not move.

The sun suddenly disappeared. Gilliatt looked up.

The rising cloud had just reached it. It was like the blotting out of day, succeeded by a pale hazy reflection.

The immense wall of cloud had changed in appearance. It no longer retained its unity. It curved on reaching the zenith, where it spread out horizontally over the rest of the heavens.

The tempest formation was now distinctly visible, like the strata in the side of a deep trench. It was possible to distinguish the layers of the rain from the beds of hail. There was no lightning, but a horrible, diffused glare, — for the idea of horror may be attached to light. The breathing of the storm was audible; the silence was broken by an obscure palpitation. Gilliatt silently watched the gigantic masses of vapour grouping themselves overhead. On the horizon brooded a band of mist of ashen hue; in the zenith, another band of lead colour. Pale, ragged fragments of cloud drooped from the great mass above upon the mist below. The pile of cloud which formed the background was wan, dull, gloomy, indescribable. A thin, whitish transverse cloud, coming no one could tell whither, cut the high dark wall obliquely from north to south. One of the extremities of this cloud trailed along the surface of the sea. At the point where it touched the water, a dense red vapour was visible in the midst of the darkness. Below it, smaller clouds, quite black and very low, were flying as if bewildered, or as if moved by opposite currents of air. The immense cloud beyond increased from all points at once,

heightened the eclipse, and continued to spread its sombre pall over the firmament. In the east, behind Gilliatt, there was only one clear bit of sky, and that was rapidly becoming overcast. Without a breath of wind in the air, a strange flock of grey downy particles seemed to pass; they were fine and scattered, as if some gigantic bird had been plucked of its plumage behind the bank of cloud. A dark compact roof had gradually formed, which touched the sea on the verge of the horizon, and became merged into it. The beholder had a vague sense of something advancing steadily towards him. It was vast, heavy, ominous. Suddenly an immense peal of thunder shook the air.

Gilliatt himself felt the shock. Thunder belongs to dreamland, and the rude reality in the midst of that visionary region has something terrific in it. The listener might fancy that he hears something falling in the chamber of giants.

No electric flash accompanied the report. It was a blind peal. The silence was profound again. There was an interval, as when combatants take their places. Then appeared slowly, one after the other, great shapless flashes; these flashes were silent. The wall of cloud was now a vast cavern, with fantastic roofs and arches. Outlines of giant forms were traceable among them; monstrous heads were vaguely shadowed forth; necks seemed to stretch out; elephants bearing turrets, seen for a moment, vanished. A column of vapour, straight, round, and dark, and surmounted by a white mist, simulated the form of a colossal steam-vessel ingulfed, hissing, and smoking beneath the waves. Trailing clouds undulated like folds of immense flags. In the centre, under a thick purple pall, a nucleus of dense fog hung motionless, inert, unpenetrated by the electric fires, — a sort of hideous fœtus in the bosom of the tempest.

Suddenly Gilliatt felt a breath move his hair. Two or three large spots of rain fell heavily around him on the rock. Then there was a second thunder-clap. The wind was rising.

The darkness was at its height. The first peal of thunder had shaken the sea; the second rent the wall of cloud from top to bottom; a breach was visible; the pent-up deluge rushed towards it; the rent became like a gulf filled with rain. The outpouring of the tempest had begun.

The moment was terrible.

Rain, wind, lightnings, thunder, waves swirling upwards to the clouds, foam, hoarse noises, and whistling sounds mingled together like monsters suddenly unloosed.

For a solitary man, imprisoned with an overloaded vessel, between two dangerous rocks in mid-ocean, no crisis could have been more menacing. The danger of the tide, over which he had triumphed, was nothing compared with the danger of the tempest.

Surrounded on all sides by perils, Gilliatt, at the last moment, and before the crowning peril, resorted to an ingenious stratagem. He had secured his base of operations in the enemies' territory; had pressed the rock into his service. The Douvres, originally his enemy, had become his second in the impending duel. Out of that sepulchre he had constructed a fortress. He had intrenched himself among these formidable sea ruins. He was blockaded, but well defended. He had, so to speak, placed his back to the wall, and now stood face to face with the hurricane. He had barricaded the narrow strait, that highway of the waves. This, indeed, was the only possible course. It seemed as if the ocean, like other despots, might be brought to reason by the aid of barricades. The sloop might be considered secure on

three sides. Closely wedged between the two inner walls of the rock, and made fast by three anchors, she was also sheltered on the north by the Little Douvre, and on the south by the Great Douvre, — terrible escarpments, more accustomed to wreck vessels than to save them. On the western side she was protected by the frame of timbers made fast and nailed to the rocks, — a tried barrier which had withstood the rude flood tide of the sea; a veritable citadel-gate, having for its sides two huge columns of rock, — the two Douvres themselves. Nothing was to be feared from that side. It was on the eastern side only that there was danger.

On that side there was no protection but the breakwater. A breakwater is an apparatus for dividing and distributing the waves. It requires at least two frames. Gilliatt had only had time to construct one. He was compelled to build the second in the very face of the tempest.

Fortunately the wind came from the north-west. The wind is not always adroit in its attacks. The north-west wind, which is the ancient "galerno," had very little effect upon the Douvres. It assailed the rocks on their flank, and drove the waves against neither of the two gorges; so that instead of rushing into the defile, they merely dashed themselves against a wall.

It was more than probable that there would be a sudden change, however. If it should veer to the eastward before the second frame could be constructed, the peril would be great. The irruption of the sea into the gorge would be complete, and all would probably be lost.

All the while the storm was increasing in fury. In a tempest, blow hastily follows blow. That is its strength; but it is also its weakness. Its very fury gives human intelligence an opportunity to discover its weak points. Man defends himself, but under what overwhelming difficulties! No respite, no interruption, no truce, no

pause for taking breath. There seems to be unspeakable cowardice in that prodigality of inexhaustible resources.

All the tumult of the wide expanse rushed towards the Douvres. Voices were heard in the darkness. What could they be ? At times shouts were heard, as if some one was uttering words of command. There were wild clamours, strange trepidation, and then that majestic roar which mariners call the "cry of ocean." The flying eddies of wind whistled, while curling the waves and flinging them like giant quoits, cast by invisible hands against the rocks. The surf dashed over the rocks. There were torrents above, dashing foam below. Then the roar redoubled. No uproar of men or beasts could give one any idea of the wild din which mingled with the incessant breaking of the surf. The clouds cannonaded, the hailstones poured down in volleys, the surf mounted to the assault. As far as the eye could reach, the sea was white; ten leagues of yeasty water filled the horizon. Doors of fire were opened, clouds seemed burned by clouds, and something like smoke rose above a nebulous red mass, resembling burning embers. Floating conflagrations rushed together and amalgamated, each changing the shape of the other. A huge arsenal seemed to be emptied from the middle of the dark roof, hurling downward pell-mell, waterspouts, hail, torrents, purple fire, phosphoric gleams, darkness, and lightnings.

Meanwhile Gilliatt seemed to pay no attention to the storm. His head was bent over his work. The second frame-work was rapidly nearing completion. To every clap of thunder he replied with a blow of his hammer, making a cadence which was audible even amidst that tumult. He was bareheaded, for a gust of wind had carried away his cap.

He suffered from a burning thirst. Little pools of rain had formed in the rocks around him. From time

to time he took some water in the hollow of his hand and drank. Then, without even looking upward to observe the storm, he applied himself anew to his task.

Everything might depend upon a single moment. He knew the fate that awaited him if his breakwater was not completed in time. What was the use of wasting a moment in watching for the approach of death ?

The turmoil around him was like that of a vast bubbling caldron. Crashing and uproar resounded everywhere. Sometimes the lightning seemed to descend a sort of ladder. The electric flame played incessantly on projections of the rock, where there were probably metallic veins. Hailstones of enormous size fell. Gilliatt was compelled to shake the folds of his overcoat, for even the pockets of it became filled with hail

The storm had now rotated to the west, and was expending its fury upon the barricades of the two Douvres. But Gilliatt had faith in his breakwaters, and with reason. These barricades, made of a large portion of the fore-part of the Durande, stood the shock of the waves easily. Elasticity is a powerful resistant. The experiments of Stephenson establish the fact that a raft of timber, joined and chained together in a certain fashion, will form a more powerful obstacle against the waves, which are themselves elastic, than a breakwater of solid masonry. The barriers of the Douvres fulfilled these conditions. They were, moreover, so ingeniously hung that the action of the waves only fastened them more securely to the rocks. To demolish them it would have been necessary to overthrow the Douvres themselves. The surf, in fact, was only able to hurl a few flakes of foam on the sloop. On that side, thanks to the barricade, the tempest had to content itself with harmless insult. Gilliatt turned his back upon the

scene. He heard it vent its futile rage upon the rocks behind him, with the utmost tranquillity of mind.

The angry ocean deluged the rocks, dashed over them, penetrated the net-work of internal fissures, and emerged again from the granitic masses through the narrow chinks, forming a kind of inexhaustible fountain playing peacefully in the midst of the deluge. Here and there a silvery waterfall fell gracefully from these openings into the sea.

The second frame for the eastern barrier was completed. A few more knots of rope and ends of chains and this new rampart would be ready to play its part in barring out the storm.

Suddenly there was a strange brightness; the rain ceased; the clouds rolled asunder; the wind had just shifted; a sort of high, dark window opened in the zenith, and the lightning died out. The end seemed to have come, but it was only the beginning.

The change of wind was from the north-west to the north-east.

The storm was preparing to burst forth again with a new legion of hurricanes. The north was about to mount to the assault. Sailors call this dreaded moment of transition the "return storm." The southern wind brings most rain, the north wind most lightning.

The attack, coming now from the east, was directed against the weak point of the position.

This time Gilliatt paused in his work and looked around him.

He stood erect, upon a projection of rock behind the second barrier, which was now nearly finished. If the first frame was carried away, it would necessarily demolish the second, which was not yet completed, and crush him. Gilliatt, in the place that he had chosen, must in that case be destroyed before seeing the sloop, the machinery, and all his work shattered and swallowed

up in the gulf, — such was the possibility which awaited him. He accepted it unflinchingly.

In the event of the wreck of all his hopes, it would certainly be his desire to die at once, — to die first, as he would have expressed it; for he had come to regard the machinery as a living being. He pushed aside his hair, which had been blown into his eyes by the wind, grasped his trusty mallet, drew himself up in a defiant attitude, and awaited the shock.

He was not kept long in suspense.

A flash of lightning gave the signal; the livid opening in the zenith closed; a fierce torrent of rain fell; then all became dark, save where the lightnings burst forth once more. The attack had recommenced in earnest.

A heavy swell, visible from time to time in the glare of the lightning, was rolling in the east beyond "The Man" rock. It resembled a huge wall of glass. It was green, without a fleck of foam, and stretched across the whole wide expanse. It was fast advancing towards the breakwater, increasing in volume as it approached. It was a strange sort of gigantic cylinder rolling along the ocean. The thunder kept up a continuous rumbling.

The huge wave struck "The Man" rock, broke in twain, and passed on. The broken wave, rejoined, formed a mountain of water, and instead of advancing in a parallel line as before, came down perpendicularly upon the breakwater. It was a wave assuming the form of a beam.

This battering-ram hurled itself upon the breakwater.

The shock was terrific: the whole wave became a roaring avalanche.

It is impossible for those who have not witnessed them to imagine these foaming avalanches which the sea precipitates, and under which it ingulfs for the moment rocks more than a hundred feet in height, — such, for

example, as the Great Anderlo at Guernsey, and the Pinnacle at Jersey. At St. Mary of Madagascar it sometimes passes completely over Tintingue Point.

For several minutes the water covered everything. Nothing was visible except the furious sea, — one vast expanse of foam, white winding-sheet blowing in the draught of a sepulchre; nothing was heard but the roaring storm working devastation around.

When the foam subsided, Gilliatt was still standing at his post.

The barrier had stood firm. Not a chain was broken, not a nail displaced. It had exhibited under the ordeal the two best qualities of a breakwater; it had proved flexible as a wicker hurdle and firm as a wall. The surf falling upon it had dissolved into a shower of spray.

A river of foam rushing along the zig-zags of the defile subsided as it approached the sloop.

The man who had put this curb upon the fury of the ocean took no rest.

The storm fortunately vented its fury elsewhere for a moment. The fierce attack of the waves was renewed upon the wall of rock. There was a respite, and Gilliatt took advantage of it to complete the inner barrier.

The day went down upon his labours. The hurricane continued its assault upon the flank of the rocks with a mournful solemnity. The stores of fire and water in the sky poured forth incessantly without any apparent diminution. The undulations of the wind above and below were like the movements of a dragon.

Nightfall brought no deeper darkness. The change was hardly noticeable, for the darkness was never complete. Tempests, alternately darkening and illumining by their lightnings, are merely intervals of the visible and invisible. One moment all is pale glare, then all is darkness. Spectral shapes suddenly issue forth, and return as suddenly into the gloom.

A phosphoric zone, tinged with the hue of the aurora borealis, rose like ghastly flames from behind the dense clouds, giving everything a wan aspect, and making the rain-drifts luminous.

This uncertain light aided Gilliatt, and directed him in his operations. Once he even turned to the lightning and cried, "Give me a light!" By its glare he was able to raise the forward barrier. The breakwater was now almost complete. As he was engaged in making a powerful cable fast to the last beam, the wind struck him full in the face. This fact caused him to raise his head. The wind had shifted abruptly to the north-east. The assault upon the eastern end of the gorge had begun again. Gilliatt cast his eyes over the horizon. Another great wall of water was approaching.

The wave broke with a great shock; a second followed; then another and still another; then five or six almost together; then a last shock of tremendous force.

This last wave, which was an accumulation of many waves, bore a singular resemblance to a living thing. It would not have been difficult to imagine in the midst of that swelling mass the shapes of fins and gills. It fell heavily and broke upon the barriers. Its almost animal form was shattered in the recoil. It looked as if some immense sea-monster were being crushed to death upon that block of rocks and timbers. The swell rushed through, subsiding but devastating as it went. The huge wave seemed to bite and cling to its victim as it died. The rock shook to its base. A savage howling mingled with the roar; the foam flew high in the air like the spouting of a leviathan.

The subsidence showed the extent of the surf's ravages. This last assault had not been altogether ineffectual. The breakwater had suffered considerably this time. A long and heavy beam, torn from the first barrier, had been swept over the second, and hurled violently upon the

projecting rock on which Gilliatt had been standing only a moment before. Fortunately he had not returned there. Had he done so, his death would have been inevitable.

There was a remarkable circumstance connected with the fall of this beam, which by preventing the timber from rebounding, saved Gilliatt from even greater dangers. It even proved useful to him, as will be seen, in another way.

Between the projecting rock and the inner wall of the gorge there was an opening something like the notch made by an axe, or wedge. One of the ends of the timber hurled into the air by the waves had stuck fast in this notch in falling. The gap had become enlarged.

Gilliatt was struck with an idea. It was that of bearing heavily on the other extremity.

The beam caught by one end in the nook, which it had widened, projected from it as straight as an outstretched arm. This arm was parallel with the anterior wall of the defile, and the disengaged end extended about eighteen or twenty inches beyond the point of support.

Gilliatt raised himself by means of his hands, feet, and knees to the escarpment, and then turning his back upon it pressed both his shoulders against the enormous lever. The beam was long, which increased its power. The rock was already loosened; but he was compelled to renew his efforts again and again. Great drops of sweat streamed from his forehead. The fourth attempt exhausted all his strength. There was a cracking noise; the gap spreading in the shape of a fissure, opened its vast jaws, and the heavy mass fell into the narrow space below with a sound like the reverberation of the distant thunder.

The mass fell straight, and without breaking, resting in its bed like a menhir precipitated intact.

The beam which had served as a lever went down with the rock, and Gilliatt, staggering forward as it gave way, narrowly escaped falling.

The bed of the pass at this part was full of huge round stones, and there was very little water. The monolith lying in the boiling foam, the flakes of which reached Gilliatt where he stood, stretched from side to side of the great parallel rocks of the defile, and formed a transversal wall, a sort of bridge between the two escarpments. Its two ends touched the rocks. It had been a little too long to lie flat, but its summit of soft rock was shattered by the fall. The result of this fall was a singular sort of *cul-de-sac*, which may still be seen. The water behind this stony barrier is almost always tranquil.

This was an even more invincible rampart than the forward timbers of the Durande fastened between the two Douvres.

The addition of this new barrier proved most opportune.

The assaults of the sea continued. The obstinacy of the waves is always increased by an obstacle. The first frame began to show signs of breaking up. One breach, however small, in a breakwater, is always serious. It inevitably enlarges; and there is no way of repairing it, for the sea would sweep away the workmen.

A flash which lighted up the rocks revealed to Gilliatt the nature of the mischief, — the beams broken down, the ends of rope and fragments of chain swinging in the winds, and a rent in the centre of the apparatus. The second frame was intact.

Though the block of stone overturned by Gilliatt in the gorge behind the breakwater was the strongest possible barrier, it had one defect. It was too low. The surge could not destroy, but might sweep over it.

It was useless to think of building it higher. Nothing but masses of rock would be of any service upon a stone

barrier; but how could such masses be detached; or, if detached, how could they be moved, or raised, or piled, or fixed? Timbers may be added, but rocks cannot.

Gilliatt was not Enceladus.

The extremely limited height of this rocky isthmus rendered him anxious.

The effects of this fault were not long in showing themselves. The assaults upon the breakwater were incessant; the heavy seas seemed not merely to rage, but to attack with a firm determination to destroy it. A sort of trampling noise was heard upon the jolted frame-work.

Suddenly the end of a binding strake, detached from the dislocated frame, was swept over the second barrier and across the transversal rock, falling in the gorge, where the water seized and carried it into the sinuosities of the pass. Gilliatt lost sight of it. It seemed probable that it would do some injury to the sloop. Fortunately the water in the passage, being shut in on all sides, was very little affected by the commotion without. The waves there were comparatively small, and the shock was not likely to be very severe. Besides, he had very little time to spare for reflection upon this mishap. Every variety of danger was threatening him at once; the tempest was concentrated upon the most vulnerable point; destruction was imminent.

The darkness was profound for a moment: the lightning ceased, — a bit of sinister connivance. The cloud and the sea became one; there was a dull peal of thunder.

This was followed by a terrible outburst.

The frame which formed the front of the barriers was swept away. The fragments of beams were visible in the rolling waters. The sea was using the first breakwater as an engine for making a breach in the second.

Gilliatt experienced the feeling of a general who sees his advance guard driven in.

The second construction of beams resisted the shock. The apparatus was powerfully secured and buttressed. But the broken frame was heavy, and was completely at the mercy of the waves, which were incessantly hurling it forward and withdrawing it. The ropes and chains which remained unsevered prevented it from breaking up entirely, and the substantial qualities with which Gilliatt had endowed it made it all the more effective as a weapon of destruction. Instead of a buckler, it had become a mace. Besides this, it was now full of irregularities, bits of timbers projected on every side; and it was, as it were, covered with teeth and spikes. No sort of weapon could have been more effective, or better fitted for the handling of the tempest.

It was the projectile, while the sea played the part of the catapult.

The blows succeeded each other with dismal regularity. Gilliatt, standing thoughtful and anxious behind that barricaded portal, listened to death knocking loudly for admittance.

He reflected with bitterness that, but for the fatal entanglement of the funnel of the Durande in the wreck, he would have been at that very moment safe in port in Guernsey, with the sloop out of danger and the machinery saved.

The dreaded moment arrived. The destruction was complete. There was a sound like a death-rattle. The entire frame of the breakwater, both barriers, crushed and mingled inextricably, came rushing like chaos upon a mountain upon the stone barricade, where it stopped. Here the fragments lay together, — a mass of beams penetrable by the waves, but still breaking their force. The conquered barrier struggled nobly against destruc-

tion. The waves had shattered it, and in their turn were shattered against it. Though overthrown, it still remained tolerably effective. The rock which barred its passage, an immovable obstacle, held it fast. The passage, as we have said before, was very narrow at the point where the victorious whirlwind had driven and piled up the shattered breakwater. The very violence of the assault, by heaping up the mass and driving the broken ends one within the other, had helped to make the pile firm. It was destroyed, but immovable. Only a few pieces of timber had been swept away and dispersed by the waves. One passed through the air very near to Gilliatt. He felt the counter current upon his forehead.

Some of the immense waves which rise in great tempests with imperturbable regularity, swept over the ruins of the breakwater. They rushed into the gorge, and in spite of the many angles in the passage, set the waters in commotion. The waves began to roll ominously through the gorge.

Was there any means of preventing this agitation from extending as far as the sloop? It would not require long for the blasts of wind to create a tempest through all the windings of the pass. A few heavy seas would be sufficient to stave in the sloop and scatter her burden.

Gilliatt shuddered at the thought.

But he was not disconcerted. No peril could daunt his soul.

The hurricane had now discovered the best plan of attack, and was rushing fiercely between the two walls of the strait.

Suddenly a crash was heard, resounding and prolonging itself through the defile some distance behind him, — a crash more terrible than any he had yet heard.

It came from the direction of the sloop.

Something disastrous was happening there.

Gilliatt hastened towards it.

He could not see the sloop from where he was standing on account of the sharp turns in the pass. At the last turn he stopped and waited for the lightning.

The first flash revealed the state of affairs.

The rush of the sea through the eastern entrance had encountered a blast of wind from the other end. A disaster was imminent.

The sloop had received no apparent damage; anchored as she was, the storm had little power over her, but the remains of the Durande were in jeopardy.

The wreck presented considerable surface to the storm, while the breach which Gilliatt had made, and through which the machinery had been removed, rendered the hull still weaker. The keelson was cut, the vertebral column of the skeleton was broken.

The hurricane came down upon it.

This was all that was needed to complete its destruction. The planking of the deck bent like an open book. The dismemberment had begun. It was this noise which had reached Gilliatt's ears in the midst of the tempest.

The disaster which presented itself as he approached seemed almost irremediable.

The square opening which he had cut in the keel had become a gaping wound. The wind had converted the smooth-cut hole into a ragged fracture. This transverse breach separated the wreck in two parts. The after-part, nearest to the sloop, remained firmly wedged in its bed of rocks. The forward portion, which faced him, was hanging. A fracture, while it holds, is a sort of hinge. The whole mass oscillated with a doleful sound, as the wind moved it. Fortunately the sloop was no longer under it.

But this swinging movement shook the other portion of the hull, still wedged and immovable as it was between the two Douvres. From shaking to loosening completely is but a step. Under the fierce assaults of the gale, the dislocated part might suddenly carry away the other portion, which almost touched the sloop. In that case, the whole wreck, together with the sloop and the engine, would be swept into the sea and swallowed up.

This catastrophe seemed almost inevitable.

Could it be prevented, and how?

Gilliatt was one of those who are accustomed to snatch the means of safety out of danger itself. He set his wits to work for a moment.

Then he hastened to his arsenal and brought his axe.

The mallet had served him well. It was now the axe's turn.

He climbed upon the wreck, got a footing on that part of the flooring which had not given way, and leaning over the gorge between the Douvres, he began to cut away the broken joists and planking which supported the hanging portion of the hull.

His object was to effect the separation of the two parts of the wreck, to disencumber the half which remained firm, to throw overboard what the waves had seized, and thus divide the prey with the storm. The hanging portion of the wreck, borne down by the wind and by its own weight, adhered at only one or two points. The entire wreck resembled a folding-screen, one leaf of which, half hanging, beat against the other. Only five or six pieces of flooring, bent and cracked, but not broken, still held. Their fractures creaked and enlarged at every gust, and the axe, so to speak, had merely to assist the gale in its work. This more than half-severed condition,

while it increased the facility of the work, also rendered it much more dangerous. The whole might give way under him at any moment.

The tempest had reached its height. The convulsions of the sea extended to the heavens. Hitherto the storm had been supreme; it had seemed to work its own imperious will, to give the impulse, to drive the waves to frenzy, while still preserving a sort of grim composure. Below was fury; above, anger. The heavens are the breath, the ocean only the foam, hence the supremacy of the wind. But the intoxication of its own power had confused it. It had become a mere whirlwind; it was a blindness bordering on madness. There are times when tempests become frenzied, when the heavens are seized with a sort of delirium, when the firmament raves and hurls its lightnings blindly. Nothing could be more appalling. It is a frightful moment. The trembling of the rock was at its height. Every storm has its mysterious course; but at such times it loses its way. It is the most dangerous moment of the tempest. "At such times," says Thomas Fuller, "the wind becomes a furious maniac." It is at this period that that continuous discharge of electricity takes place which Piddington calls "the cascade of lightning." It is at this time, too, that in the blackest spot in the clouds, no one knows why, unless it be to observe the universal terror, a circle of blue light appears, which the Spanish sailors of ancient times called the eye of the tempest,—"el ojo de la tempestad." That terrible eye now looked down on Gilliatt.

Gilliatt was surveying the heavens in his turn. He raised his head defiantly now. After every stroke of his axe he stood erect and gazed upwards, almost haughtily. He was, or seemed to be, too near destruction not to feel self-sustained. Would he yield to despair? No! In the presence of the wildest fury of

ocean he was watchful as well as bold. He planted his feet only where the wreck was firm. He ventured his life, and yet was careful; for his determination, too, had reached its highest point. His strength had grown tenfold greater. He had become excited by his own intrepidity. The strokes of his axe were like blows of defiance. He seemed to have gained in directness what the tempest had lost. A pathetic struggle! On the one hand an indefatigable will; on the other, inexhaustible power. It was a contest with the elements for the prize at his feet. The clouds took the shape of Gorgon masks in the immensity of the heavens; every possible form of terror appeared; the rain came from the sea, the surf from the cloud; phantoms of the wind bent down; meteoric faces revealed themselves and were again eclipsed, leaving the darkness still more intense; then nothing was visible but the torrents raging on all sides, — a boiling sea; cumuli heavy with hail, ashen-hued, ragged-edged, seemed seized with a sort of whirling frenzy; strange rattlings filled the air; the inverse currents of electricity observed by Volta darted their sudden flashes from cloud to cloud. The prolongation of the lightning was terrible; the flashes passed close to Gilliatt. The very ocean seemed appalled. Gilliatt moved to and fro on the tottering wreck, though the deck trembled under his feet, striking, cutting, hacking with the axe in his hand, his features pallid in the gleam of the lightning, his long hair streaming, his feet naked, his face covered with the foam of the sea, but still grand amid the wild tumult of the storm.

Against the fury of the elements man has no weapon but his own powers of invention. Gilliatt owed his eventual triumph to his ingenuity. His object was to make all the dislocated portions of the wreck fall together. For this reason he cut away the broken portions

without entirely separating them, leaving some parts on which they still swung. Suddenly he stopped, holding his axe in the air. The operation was complete. The entire dislocated portion fell with a crash.

The mass rolled down between the two Douvres, just below Gilliatt, who stood upon the wreck, leaning over and watching the fall. It fell perpendicularly into the water, struck the rocks, and stopped in the defile before it touched the bottom. Enough remained out of the water to project more than twelve feet above the waves. The vertical mass formed a wall between the two Douvres. Like the rock overturned crosswise higher up the defile, it allowed only a slight stream of foam to pass through at its two extremities, and thus a fifth barricade against the tempest was improvised by Gilliatt.

The hurricane itself, in its blind fury, had assisted in the construction of this last barrier.

It was fortunate that the close proximity of the two walls had prevented the mass of wreck from falling to the bottom. This circumstance gave the barricade greater height; the water, besides, could flow under the obstacle, which diminished the power of the waves. That which passes below does not leap over. This is in part the secret of the floating breakwater.

Henceforth, let the storm rage as it would, there was nothing to fear for the sloop or the machinery. The water around them could not become much agitated again. Between the barrier of the Douvres, which covered them on the west, and the barricade which protected them from the east, no heavy sea or wind could reach them.

Gilliatt had wrested success out of the very catastrophe itself. The storm had been his co-labourer in the work.

This done, he took a little water in the palm of his

hand from one of the rain-pools, and drank; and then, looking upward at the storm, said with a smile, "Bungler!"

Human intelligence combating with brute force experiences an ironical joy in demonstrating the stupidity of its antagonist, and in compelling it to aid the very victims of its fury, and Gilliatt felt something of that memorable desire to insult his invisible enemy which is as old as the heroes of the Iliad.

He descended to the sloop and examined it by the glare of the lightning. The relief which he had been able to afford his distressed bark was well-timed. She had been much shaken during the last hour, and had begun to give way. A hasty glance revealed no serious injury. Nevertheless, he was certain that the vessel had been subjected to a violent strain. As soon as the waves subsided, the hull had righted itself; the anchors had held fast; as for the machinery, the four chains had supported it admirably.

While Gilliatt was completing this survey, something white passed before his eyes and vanished in the gloom. It was a sea-mew.

No sight is more welcome in tempestuous weather. When the birds reappear, the storm is departing.

The thunder re-doubled, — another good sign.

The violent efforts of the storm had broken its force. All mariners know that the last ordeal is severe, but short. A marked increase of violence in a thunder-storm is a forerunner of the end.

The rain stopped suddenly. Then there was only a surly rumbling in the heavens. The storm ceased with the suddenness of a plank falling to the ground. The immense mass of clouds became disorganized.

A strip of clear sky appeared between them. Gilliatt was astonished; it was broad daylight.

The tempest had lasted nearly twenty hours.

The wind which had brought the storm carried it away; the broken clouds were soon flying in confusion across the sky. From one end of the line to the other, there was a retreating movement; a dull muttering was heard. This gradually became fainter and fainter; a few last drops of rain fell, then all those dark masses of cloud charged with thunder departed like a multitude of chariots.

Suddenly the wide expanse of sky became blue.

Then, for the first time, Gilliatt discovered that he was terribly weary. Sleep swoops down upon the exhausted frame like a bird upon its prey. Sinking down on the deck of the sloop, he fell into a heavy slumber.

Stretched out at full length, he remained there perfectly motionless for several hours, scarcely distinguishable from the joists and beams among which he lay.

BOOK IV.

PIT-FALLS IN THE WAY.

CHAPTER I.

HE WHO IS HUNGRY IS NOT ALONE.

WHEN he awoke he was very hungry.

The sea was growing calmer. But there was still a heavy swell, which made his departure impossible, — at least, for the present. The day, too, was far advanced. For the sloop with its burden to reach Guernsey before midnight, it would be necessary to start in the morning.

Although sorely pressed by hunger, Gilliatt began by stripping himself, — the only means of getting warm. His clothes were saturated, but the rain had washed out the sea-water, which made it possible to dry them.

He kept on nothing but his trousers, which he rolled up nearly to his knees.

His overcoat, jacket, overalls, and sheepskin he spread out and fastened down with large round stones here and there.

Then he thought of eating.

He had recourse to his knife, which he was careful to keep always in a good condition, and detached from the rocks a few limpets, similar in kind to the *clonisses* of the Mediterranean. It is a well-known fact that these can

be eaten raw: but after such arduous and prolonged toil, the ration was but a meagre one. His biscuit was gone; but he now had an abundance of water.

He took advantage of the receding tide to wander over the rocks in search of crayfish. There was enough rock exposed now for him to feel tolerably sure of success.

But he had forgotten that he could do nothing with these without fire to cook them. If he had taken the trouble to go to his storehouse, he would have found it inundated. His wood and coal were drenched, and of his store of tow, which served him for tinder, there was not a fibre which was not saturated. No means of lighting a fire remained.

His blower, too, was completely ruined. The screen of the hearth of his forge was broken down; the storm had sacked and devastated his workshop. With the tools and apparatus which had escaped the general wreck, he might still have done a little carpentry work; but he could not have accomplished any of the labours of the smith. Gilliatt, however, never thought of his workshop for a moment.

Drawn in another direction by the pangs of hunger, he pursued his search for food without much reflection. He wandered, not in the gorge, but outside among the smaller rocks where the Durande, ten weeks before, had first struck upon the sunken reef.

For the search that Gilliatt was prosecuting, this part was more favourable than the interior. At low water the crabs are accustomed to crawl out into the air. They seem to like to warm themselves in the sun, where they swarm sometimes to the disgust of loiterers, who see in these creatures, with their awkward sidelong gait, climbing clumsily from crack to crack upon the rocks, a species of sea vermin.

For two months Gilliatt had lived almost entirely upon these creatures.

This time, however, the crayfish and crabs were both wanting. The tempest had driven them into their solitary retreats, and they had not yet mustered up courage to venture abroad. Gilliatt held his open knife in his hand, and from time to time scraped a cockle from under the bunches of seaweed, which he ate as he walked on.

He could not have been far from the very spot where Sieur Clubin had perished.

As Gilliatt was trying to make up his mind to be content with the sea-urchins and the *châtaignes de mer*, a little clattering noise at his feet aroused his attention. A large crab, startled by his approach, had just dropped into a pool. The water was shallow, and he did not lose sight of it.

He chased the crab along the base of the rock; but the crab moved fast, and at last it suddenly disappeared.

It had buried itself in some crevice under the rock.

Gilliatt clutched the projections of the rock, and leaned over to look where it shelved away under the water.

As he suspected, there was an opening in which the creature had evidently taken refuge. It was more than a crevice; it was a kind of porch.

The water beneath it was not deep, and the bottom, covered with large pebbles, was plainly visible. The stones were green and clothed with *confervæ*, indicating that they were never dry. They looked like the tops of a number of infants' heads, covered with a kind of green hair.

Holding his knife between his teeth, Gilliatt descended, by the aid of his feet and hands, from the upper part of the escarpment, and leaped into the water. It reached almost to his shoulders.

He made his way through the porch, and found himself in a blind passage, with a roof shaped like a rude

arch over his head. The walls were polished and slippery. The crab was nowhere visible.

As Gilliatt advanced the light grew fainter, so that he began to lose the power to distinguish objects.

When he had gone about fifteen yards the vaulted roof overhead ended. He had penetrated beyond the low passage. There was more space here, and consequently more daylight. The pupils of his eyes, moreover, had dilated, and he could see pretty clearly. The discovery he made amazed him.

He had found his way again into the singular cavern which he had visited the month before.

The only difference was that he had entered by way of the sea.

It was through the submarine arch, that he had remarked before, that he had just entered. At certain low tides it was accessible.

His eyes became more accustomed to the place. His vision became clearer and clearer. He was astonished. He found himself again in that extraordinary palace of shadows; saw again before his eyes the vaulted roof, those fantastic columns, those purple, blood-like stains, the vegetation rich with gems, and at the farther end, the crypt or sanctuary, and that huge stone which so resembled an altar.

He took little notice of these details, but they were so strongly impressed upon his mind that he saw that the place was unchanged.

He observed before him, at a considerable height in the wall, the crevice through which he had penetrated the first time, and which, from the point where he now stood, seemed inaccessible.

Nearer the moulded arch, he noticed those low, dark grottoes, those caves within caves, which he had already observed from a distance. He was now much nearer to

them. The entrance to the nearest was out of the water, and easily approached.

Nearer still than this recess he noticed, above the level of the water, and within reach of his hand, a horizontal fissure. It seemed to him probable that the crab had taken refuge there, and he plunged his hand in as far as he was able, and groped about in that dusky aperture.

Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm. A strange, indescribable horror thrilled him.

Some living thing, thin, rough, flat, cold, and slimy had twisted itself round his naked arm, in the dark depth below. It crept upward towards his chest. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. In another instant the same mysterious spiral form had wound around his wrist and elbow, and had reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the armpit.

Gilliatt recoiled, but he had scarcely power to move! He was, as it were, nailed to the place. With his left hand, which was disengaged, he seized his knife, which he still held between his teeth, and with that hand gripping the knife, he supported himself against the rocks, while he made a desperate effort to withdraw his arm; but he only succeeded in disturbing his persecutor, which wound itself still tighter. It was supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form, sharp, elongated, and narrow, issued from the crevice like a tongue out of monstrous jaws.

It seemed to lick his naked body; then suddenly stretching out, it became longer and thinner, as it crept over his skin, and wound itself around him. At the same time a terrible sensation of pain, utterly unlike any he had ever known, made all his muscles contract. It seemed as if innumerable suckers had fastened themselves in his flesh and were about to drink his blood.

A third long undulating shape issued from the hole in the rock, seemed to feel its way around his body to lash itself around his ribs like a cord, and fix itself there.

Intense agony is dumb. Gilliatt uttered no cry. There was sufficient light for him to see the repulsive forms which had wound themselves about him.

A fourth ligature, — but this one swift as an arrow, — darted towards his stomach, and wound around him there.

It was impossible to sever or tear away the slimy bands which were twisted tightly around his body, and which were adhering to it at a number of points. Each of these points was the focus of frightful and singular pangs. It seemed as if innumerable small mouths were devouring him at the same time.

A fifth long, slimy, ribbon-shaped strip issued from the hole. It passed over the others, and wound itself tightly around his chest. The compression increased his sufferings. He could scarcely breathe.

These living thongs were pointed at their extremities, but broadened like the blade of a sword towards its hilt. All five evidently belonged to the same centre. They crept and glided about him ; he felt the strange points of pressure, which seemed to him like so many mouths, change their position from time to time.

Suddenly a large, round, flattened, glutinous mass issued from beneath the crevice. It was the centre ; the five thongs were attached to it like spokes to the hub of a wheel. On the opposite side of this disgusting monster appeared the beginning of three other similar tentacles, the ends of which remained under the rock. In the middle of this slimy mass were two eyes.

These eyes were fixed on Gilliatt.

He recognized the Devil Fish.

CHAPTER II.

THE MONSTER.

IT is difficult for those who have not seen it to believe in the existence of the devil-fish.

Compared with this creature, the ancient hydras are insignificant.

At times we are tempted to imagine that the shadowy forms which haunt our dreams may encounter in the realm of the Possible attractive forces which have the power to create living beings out of these visions of our slumbers. The Unknown is cognizant of these strange visions, and concocts monsters out of them.

Orpheus, Homer, and Hesiod created only fabulous monsters. Providence created the devil-fish.

When God chooses, he excels in creating what is execrable. The wherefore of this perplexes and affrights the devout thinker.

If terror were the object of its creation, nothing more perfect than the devil-fish could be imagined.

The whale is enormous in bulk, the devil-fish is comparatively small; the jararaca makes a hissing noise, the devil-fish is mute; the rhinoceros has a horn, the devil-fish has none; the scorpion has a dart, the devil-fish has no dart; the shark has sharp fins, the devil-fish has no fins; the vespertilio-bat has wings with claws, the devil-fish has no wings; the porcupine has his spines, the devil-fish has no spines; the sword-fish has his sword, the devil-fish has none; the torpedo has its electric spark, the devil-fish has none; the toad has its poison, the devil

fish has none; the viper has its venom, the devil-fish has no venom; the lion has its claws, the devil-fish has no claws; the griffon has its beak, the devil-fish has no beak; the crocodile has its jaws, the devil-fish has no jaws.

The devil-fish has no muscular organization, no menacing cry, no breastplate, no horn, no dart, no claw, no tail with which to hold or bruise; no cutting fins, or wings with nails, no prickles, no sword, no electric discharge, no poison, no claws, no beak, no jaws. Yet he is of all creatures the most formidably armed.

What, then, is the devil-fish? It is a huge cupping-glass.

The swimmer who, attracted by the beauty of the spot, ventures among reefs far out at sea, where still waters hide the wonders of the deep, or in the hollows of unfrequented rocks, or in unknown caverns abounding in marine plants, testacea, and crustacea, under the deep portals of the ocean, runs the risk of meeting it. If that fate should be yours, be not curious, but fly. The intruder enters there dazzled, but quits the spot in terror.

This frightful monster which is so often encountered amid the rocks in the open sea, is of a greyish colour, about five feet long, and about the thickness of a man's arm. It is ragged in outline, and in shape strongly resembles a closed umbrella, without a handle. This irregular mass advances slowly towards you. Suddenly it opens, and eight radii issue abruptly from around a face with two eyes. These radii are alive; their undulation is like lambent flames; they resemble, when opened, the spokes of a wheel measuring four or five feet in diameter.

This monster winds itself around its victim, covering and entangling him in its long folds. Underneath it is yellow; above, it is of a dull greyish hue. It is spider-

like in form, but its tints are those of the chameleon. When irritated it becomes violent. Its most horrible characteristic is its softness.

Its folds strangle; its contact paralyzes.

It has the aspect of gangrened or scabrous flesh. It is a monstrous embodiment of disease.

It clings closely to its prey, and cannot be torn away, — a fact which is due to its power of exhausting air. The eight antennæ, large at their roots, diminish gradually, and end in needle-like points. Underneath each of these feelers are two rows of suckers, decreasing in size, the largest ones near the head, the smallest at the extremities. Each row contains twenty-five of these. There are, therefore, fifty suckers to each feeler, and the creature possesses four hundred in all. These suckers act like cupping-glasses.

They are cartilaginous substances, cylindrical, horny, and livid. Upon the large species they diminish gradually from the diameter of a five-franc piece to the size of a split pea. These small tubes can be thrust out and withdrawn by the animal at will. They are capable of piercing to a depth of more than an inch.

This sucking apparatus has all the regularity and delicacy of a key-board. It projects one moment and disappears the next. The most perfect sensitiveness cannot equal the contractibility of these suckers; always proportioned to the internal movement of the animal, and its exterior circumstances. The monster is endowed with the qualities of the sensitive plant.

This animal is the same as those which mariners call poulps; which science designates cephalopods, and which ancient legends call krakens. It is the English sailors who call them "devil-fish," and sometimes bloodsuckers. In the Channel Islands they are called *pieuvres*.

They are rare in Guernsey, and very small in Jersey;

but near the island of Sark they are numerous as well as very large.

An engraving in Sonnini's edition of Buffon represents a cephalopod crushing a frigate. Denis Montfort, in fact, considers the polypus, or octopod, of high latitudes, strong enough to destroy a ship. Bory Saint Vincent doubts this; but he shows that in our latitude they will attack men. Near Brecq-Hou, in Sark, they show a cave where a devil-fish seized and drowned a lobster-man a few years ago. Péron and Lamarck are mistaken in their belief that the polypus having no fins cannot swim. The writer of these lines once saw with his own eyes a *pieuvre* pursuing a bather among the rocks called the Boutiques, in Sark. When captured and killed, this specimen was found to be four English feet broad, and it possessed four hundred suckers. The monster thrust them out convulsively in the agony of death.

According to Denis Montfort, one of those observers whose marvellous intuition degrades or elevates them to the level of magicians, the polypus is almost endowed with the passions of man: it has its hatreds. In fact, in the animal world to be hideous is to hate.

Hideousness has to contend against the natural law of elimination, which necessarily renders it hostile.

While swimming, the devil-fish remains, so to speak, in its sheath. It swims with all its parts drawn close together. It might be likened to a sleeve sewed up with a closed fist within. This protuberance, which is the head, pushes the water aside and advances with an undulatory movement. The two eyes, though large, are indistinct, being the colour of the water.

When it is lying in ambush, or seeking its prey, it retires into itself as it were, becomes smaller and condenses itself. It is then scarcely distinguishable in the

dim, submarine light. It looks like a mere ripple in the water. It resembles anything except a living creature.

The devil-fish is crafty. When one is least expecting it, it suddenly opens.

A glutinous mass, endowed with a malevolent will, what could be more horrible.

It is in the most beautiful azure depths of limpid water that this hideous, voracious sea-monster delights.

It always conceals itself, — a fact which increases its terrible associations. When they are seen, it is almost invariably after they have captured their victim.

At night, however, and particularly in the breeding season, it becomes phosphorescent. These horrible creatures have their passions, their submarine nuptials. Then it adorns itself, glows, and illumines; and from some rock it can sometimes be discerned in the deep obscurity of the waves below, expanding with a pale irradiation, — a spectral sun.

The devil-fish not only swims, but crawls. It is part fish, part reptile. It crawls upon the bed of the sea. At such times, it makes use of its eight feelers, and creeps along after the fashion of a swiftly moving caterpillar.

It has no blood, no bones, no flesh. It is soft and flabby; a skin with nothing inside. Its eight tentacles may be turned inside out like the fingers of a glove.

It has a single orifice in the centre of its radii, which appears at first to be neither the vent nor the mouth. It is in fact both. The orifice performs a double function.

The entire creature is cold.

The jelly-fish of the Mediterranean is repulsive. Contact with that animated gelatinous substance, in which the hands sink, and at which the nails tear ineffectually; which can be rent in twain without killing it, and which can be plucked off without entirely removing it, that soft and yet tenacious creature which slips

through the fingers, — is disgusting; but no horror can equal the sudden apparition of the devil-fish, that Medusa with its eight serpents.

No grasp is like the sudden strain of the cephalopod.

It is with the sucking apparatus that it attacks. The victim is oppressed by a vacuum drawing at numberless points; it is not a clawing or a biting, but an indescribable scarification. A tearing of the flesh is terrible, but less terrible than a sucking of the blood. Claws are harmless in comparison with the terrible action of these natural cupping-glasses. The claws of the wild beast enter your flesh; but with the cephalopod, it is you who enter the creature that attacks you.

The muscles swell, the fibres of the body are contorted, the skin cracks under the loathsome oppression, the blood spurts out and mingles horribly with the lymph of the monster, which clings to its victim by innumerable hideous mouths. The hydra incorporates itself with the man; the man becomes one with the hydra. The spectre lies upon you: the tiger can only devour you; the horrible devil-fish sucks your life-blood away. He draws you to and into himself; while bound down, glued fast, powerless, you feel yourself gradually emptied into this horrible pouch, which is the monster itself.

To be eaten alive is terrible; to be absorbed alive is horrible beyond expression.

Science, in accordance with its usual excessive caution, even in the face of facts at first rejects these strange animals as fabulous; then she decides to observe them; then she dissects, classifies, catalogues, and labels them; then procures specimens, and exhibits them in glass cases in museums. They enter then into her nomenclature; are designated mollusks, invertebrata, radiata: she determines their position in the animal world a little above the calamaries, a little below the cuttle-fish; she finds

an analogous creature for these hydras of the sea in fresh water called the argyronectes: she divides them into large, medium, and small kinds; she more readily admits the existence of the small than of the large species, which is, however, the tendency of science in all countries, for she is rather microscopic than telescopic by nature. Classifying them according to their formation, she calls them cephalopods; then counts their antennæ, and calls them octopods. This done, she leaves them. Where science drops them, philosophy takes them up.

Philosophy, in her turn, studies these creatures. She goes farther and yet not so far. She does not dissect, she meditates. Where the scalpel has laboured, she plunges the hypothesis. She seeks the final cause. Eternal perplexity of the thinker. These creatures disturb his ideas of the Creator. They are hideous surprises. They are the death's-head at the feast of contemplation. The philosopher determines their characteristics in dread. They are the concrete forms of evil. What attitude can he assume in regard to this treachery of creation against herself? To whom can he look for the solution of this enigma?

The Possible is a terrible matrix. Monsters are mysteries in a concrete form. Portions of shade issue from the mass, and something within detaches itself, rolls, floats, condenses, borrows elements from the ambient darkness, becomes subject to unknown polarizations, assumes a kind of life, furnishes itself with some unimagined form from the obscurity, and with some terrible spirit from the miasma, and wanders ghostlike among living things. It is as if night itself assumed the forms of animals. But for what good? with what object? Thus we come again to the eternal question.

These animals are as much phantoms as monsters.

Their existence is proved and yet improbable. It is their fate to exist in spite of *a priori* reasonings. They are the amphibia of the shore which separates life from death. Their unreality makes their existence puzzling. They touch the frontier of man's domain and people the region of chimeras. We deny the possibility of the vampire, and the devil-fish appears to disconcert us. Their swarming is a certainty which disconcerts our confidence. Optimism, which is nevertheless in the right, becomes silenced in their presence. They form the visible extremity of the dark circles. They mark the transition of our reality into another. They seem to belong to that commencement of terrible life, which the dreamer sees confusedly through the loop-hole of the night.

This multiplication of monsters, first in the Invisible, then in the Possible, has been suspected, perhaps perceived by magi and philosophers in their austere ecstasies and profound contemplations. Hence the conjecture of the material hell. The demon is simply the invisible tiger. The wild beast which devours souls has been presented to the eyes of human beings by Saint John, and by Dante in his vision of hell.

If, in truth, the invisible circles of creation continue indefinitely, if after one there is yet another, and so on and on in illimitable progression; if that chain, which we for our part are resolved to doubt, really exists, the devil-fish at one end proves Satan at the other.

It is certain that the wrong-doer at one end proves wrong-doing at the other.

Every malignant creature, like every perverted intelligence, is a sphinx.

A terrible sphinx propounding a terrible riddle, — the riddle of the existence of Evil.

It is this perfection of evil which has sometimes

sufficed to incline powerful intellects to a belief in the duality of the Deity, towards that terrible bifrons of the Manichæans.

A piece of silk stolen during the last war from the palace of the Emperor of China represents a shark eating a crocodile, who is eating a serpent, who is devouring an eagle, who is preying on a swallow, who in his turn is eating a caterpillar.

All Nature, which is under our observation, is thus alternately devouring and devoured. The prey prey upon each other.

Learned men, however, who are also philosophers, and therefore optimists in their view of creation, find or think they find, an explanation. Among others, Bonnet of Geneva, that mysterious, exact thinker, who was opposed to Buffon, as in later times Geoffroy St. Hillaire has been to Cuvier, was struck with the idea of the final object. His notions may be summed up thus: universal death necessitates universal sepulture; the devourers are the sextons of the system of Nature.

Every created thing eventually enters into and forms a part of some other created thing. To decay is to nourish. Such is the terrible law from which not even man is exempt.

In our world of twilight this fatal order of things produces monsters. You ask for what purpose. We find the solution here.

But *is* this the solution? Is this the answer to our questionings? And if so, why not some different order of things? Thus the question returns.

We live: so be it. But let us try to believe that death means progress. Let us aspire to an existence in which these mysteries shall be made clear.

Let us obey the conscience which guides us thither.

For let us never forget that the best is only attained through the better.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER KIND OF SEA-COMBAT.

SUCH was the creature in whose power Gilliatt had fallen.

The monster was the mysterious inmate of the grotto; the terrible genius of the place; a kind of marine demon.

The splendours of the cavern existed for it alone.

The shadowy creature, dimly discerned by Gilliatt beneath the rippling surface of the dark water on the occasion of his first visit, was the monster. This grotto was its home. When he entered the cave a second time in pursuit of the crab, and saw a crevice in which he supposed the crab had taken refuge, the *pieuvre* was there lying in wait for prey.

No bird would brood, no egg would burst to life, no flower would dare to open, no breast to give milk, no heart to love, no spirit to soar, under the influence of that impersonation of evil watching with sinister patience in the dim light.

Gilliatt had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snapped at it.

It held him fast, as the spider holds the fly.

He was in the water up to his belt; his naked feet clutching the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom; his right arm bound and rendered powerless by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage.

GILLIATT IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE DEVIL-FISH.

Of the eight arms of the devil-fish, three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliatt. In this way, clinging to the granite on one side, and to its human prey on the other, it chained him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands, each finger of which was nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

As we have said, it is impossible to tear one's self from the clutches of the devil-fish. The attempt only results in a firmer grasp. The monster clings with more determined force. Its efforts increase with those of his victim; every struggle produces a tightening of its ligatures.

Gilliatt had but one resource, — his knife.

His left hand only was free; but the reader knows with what power he could use it. It might have been said that he had two right hands.

His open knife was in his hand.

The antennæ of the devil-fish cannot be cut; it is a leathery substance upon which a knife makes no impression; it slips under the blade; its position in attack too is such that to sever it would be to wound the victim's own flesh.

The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The fishermen of Sark know it, and so does any one who has seen them execute certain abrupt movements in the sea. Porpoises know it, too; they have a way of biting the cuttle-fish which decapitates it. Hence the frequent sight on the sea of headless pen-fish, polypuses, and cuttle-fish.

In fact, its only vulnerable part is its head.

Gilliatt was not ignorant of this fact.

He had never seen a devil-fish of this size. His first

encounter was with one of the largest species. Any other man would have been overwhelmed with terror.

With the devil-fish, as with a furious bull, there is a certain instant in the conflict which must be seized. It is the instant when the bull lowers his neck; it is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. One who loses that moment is irrevocably doomed.

The events we have described occupied only a few seconds. Gilliatt, however, felt the increasing power of the monster's innumerable suckers.

The monster is cunning; it tries first to stupefy its prey. It seizes and then pauses awhile.

Gilliatt grasped his knife; the sucking increased.

He looked at the monster, which seemed to return the look.

Suddenly it loosened from the rock its sixth antenna, and darting it at him, seized him by the left arm.

At the same moment, it advanced its head with a quick movement. In one second more its mouth would have fastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his two arms entangled, he would have been a dead man.

But Gilliatt was watchful.

He avoided the antenna, and at the very instant the monster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clinched in his left hand.

There were two convulsive movements in opposite directions,— that of the devil-fish, and that of its prey.

The movements were as rapid as a double flash of lightning.

Gilliatt had plunged the blade of his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and with a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whiplash in the air, had described a

circle round the two eyes, and wrenched off the head as a man would draw a tooth.

The struggle was ended. The slimy bands relaxed. The air-pump being broken, the vacuum was destroyed. The four hundred suckers, deprived of their sustaining power, dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sank to the bottom of the water.

Breathless with the struggle, Gilliatt could dimly discern on the stones at his feet two shapeless, slimy heaps, the head on one side, the rest of the monster on the other.

Nevertheless, fearing a convulsive return of the death agony, he recoiled to be out of the reach of the dreaded tentacles.

But the monster was quite dead.

Gilliatt closed his knife.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING IS HIDDEN, NOTHING LOST.

IT was time that he killed the devil-fish. He was almost suffocated. His right arm and his chest were purple. Hundreds of small swellings were visible upon them; the blood flowed from them here and there. The remedy for these wounds is sea-water. Gilliatt plunged into it, rubbing himself vigorously at the same time with the palms of his hands. The swellings disappeared under the friction.

By stepping farther into the waters he had, without perceiving it, approached to the sort of recess already noticed by him near the crevice where he had been attacked by the devil-fish.

This recess stretched obliquely under the great walls of the cavern, and was dry. The large pebbles which had become heaped up there had raised the bottom above the level of ordinary tides. The entrance was a rather large elliptical arch; a man could enter it by stooping. The green light of the submarine grotto penetrated and faintly illumined it.

While hastily rubbing his skin, Gilliatt raised his eyes mechanically.

He was able to see far into the tiny grotto.

He shuddered, for he fancied he perceived, at the farther depth of the dusky recess, a face wreathed with a ghastly smile.

Gilliatt had never heard the word "hallucination," but he was familiar with the idea. Those mysterious

encounters with the invisible, which we call hallucinations in order to spare ourselves the trouble of explaining them, are a part of Nature. Whether they be illusions or realities, visions are an unquestionable fact. One who has the gift is sure to see them. Gilliatt, as we have said, was a dreamer. He had at times the power of a seer. It was not in vain that he had spent his life in musing among solitary places.

He imagined himself the dupe of one of those mirages which he had more than once beheld in his dreamy moods.

The opening was shaped something like a lime-burner's kiln. It was a low niche with projections like basket-handles. The sharp groins contracted gradually as far as the extremity of the crypt, where the heaps of round stones and the rocky roof joined.

Gilliatt entered, and lowering his head, advanced towards the object in the distance.

There was indeed something smiling at him.

It was a death's-head. There was not only the head, but the entire skeleton.

A complete human skeleton was lying in the cave.

Under such circumstances a bold man will continue his researches.

Gilliatt glanced around him. He was surrounded by a multitude of crabs. The multitude did not stir. They were but empty shells.

These groups were scattered here and there among the masses of pebbles, forming all sorts of odd figures on the floor of the cave.

Gilliatt, having his eyes fixed elsewhere, had walked over them without perceiving them.

At the farther end of the crypt, where he had now penetrated, there was a still larger pile of remains. It was a confused mass of legs, antennæ, and mandibles. Claws stood wide open; bony shells lay quiet under

their bristling horns; some reversed showed their livid hollows. The heap was like a *mêlée* of besiegers who had fallen, and lay massed together entangled like so much brush-wood.

The skeleton was partly buried in this heap.

Under this confused mass of scales and tentacles, the eye could distinguish the cranium, the vertebræ, the thigh bones, the tibias, and the long-jointed finger bones with their nails. The frame formed by the ribs was filled with crabs. A heart had once beat there. The green mould of the sea had settled round the sockets of the eyes. Limpets had left their slime upon the bony nostrils. Within this rocky cave there was neither sea-gull, nor weed, nor a breath of air. All was still. The teeth grinned hideously.

The gloomy side of laughter is that strange mockery of its expression which is peculiar to a human skull.

This marvellous palace of the deep, inlaid and incrusted with all the gems of the sea, had at last revealed its secret. It was a savage haunt; the devil-fish inhabited it; it was also a tomb, in which the body of a man reposed.

The skeleton and the creatures around it seemed to oscillate slightly by reason of the reflections from the water which trembled upon the roof and wall. The multitude of crabs looked as if they were finishing their repast. These crustacea seemed to be devouring the carcass.

Gilliatt had the storehouse of the devil-fish before his eyes.

It was a dismal sight. The crabs had devoured the man; the devil-fish had devoured the crabs.

There were no remains of clothing visible anywhere. The man must have been seized naked.

Gilliatt began to remove the shells from the skeleton.

Who was this man? The body looked as if it had been prepared for an anatomical study. All the flesh was stripped off; not a muscle remained; but not a bone was missing. If Gilliatt had been skilled in physiology he could have demonstrated the fact. The periostea, denuded of their covering, were as white and smooth as if they had been polished. But for some green mould from sea-mosses here and there, they would have been like ivory. The cartilaginous divisions were delicately inlaid and arranged. The tomb sometimes produces this dismal mosaic work.

The body was, as it were, buried under the heap of dead crabs. Gilliatt disinterred it.

Suddenly he stooped, and examined it more closely.

He had perceived around the vertebral column a sort of belt.

It was a leathern girdle, which had evidently been worn buckled around the waist of the man when alive.

The leather was moist; the buckle rusty.

Gilliatt pulled the girdle; the vertebræ of the skeleton resisted, and he was compelled to break through them in order to remove it. A crust of small shells had begun to form upon it.

He felt it, and discovered a hard substance inside. It was useless to endeavour to unfasten the buckle, so he cut the leather with his knife.

The girdle contained a small iron box and several pieces of gold. Gilliatt counted twenty guineas.

The iron box was a sailor's tobacco-box, that opened and shut with a spring. It was very tight and rusty. The spring being completely oxidized would not work.

Once more the knife served Gilliatt in a difficulty. A pressure with the point of the blade caused the lid to fly up.

The box was open.

There was nothing inside but some pieces of paper.

These were damp, but uninjured. The box, hermetically sealed, had preserved them. Gilliatt unfolded them.

They were three bank-notes of one thousand pounds sterling each, making in all seventy-five thousand francs.

Gilliatt folded them up again, replaced them in the box, taking advantage of the space which remained to add the twenty guineas; and then re-closed the box as well as he could.

Next he examined the belt.

The leather, which had originally been smooth outside, was rough within. Upon this tawny ground some letters had been traced in thick, black ink. Gilliatt deciphered them, and read the words " Sieur Clubin. "

CHAPTER V.

THE FATAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SIX INCHES AND TWO FEET.

GILLIATT replaced the box in the girdle, and crammed the girdle in his trouser's pocket.

He left the skeleton among the crabs, with the remains of the devil-fish beside it.

While he had been occupied with the devil-fish and the skeleton, the rising tide had submerged the entrance to the cave. He was only able to leave it by diving under the arched entrance. He got through without any difficulty; for he knew the ground well, and was a proficient in such manœuvres.

It is easy to understand the drama that had taken place there the ten weeks before. One monster had seized another monster, the devil-fish had captured Clubin.

These two embodiments of treachery had met in the inexorable darkness. There had been an encounter at the bottom of the sea between these two compounds of cruelty and watchfulness; the monster had destroyed the man: a terrible fulfilment of justice.

The crab feeds on carrion, the devil-fish on crabs. The devil-fish seizes anything within its reach, — be it otter, dog, or man, — sucks the blood, and leaves the body at the bottom of the sea. The crabs are the scavengers of the deep. Putrefying flesh attracts them; they crowd round it, devour the body, and are in their turn con-

sumed by the devil-fish. Dead creatures disappear in the crab, the crab disappears in the *pieuvre*. This is the law which we have already pointed out.

The devil-fish had laid hold of Clubin and drowned him. Some wave had carried his body into the recess at the farther end of this cave, where Gilliatt had discovered it.

He returned searching among the rocks for sea-urchins, and limpets, as he went. He had no desire for crabs; to have eaten them now would have seemed to him like feeding upon human flesh.

There was nothing now to prevent his departure. Heavy tempests are always followed by a calm, which sometimes lasts several days. There was, therefore, no danger to be apprehended from the sea. Gilliatt had resolved to leave the rocks on the following day. It was important, on account of the tide, to keep the barrier between the two Douvres during the night, but he intended to remove it at daybreak, to push the sloop out to sea, and set sail for St. Sampson. The light breeze which was blowing came from the south-west, which was precisely the wind he needed.

It was in the first quarter of the moon, in the month of May; and the days were long.

When Gilliatt, having finished his wanderings among the rocks, and appeased his appetite to some extent, returned to the passage between the two Douvres, where he had left the sloop, the sun had set, the twilight was increased by the pale light which comes from a crescent moon; the tide had attained its highest point and was beginning to ebb. The funnel standing upright above the sloop had been covered by the foam during the tempest with a coating of salt which glittered in the light of the moon.

This circumstance reminded Gilliatt that the storm

had inundated the sloop, both with surf and with rain, and that if he meant to start in the morning, it would be necessary to bale it out.

Before leaving to go in quest of crabs, he had ascertained that there were about six inches of water in the hold. The scoop which he used for the purpose would, he thought, be sufficient for throwing the water overboard.

On arriving at the barrier, Gilliatt was horrified to perceive that there were nearly two feet of water in the sloop. A terrible discovery! The vessel had sprung a leak.

The water had been gaining gradually during his absence. Heavily loaded as the sloop was, two feet of water was a perilous addition. A little more, and she must inevitably founder. If he had returned but an hour later, he would probably have found nothing above water but the funnel and the mast.

There was not a minute to lose. It was absolutely necessary to find the leak, stop it, and then empty the vessel, or at all events, lighten it. The pumps of the Durande had been lost in the break-up of the wreck.

To find the leak was the most urgent.

Gilliatt set to work immediately, and without even giving himself time to dress. He shivered; but he was no longer conscious of either hunger or cold.

The water continued to gain in his vessel. Fortunately there was no wind. The slightest swell would have been fatal.

The moon went down.

Bent low, and covered with water higher than his waist, he groped about for a long time.

At last he discovered the leak.

At the critical moment when the sloop swerved, during the gale, the strong bark had bumped violently

upon the rocks. One of the projections of the Little Douvre had made a fracture in the starboard side of the hull.

The leak, unfortunately, was near the joint of the two riders, a fact which in the confusion caused by the hurricane had prevented him perceiving it during his hasty survey in the height of the storm.

The fracture was alarming on account of its size; but fortunately, although the vessel was sunk lower than usual by the weight of the water, it was still above the ordinary water-line.

At the time when the accident occurred, the waves had rolled heavily into the defile, and had flooded the vessel through the breach, so she had sunk a few inches under the additional weight. Even after the subsidence of the water, the weight had kept the hole still below the surface. Hence the imminence of the danger.

The depth of water had increased from two to twenty inches. But if he could succeed in stopping the leak, he could bail out the sloop; the hole once stanched, the vessel would rise to its usual water-line, the fracture would be above water, and in this position the repair would be easy, or at least possible. His carpenter's tools, as we have already said, were still in fair condition.

But meanwhile what uncertainty must he not endure! What perils, what chances of accidents! He heard the water rising inexorably. One shock, and all would be lost! Perhaps his endeavours would prove futile even now!

He reproached himself bitterly. He said to himself that he ought to have discovered the damage immediately. The six inches of water in the hold ought to have suggested it to him. He had been stupid enough to attribute these six inches of water to the rain and

surf. He was angry with himself for having slept and eaten; he blamed himself even for his weariness, and almost for the storm and the intense darkness of the night. It all seemed to have been his fault.

These bitter self-reproaches filled his mind while engaged in his labour, but they did not prevent him from giving close attention to his work.

The leak had been discovered; that was the first step: to stanch it was the second. That was all it was possible to do for the present. Carpentering cannot be carried on under water.

It was a favourable circumstance that the breach in the hull was in the place between the two chains which held the funnel fast on the starboard side. The material used in stopping the leak could be secured by these chains.

Meanwhile the water was gaining. It was now between two and three feet deep.

It reached above Gilliatt's knees.

CHAPTER VI.

DE PROFUNDIS AD ALTUM.

GILLIATT had among his store of surplus rigging for the sloop a large tarpaulin, provided with long lanyards at the four corners.

He took this tarpaulin, made fast two corners of it by the lanyards to the two rings of the funnel chains on the same side as the leak, and threw it over the gunwale. The tarpaulin hung like a sheet between the Little Douvre and the bark, and sunk in the water. The pressure of the water as it endeavoured to enter the hold, kept the tarpaulin close to the hull. The heavier the pressure the closer the sail adhered. The water kept it directly over the fracture. The wound in the bark was stanched.

The tarred canvas formed a barrier between the interior of the hold and the waves outside. Not a drop of water entered.

The leak was covered, but it was not stopped. It was a respite only.

Gilliatt took the scoop and began to bale out the sloop. It was time that she were lightened. The labour warmed him a little, but his weariness was extreme. He was forced to acknowledge to himself that he could not complete the work of emptying the hold. He had scarcely eaten anything, and he had the humiliation of feeling himself exhausted.

He measured the progress of his work by the sinking of the level of water below his knees. The fall was slow.

Moreover, the leakage was only interrupted; the evil was moderated, not repaired. The tarpaulin pushed into the gap began to bulge inside, looking as if a fist were under the canvas, endeavouring to force it through. The canvas, strong and pitchy, resisted; but the swelling and the tension increased. It was by no means certain that it would not give way. The swelling might become a rent at any moment. The entrance of the water would then begin again.

In such a case, as the crews of vessels in distress know very well, there is no other remedy than stuffing. The sailors take everything in the shape of rags they can lay hands upon, — everything, in fact, which they can make of "service;" and with this they push the bulging sail-cloth as far as they can into the hole.

But unfortunately all the rags and tow which Gilliatt had stored up had been used in his operations, or carried away by the storm.

If necessary, he might possibly have been able to find some remains by searching among the rocks. The sloop was sufficiently lightened for him to leave it with safety for a quarter of an hour; but how could he make this search without a light? The darkness was complete. There was no longer any moon, — nothing but the starry sky. He had no dry tow to serve as a match, no tallow to make a candle, no fire to light one, no lantern to shelter it from the wind. In the sloop and among the rocks everything was blurred and indistinct. He could hear the water lapping against the injured hull, but he could not even see the crack. It was with his hands that he had ascertained the bulging of the tarpaulin. In the darkness it was impossible to make any effectual search for rags of canvas or pieces of tow scattered over the rocks. Who could find these waifs and strays without being able to see his path? Gilliatt looked sorrow-

fully at the sky : " All those stars," he thought, " and yet no light ! "

The water in the hold having diminished, the pressure from without increased. The bulging of the canvas became greater and was constantly increasing, like a frightful abscess about to burst. The situation, which had been improved for a short time, began to be threatening.

Some means of stopping it effectually was absolutely necessary. He had nothing left but his clothes, which he had spread out to dry upon the projecting rocks of the Little Douvre.

He hastened to fetch them, and hung them on the gunwale of the sloop.

Then he took his tarpaulin overcoat, and kneeling in the water thrust it into the hole, and swelling the sail outward, emptied it of water. To the tarpaulin coat he added the sheepskin, then his Guernsey shirt, and then his jacket. The hole held them all and more. He had nothing left but his sailor's trousers, which he took off, and pushed in with the other articles. This increased and strengthened the stuffing.

The stopper was made, and it seemed to be sufficient.

These clothes passed partly through the gap, the sail-cloth outside enveloping them. The sea in its efforts to enter, pressed against the obstacle, spread it over the gap, and blocked it. It was a sort of exterior compression.

Inside, only the centre of the bulge having been driven out, there remained all around the gap and the stuffing just thrust through, a sort of circular pad formed by the tarpaulin, which was rendered still firmer by the irregularities of the break in which it had become entangled.

The leak was stanched, but nothing could be more precarious. Those sharp splinters which held the tar-

paulin might pierce it, thus making other holes by which the water would enter; while he would not even perceive it in the darkness. There was little probability that the stuffing would last until daylight. Gilliatt's anxiety changed in form; but he felt it increase all the more rapidly in proportion as he found his strength failing him.

He had again set to work to bale out the hold, but his arms, in spite of all his efforts, could scarcely lift a scoopful of water. He was naked and shivering.

He felt as if the end was at hand.

One possible chance flashed across his mind. There might be a sail in sight. Some fishing-boat might come to his assistance. The moment had arrived when a helpmate was absolutely necessary. With a man and a lantern, all might yet be saved. If there were two persons, they might easily bale the vessel. As the leak was stanched temporarily, as soon as the vessel could be relieved of her burden, she would rise to her usual level. The leak would then be above the surface of the water, so repairs would be practicable, and he would be able to replace the rags with a piece of plank. If not, it would be necessary to wait till daylight, — to wait the whole night long; a delay which might prove ruinous. Gilliatt was in a fever of haste.

If by chance some ship's lantern should be in sight, Gilliatt would be able to signal it from the top of the Great Douvre. The weather was calm; there was no wind or rolling sea; there was a possibility of the figure of a man being observed moving against the background of the starry sky. A captain of a ship, or even the master of a fishing-boat, would not be in the vicinity of the Douvres at night without directing his glass upon the rock, by way of precaution.

Gilliatt hoped that some one might notice him.

He climbed upon the wreck, grasped the knotted rope, and climbed to the top of the Great Douvre.

Not a sail was visible in the horizon, nor a single ship's lantern. The wide expanse, as far as eye could reach, was deserted.

No assistance was possible, and no resistance was possible.

Gilliatt felt himself without resources, — a feeling which he had not experienced until then.

A grim fatality was now his master. In spite of all his labour, all his success, all his courage, he and his bark, with its precious burden, were about to become the plaything of the waves. He had no other means of continuing the struggle. How could he prevent the tide from returning, the water from rising, the darkness from continuing? The stuffing he had made was his sole dependence. He had exhausted and stripped himself in constructing and completing it; he could neither strengthen nor add to it. The stop-gap was such that it must remain as it was, and any further efforts would be useless. How would this inert obstacle work? It was this obstacle, not Gilliatt, that would have to sustain the combat now. The mere pressure of a wave would suffice to re-open the fracture. It was simply a question of a little more or less pressure.

Henceforth Gilliatt could neither aid his auxiliary, nor hinder his adversary. He was now a mere spectator of this struggle, though it was one of life or death for him. He, who had maintained the struggle with such rare skill and intelligence, was at the last moment compelled to resign all to a mere blind resistance.

No trial, no terror that he had yet undergone, could be compared with this.

From the time he had first taken up his abode upon the Douvres, he had found himself environed, and as it

were possessed by solitude. This solitude more than surrounded, it enveloped him. A thousand dangers had menaced him. The wind was always there, ready to buffet him; the sea, ready to roar. There was no stopping that terrible mouth, the wind; no imprisoning that dread monster, the sea.

And yet he had striven undaunted. He, a solitary man, had fought hand to hand with the ocean, had wrestled even with the tempest.

There was no form of misery with which he had not become familiar. He had been compelled to work without tools, to move vast burdens without aid, to solve problems without science, to eat and drink without provisions of any kind; to find shelter and sleep.

Upon that solitary rock, a dreary couch, he had been subjected by turns to all the varied and cruel tortures of Nature, who is oftentimes a kind mother, but quite as often a pitiless destroyer.

He had conquered his isolation, conquered hunger, conquered thirst, conquered cold, conquered fever, conquered labour, conquered sleep. He had encountered a mighty coalition of obstacles formed to bar his progress. After his privations, there were the elements to contend with; after the sea, the tempest; after the tempest, the devil-fish; after the monster, the spectre.

Ah, the dismal irony of the *dénouement*. Upon this rock, whence he had thought to depart triumphant, the spectre of Clubin had arisen to mock him with a hideous smile.

The spectre had cause to sneer, for Gilliatt, too, was ruined. He, too, like Clubin, was in the clutches of death.

Winter, famine, fatigue, the dismemberment of the wreck, the removal of the machinery, the equinoctial gale, the thunder, the sea-monster, were all as nothing compared with this small fracture in a vessel's side.

One could fight against cold, with fire; against hunger, with the shell-fish on the rocks; against thirst, with the rain; against the difficulties of his great task, with industry and energy; against the sea and the storm, with the breakwater; against the devil-fish, with a trusty knife; but against the terrible leak he had no weapon.

The hurricane had left him this grim farewell, this last retort, this traitorous thrust, this treacherous side blow of a vanquished foe. In its flight the tempest had turned and shot this parting arrow behind it.

It was possible to contend with the tempest, but how could he hope to wrestle with the insidious enemy who now attacked him?

If the leak re-opened, nothing could prevent the sloop from foundering. It would be like the bursting of the ligature of the artery; and once under the water with its heavy burden, no power could raise it. Was his noble struggle, and two months of herculean labour, to end in naught? To begin again would be impossible. He had neither forge nor materials. By dawn, in all probability, he would see his work swallowed up completely and irrevocably in the gulf.

How terrible, to feel that sombre power beneath him! to see the ocean snatching his prize from his hands.

His bark ingulfed, there was nothing left for him but to perish of cold and hunger, like the poor shipwrecked sailor on "The Man" rock.

For two long months this desperate struggle had been going on between the wide expanse of ocean, the waves, the winds, and the lightnings, on one hand, and a man on the other. On one hand the sea, on the other a human mind; on one hand the infinite, on the other a mere atom.

The battle had been fierce, and behold the abortive issue of those prodigies of valour.

Must this unparalleled heroism end in utter powerlessness, this formidable struggle end in impotent despair?

Gilliatt gazed wildly about him.

He had no clothing. He stood naked in the midst of that immensity.

Then, overwhelmed by a consciousness of an unknown but infinite power, bewildered by this relentless persecution, confronted by the shadows of night and impenetrable darkness, in the midst of the murmuring waves, the tossing foam, the roaring surf, beneath the mighty firmament studded with glittering constellations, and with the great unfathomable deep around him, he sank down, gave up the struggle, and throwing himself upon the rock with his face turned upward to the stars, completely humbled, he lifted his clasped hands to heaven, and cried aloud: "Have mercy!"

Crushed to earth by that immensity, he prayed.

He was there alone, in the darkness, upon the rock, in the open sea, stricken down with exhaustion like one smitten by lightning, naked like the gladiator in the arena, save that for an arena he had the vast horizon, instead of wild beasts, the shadows of darkness, instead of the faces of the crowd, the eyes of the great Unknown, instead of the Vestals, the stars, instead of Cæsar, God!

His whole being seemed to dissolve in cold, fatigue, powerlessness, prayer, and darkness, and his eyes closed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE APPEAL IS HEARD.

SEVERAL hours passed.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky.

Its first ray shone upon a motionless form on the Great Douvre. It was Gilliatt.

He was still lying stretched out upon the rock.

He was naked, cold, and stiff; but he did not shiver. His closed eyelids were wan. It would have been difficult for a beholder to determine whether the form before him was not a corpse.

The sun seemed to be gazing down upon him.

If he were not dead, he was so near death that a single cold blast would have sufficed to extinguish life.

The wind began to blow, warm and animating, — the revivifying breath of spring.

Meanwhile the sun mounted higher in the clear, blue sky; its light became warmth. It enveloped the slumbering form.

But Gilliatt did not move. If he breathed at all, it was only with that feeble respiration which would scarcely sully the surface of a mirror.

The sun continued its ascent; its rays striking less and less obliquely upon the naked man. The gentle breeze which had been merely tepid, became hot.

The rigid and naked body still remained perfectly motionless, but the skin was less livid in hue.

The sun, approaching the zenith, shone almost perpendicularly upon the plateau of the Douvres. A flood of

light descended from the heavens; the reflection from the glassy sea increased its splendour; the rock itself imbibed the hot rays and warmed the sleeper.

A sigh heaved his breast.

He lived.

The sun continued its kindly offices. The wind, which was already the breath of summer and of noon, approached him like loving lips that breathed softly upon him.

Gilliatt moved.

The sea was perfectly calm. Its murmur was like the droning of a nurse beside a sleeping infant. The rock seemed cradled in the waves.

The sea-birds, who knew that recumbent form, fluttered around it, — not with their former wild astonishment, but with a sort of fraternal tenderness. They uttered plaintive cries: they seemed to be calling to him.

A sea-mew, who no doubt knew him, was tame enough to approach him. It began to caw gently, as if talking to him.

The sleeper seemed not to hear. The bird hopped upon his shoulder, and pecked his lips softly.

Gilliatt opened his eyes.

The birds, content and shy, dispersed, chattering wildly.

Gilliatt arose, stretched himself like a roused lion, ran to the edge of the platform, and looked down into the gulf between the two Douvres.

The sloop was there, intact; the stopper had not failed him; the sea had probably disturbed it but little.

All was well.

His weariness was forgotten. His strength had returned. His swoon had ended in a refreshing sleep.

He descended and baled out the sloop, thus raising the leak above the water-line, dressed himself, ate, drank some water, and gave thanks.

The gap in the side of the vessel, examined in broad

daylight, was found to require more labour than he had thought. It was a serious fracture. The entire day would be consumed in repairing it.

At daybreak the next morning, after removing the barrier and re-opening the entrance to the gorge, dressed in the tattered clothing which had served to stop the leak, with Clubin's belt containing the seventy-five thousand francs, around his waist, standing erect in the sloop, now thoroughly repaired, beside the machinery he had rescued, with a favourable breeze and a calm sea, Gilliatt pushed off from the Douvres.

He headed the sloop straight for Guernsey.

Had any one chanced to be on the Douvres at the moment of the sloop's departure, he would have heard Gilliatt singing, in an undertone, the air of "Bonnie Dundee."

PART III.

DÉRUCHETTE.

BOOK I.

NIGHT AND THE MOON.

CHAPTER I.

THE HARBOUR BELL.

THE St. Sampson of the present day is almost a city; the St. Sampson of forty years ago was little more than a village.

When the winter was ended and spring had come, the inhabitants were not long out of bed after sundown. St. Sampson was an ancient parish which had long been accustomed to the sound of the curfew-bell, and which had a traditional habit of blowing out the candle at an early hour. The people there went to bed and got up with the sun. These old Norman villages are wonderfully successful with poultry.

The people of St. Sampson, except a few rich families among the townsfolk, are also a population of quarrymen and carpenters. The port is a great port for repairs. The quarrying of stone and the fashioning of timber go on all day long; here stands a labourer with his pickaxe, there a workman with his mallet. At night they are

ready to drop with fatigue, and sleep like lead. Heavy labour brings heavy slumbers.

One evening, in the early part of the month of May, after watching the crescent moon for some instants through the trees, and listening to the step of Déruchette walking alone in the cool air in the garden of the Bravées, Mess Lethierry had returned to his room overlooking the harbour, and had retired to rest. Douce and Grace were already in bed. The entire household was asleep with the exception of Déruchette. The doors and shutters were everywhere closed. The streets were silent and deserted. Some few lights, like winking eyes about to close in rest, showed here and there in windows in the roofs, indicating that the domestics were going to bed. Nine had already struck in the old Romanesque belfry, wreathed in ivy, which shares with the church of St. Brelade at Jersey the peculiarity of having for its date four ones (IIII), used to signify the year eleven hundred and eleven.

The popularity of Mess Lethierry at St. Sampson had been founded on his success. His success at an end, his popularity departed. One might almost imagine that ill-fortune is contagious, and that the unsuccessful have a plague, so rapidly are they put in quarantine. The young men of well-to-do families avoided Déruchette. The isolation around the Bravées was so complete that its inmates had not even heard the news of the great local event which had that day set all St. Sampson in a ferment. The rector of the parish, the Rev. Ebenezer Caudray, had become rich. His uncle, the noted Dean of St. Asaph, had just died in London. The news had been brought by the mail sloop, the "Cashmere," arrived from England that very morning, and the mast of which could be seen in the harbour of St. Peter's Port. The "Cashmere" was to sail for Southampton at noon on the mor-

row, and would, so rumour said, convey the reverend gentleman, who had been suddenly summoned to England, to be present at the official opening of the will, not to speak of other urgent matters connected with an important inheritance. All day long St. Sampson had been conversing excitedly upon this subject. The "Cashmere," the Rev. Ebenezer, his deceased uncle, his wealth, his speedy departure, his possible preferment in the future, had formed the foundation of this perpetual buzzing. One solitary house, still uninformed on these matters, had remained unperturbed. This was the Bravées.

Mess Lethierry had thrown himself in his hammock all dressed as he was.

Since the accident to the Durande, his hammock had been his only consolation. Every prisoner has the privilege of stretching himself out on his pallet, and Mess Lethierry was the prisoner of grief. To go to bed was a truce, a gain in breathing time, a suspension of thought. He neither slept nor watched. Strictly speaking, for two months and a half, or ever since his misfortune had befallen him, Mess Lethierry had been in a sort of a dream. He had not yet regained possession of his faculties. He was in that cloudy and confused condition of mind with which those who have undergone overwhelming afflictions are familiar. His reflections were not thought, his sleep was not repose. He was not awake by day or asleep by night. He was up, and then went to rest, — that was all. When he was in his hammock forgetfulness came to him. He called that sleeping. Chimeras floated about him, and within him. A nocturnal cloud, full of confused faces, flitted through his brain. Sometimes it was the Emperor Napoleon dictating to him the story of his life; sometimes there were several Déruchettes; strange birds peopled the trees; the streets of Lons-le-Saulnier turned into serpents. Such

nightmares as these were brief respites in his despair. He spent his nights in dreaming, and his days in reverie.

Sometimes he remained all the afternoon at the window of his room, which overlooked the harbour, with his head drooping, his elbows on the sill, his ears resting on his fists, his back turned to the whole world, his eyes fixed on the old massive iron ring fastened in the wall of the house, only a few feet from his window, where he used to moor the Durande. He was looking at the rust which gathered on the ring.

He was reduced to the mere mechanical habit of living.

The bravest men, when deprived of their most cherished hope, often come to this. His life had become a void. Life is a voyage; the idea is the itinerary. The plan of their course gone, they stop. The object is lost, the strength of purpose gone. Fate has a secret discretionary power. It is able to touch even our mental being with its rod. Despair is destitution of the soul. Only the greatest minds can resist it.

Mess Lethierry was always meditating, — if absorption can be called meditation, — in the depths of a sort of cloudy abyss. Broken words like these sometimes escaped him. "There is nothing left for me now, but to ask for leave to go."

There was a certain contradiction in that nature, complex as the sea, of which Mess Lethierry was, so to speak, the product. Mess Lethierry's grief did not seek relief in prayer.

To be powerless is almost a comfort under some circumstances. In the presence of those two relentless powers — destiny and Nature — it is by his very powerlessness that man has been led to seek support in prayer.

Man seeks relief from his terror; his anxiety bids him kneel.

Prayer, that wondrous power peculiar to the soul, is addressed to the magnanimity of the Invisible; it gazes into mystery with the very eyes of the grave, and before this potent fixity of regard and supplication, we feel a possible disarmament of the Unknown.

The mere possibility of such a thing is a consolation.

But Mess Lethierry prayed not.

In the days when he was happy, God had been a palpable presence to him. Lethierry addressed him almost familiarly, pledged his word to him, seemed at times to hold close intercourse with him. But in the hour of his misfortune, the idea of God had become eclipsed in his mind, — a phenomenon which is not infrequent. This almost invariably happens when the mind has created for itself a deity invested with human attributes.

In his present frame of mind there was but one thing of which Lethierry was clearly cognizant, — the smile of Déruchette. Everything else was dim and shadowy.

For some time, apparently on account of the loss of the Durande, and of the blow which it had been to them, this pleasant smile had been rare. She seemed always thoughtful. Her bird-like playfulness, her child-like ways, were gone. She was never seen now in the morning, at the sound of the cannon which announced daybreak, saluting the rising sun with "Boom! Daylight! Come in, please!" At times her expression was very serious, — an unusual thing for that sweet nature. She sometimes made an effort, however, to laugh before Mess Lethierry, and to divert him; but her cheerfulness diminished from day to day, — grew dim like the wing of an empaled butterfly. Either through sorrow for her uncle's sorrow, — for there are griefs which are the reflections of other griefs, — or for some other reason, she about this time became very religiously inclined. In the time of the old rector, M. Jaquemin Hérode, she scarcely went to

church, as we have already said, four times a year; now, on the contrary, she was assiduous in her attendance at church. She missed no service, either Sunday or Thursday. Pious souls in the parish noted this fact with great satisfaction. It is a great blessing when a girl who runs so many risks in the world turns her thoughts towards God.

It at least enables the poor parents to feel easy on the subject of love-making.

In the evening, whenever the weather permitted, she walked for an hour or two in the garden of the Bravées. She was almost as quiet there as Mess Lethierry, and almost always alone. Déruchette went to bed last. This, however, did not prevent Douce and Grace from watching her a little, with that instinct for spying which is common to servants. Spying is such a relaxation after household work.

As for Mess Lethierry, in the abstracted state of his mind, these little changes in Déruchette's habits escaped him. Moreover, his nature had little in common with the duenna. He had not even remarked her regular attendance at church. Tenacious of his prejudices against the clergy and their sermons, he would scarcely have approved such close attendances at the parish church.

Not that his own moral condition was not undergoing change however. Sorrow often undergoes a marked change in its form.

Robust natures, as we have said, are sometimes almost overwhelmed by sudden great misfortunes; but not quite. Manly characters, such as Lethierry's, experience a reaction in a given time. Sorrow has many different stages. From utter despair we rise to dejection; from dejection to grief; from grief to melancholy. Melancholy is a twilight state; suffering melts into it and becomes a gloomy joy.

Melancholy is the pleasure of being sad.

Such moods were not for Lethierry. Neither the nature of his temperament nor the character of his misfortune suited those delicate shades. But at the time of which we speak his apathy had begun to wear off a little, leaving him no less sad, however. He was just as inactive, and quite as dull; but he was no longer overwhelmed. A certain perception of events and circumstances was returning to him, and he began to experience something that might be called a return to reality.

Thus by day in the great lower room, though he did not listen to the words of those about him, he heard them. Grace came one morning, quite exultant, to tell Déruchette that he had undone the cover of a newspaper.

This half acceptance of realities is in itself a good symptom, — a token of convalescence. Great afflictions produce a stupor; it is by such little acts that men return to their former selves. This improvement, however, is at first only an aggravation of the evil. The dreamy condition of mind in which the sufferer has lived, served, while it lasted, to blunt his grief. His sight before was dim. He felt little. Now his view is clear, nothing escapes him; and his wounds re-open. Every detail that he notices serves to remind him of his sorrow. He lives over everything again in memory; every recollection is a pang. All kinds of bitter aftertastes lurk in that return to life. He is better, and yet worse. Such was the condition of Lethierry. In returning to consciousness, his sufferings had become more keen.

It was a sudden shock that first recalled him to a sense of reality.

One afternoon, between the 15th and 20th of April, a double-knock at the door of the great lower room of the Bravées had signalled the arrival of the postman. Douce had opened the door; there was a letter.

The letter came from beyond the sea; it was addressed to Mess Lethierry, and bore the postmark "Lisbon."

Douce had taken the letter to Mess Lethierry, who was in his room. He took it, placed it mechanically on the table, and did not look at it.

The letter remained an entire week upon the table without being opened.

It happened, however, one morning that Douce said to Mess Lethierry: —

"Shall I brush the dust off your letter, sir?"

Lethierry seemed to arouse from his lethargy.

"Ay, ay! You are right," he said; and he opened the letter, and read as follows: —

At Sea, 10th March.

To Mess Lethierry of St. Sampson: —

You will be gratified to receive news of me. I am aboard the "Tamaulipas," bound for the port of "No-return." Among the crew is a sailor named Ahier-Tostevin, from Guernsey, who will return, and will have some facts to communicate to you. I take the opportunity of our speaking a vessel, the "Hernan Cortes," bound for Lisbon, to forward you this letter.

You will be astonished to learn that I am an honest man.

As honest as Sieur Clubin.

I am almost sure that you know of certain recent events ere this; nevertheless, it is, perhaps, not altogether superfluous to send you a full account of them.

To proceed:

I have returned your money.

Some years ago, I borrowed from you, under rather unfortunate circumstances, the sum of fifty thousand francs. Before leaving St. Malo lately, I paid into the hands of your confidential man of business, Sieur Clubin, on your account, three bank-notes of one thousand pounds each; making together seventy-five thousand francs. You will no doubt find this reimbursement sufficient.

Sieur Clubin acted for you, and received your money, in a remarkably energetic manner; indeed, he seemed to me singularly zealous. This is, indeed, my reason for apprising you of the facts.

Your other confidential man of business,

RANTAINE.

Postscript. — Sieur Clubin was in possession of a revolver, which may explain to your satisfaction the fact of my having no receipt.

One who has touched a torpedo, or a Leyden-jar fully charged, may form some idea of the effect the reading of this letter produced on Mess Lethierry.

This common-place looking missive to which he had at first paid so little attention, contained a veritable thunderbolt.

He recognized the writing and the signature. As for the facts to which the letter referred, he did not understand them in the least. But the excitement of the event soon set his mind to working again.

The most potent part of the shock he had received lay in the mystery of the seventy-five thousand francs intrusted by Rantaine to Clubin. This was an enigma which taxed Lethierry's brain to the uttermost. Conjecture is a healthy occupation for the mind. Reason is awakened; logic is called into play.

For some time past public opinion in Guernsey had been undergoing a reaction on the subject of Clubin, — the man who had enjoyed such a high reputation for honour for so many years, the man so unanimously regarded with esteem. People had begun to question and to doubt; there were wagers for and against. Some new light had been thrown on the question in singular ways. The character of Clubin began to become clearer, — that is to say, he began to appear blacker in the eyes of the world.

A judicial inquiry had taken place at St. Malo, for the purpose of ascertaining what had become of coast-guardsman No. 619. Legal perspicacity had got upon a false scent, — a thing which frequently happens. It had started with the hypothesis that the man had been enticed away by Zuela, and had shipped aboard the "Tamaulipas" for Chili. This ingenious supposition led to a considerable amount of wasted conjecture. The short-sighted authorities had failed to take any note of Rantaine; but as the inquiry progressed, other clews were developed and the affair became complicated. Clubin, too, became mixed up with the enigma. A coincidence, perhaps a direct connection, had been found between the departure of the "Tamaulipas" and the loss of the Durande. At the wine-shop near the Dinan Gate, where Clubin thought himself entirely unknown, he had been recognized. The keeper of the wine-shop said that Clubin had bought a bottle of brandy that night. For whom? The gunsmith of St. Vincent Street, too, had talked: Clubin had purchased a revolver of him. For what purpose? The landlord of the Auberge Jean had talked: Clubin had absented himself in an inexplicable manner. Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau had talked: Clubin had determined to start, although he had been warned, and knew that he might expect a great fog. The crew of the Durande had talked. In fact, the collection of freight had been strangely neglected, and the cargo badly stowed, — a neglect easy to comprehend, if the captain had determined to wreck the ship. The Guernsey passenger, too, had talked: Clubin had evidently believed that he had run upon the Hanways. The Torteval people had talked: Clubin had visited that neighbourhood a few days before the loss of the Durande, and had been seen walking in the direction of Pleinmont, near the Hanways. He had a travelling-bag with him. "He had set out with it, and come back with-

out it." The birds'-nesters had talked; their story might be connected with Clubin's disappearance, — that is, if the lads' supposed ghosts were in reality smugglers. Finally, the haunted house of Pleinmont itself had spoken. Persons who were determined to get information had climbed up and entered the windows, and had found inside, what? The very travelling-bag which had been seen in Sieur Clubin's possession. The authorities of the *Douzaine* of Torteval had taken possession of the bag and had opened it. It was found to contain provisions, a telescope, a chronometer, a man's clothing, and linen marked with Clubin's initials. All this, according to the gossips of St. Malo and Guernsey, began to look more and more like a case of fraud. Obscure hints were brought together; there seemed to have been a singular disregard of advice on Clubin's part; a willingness to encounter the dangers of the fog; a suspected negligence in the stowage of the cargo. Then there was the mysterious bottle of brandy; a drunken helmsman; a substitution of the captain for the helmsman; a management of the rudder, that was, to say the least, very unskilful. The heroism of remaining behind upon the wreck began to look like knavery. Besides, Clubin had evidently been deceived as to the rock he was on. If he had really intended to wreck the vessel, it was easy to understand the choice of the Hanways, as the shore could easily be reached by swimming, and he could conceal himself in the haunted house while awaiting an opportunity for flight. The travelling-bag, that suspicious preparation, completed the proof. By what link this affair became connected with the affair of the disappearance of the coast-guardsman nobody knew. People imagined some connection, and that was all. They had a glimpse in their minds of look-out-man, No. 619, alongside of the mysterious Clubin, — quite a tragic drama. Perhaps

Clubin was not an actor in it, but his presence was visible in the side scenes.

The supposition of a wilful destruction of the Durande did not explain everything however. There was a revolver in the story, with no part as yet assigned to it. The revolver was probably connected with the other affair.

The scent of the public is keen and true. Its instinct excels in these piecemeal discoveries of truth. Still, amid these facts, which seemed to point pretty clearly to a case of barratry, there were many uncertainties.

Everything was consistent, everything coherent; but a reason was lacking.

People do not wreck vessels merely for the pleasure of wrecking them. Men do not run all these risks of fog, rocks, swimming, concealment, and flight without an object. What could have been Clubin's object?

The act seemed evident, but the motive was puzzling.

Hence a doubt in many minds. Where there is no motive, it is natural to infer that there was no act.

The missing link was important. The letter from Rantaine seemed to supply it.

This letter furnished a motive for Clubin's supposed crime: seventy-five thousand francs to be appropriated.

Rantaine was the *Deus ex machina*. He had descended from the clouds with a lantern in his hand. His letter threw a light upon the affair. It explained everything, and even promised a witness in the person of Ahier-Tostevin.

The part the revolver had played in the affair was now apparent.

Rantaine's letter explained the mystery.

There could be no possible palliation of Clubin's crime. He had premeditated the shipwreck; the preparations discovered in the haunted house were conclusive proofs

of that. Even supposing him innocent, and admitting the wreck to have been accidental, would he not, at the last moment, when he determined to sacrifice himself with the vessel, have intrusted the seventy-five thousand francs to the men who escaped in the long-boat? The evidence was remarkably complete. But what had become of Clubin? He had doubtless become a victim of his blunder. He had probably perished upon the Douvres.

These numerous surmises, which really were not far from the truth, had been engrossing Mess Lethierry's mind for several days. The letter from Rantaine had done him the service of setting him to thinking. At first he was overwhelmed with surprise; then he made an effort to reflect. He made another effort more difficult still, — that of inquiry. He was induced to listen, and even engage in conversation. At the end of a week, he had become, to a certain degree, himself again; his thoughts had regained their coherence, and he was almost restored. He had emerged from his confused and troubled state.

Even if Mess Lethierry had ever entertained any hope of recovering his money, Rantaine's letter destroyed all chance of that.

It added to the catastrophe of the Durande this new loss of seventy-five thousand francs. It put him in possession of that amount just so far as to make him sensible of its loss. The letter revealed the full extent of his ruin.

After this, he experienced a new and poignant misery. When he began to take an interest in his household, to try and determine what it was to be in the future, and how he was to set things in order, — matters of which he had taken no heed for two months past, — these trifling cares wounded him like a thousand tiny pin-points, worse in the aggregate than the old despair. A sorrow is

doubly burdensome which has to be endured in each particular, and while one is disputing inch by inch with fate for ground already lost. Ruin is endurable in the mass, but not in the dust and fragments of the fallen edifice. The great fact may overwhelm, but the details torture.

Humiliation tends to aggravate the blow. A second catastrophe follows the first, with even more repulsive features. You descend one degree nearer to annihilation. The winding-sheet becomes changed to sordid rags.

No thought is more bitter than that of one's gradual fall from a social position.

To be ruined does not seem to be such a terrible thing. A violent shock, a cruel turn of fortune's wheel, an overwhelming catastrophe, — be it so. We submit, and all is over. You are ruined; you are dead. No; you are still living. On the morrow you know it only too well. How? By a thousand pin-pricks. Yonder passer-by omits to bow to you; the tradesmen's bills rain down upon you; and yonder stands one of your enemies, smiling malevolently. Perhaps he is really thinking of Arnal's last pun; but it is all the same to you. The pun would not have seemed so inimitable to him but for your ruin. You read your own sudden insignificance even in looks of indifference. Friends who used to dine at your table become of the opinion that three courses were an extravagance. Your faults are patent to the eyes of everybody; ingratitude having nothing more to expect, proclaims itself openly; every idiot predicted your misfortunes. The malicious tear you to pieces; those who are even more malicious profess to pity you. And then come a hundred paltry details. Nausea succeeds to grief. You have been wont to indulge in wine; you must now drink cider. Two servants, — two! Why, one will be too many. It will be necessary to discharge

this one, and get rid of that one. Flowers in your garden are superfluous; you should plant it with potatoes. You used to make presents of your fruits to friends; you must send them to market hereafter. As to the poor, it will be absurd to think of giving anything to them. Are you not poor yourself? And then there is the painful question of dress. To have to deny your wife a ribbon, what torture! To have to refuse a dress to one who has made you a gift of her beauty; to haggle over such matters, like a miser! Perhaps she will say to you, "What! rob my garden of its flowers, and now refuse me one for my bonnet!" Ah me! to have to condemn her to shabby dresses. The family table is silent. You fancy that those seated around it think harshly of you. Beloved faces have become clouded. This is what is meant by falling fortunes. It is to die daily. To be struck down is like a blast from a furnace; to decay like this is like being burned by inches.

An overwhelming blow is a sort of Waterloo, a slow decay, a St. Helena. Destiny, in the guise of Wellington, still has some dignity; but how sordid it appears in the shape of Hudson Lowe. Fate then becomes a paltry huckster. We find the man of Campo Formio quarrelling about a pair of stockings; we see that dwarfing of Napoleon which degrades England even more.

Waterloo and St. Helena! Reduced to humbler proportions, every ruined man has passed through those two phases.

On the evening which we have mentioned, and which was one of the first evenings in May, Lethierry, leaving Déruchette to walk alone by moonlight in the garden, had gone to bed more depressed than ever.

All these sordid and repulsive details connected with pecuniary misfortunes; all these petty cares, which are at first merely tiresome, but subsequently harassing, were

revolving in his mind. A dull load of misery! Mess Lethierry felt that his fall was irremediable. What could he do? What would become of them? What privations would he be compelled to impose on Déruchette? Whom should he discharge, — Douce or Grace? Would they have to sell the Bravées? Would they not be compelled to leave the island? To be nothing where he had been everything, — it was a terrible fall indeed!

And to know that the good old times had gone forever! To recall those journeys to and fro, uniting France with these numerous islands; the Tuesday's departure, the Friday's return, the crowd on the quay, the large cargoes, the industry, the prosperity, that proud direct navigation, that machinery embodying the will of man, that all-powerful boiler! The steamboat is really only the compass perfected, inasmuch as the needle indicates the direct course, and the steam-vessel follows it. One suggests, the other executes. Where was she now, his Durande, that mistress of the seas, that queen who had made him a king? To have been so long the leading man on the island, a successful man too, a man who had revolutionized navigation; and then to have to give up everything, — to abdicate! To cease to exist, to become a by-word, a laughing stock! To become a thing of the past, after having so long represented the future. To be degraded to an object of pity to fools, to witness the triumph of routine, obstinacy, conservatism, selfishness, ignorance! To see the old barbarous sailing cutters crawling to and fro upon the sea; to see old prejudices revive again; to have wasted a whole lifetime; to have been a shining light, and then suffer this eclipse. Ah, what a fine sight it was upon the waves, that noble funnel, that huge cylinder, that pillar with its column of smoke, — a column grander than that on the Place Vendôme; for on that there was only a figure of a man, while

on this stood Progress. The ocean was subdued; it was certainty upon the open sea. And had all this been witnessed in that little island, in that little harbour, in that little town of St. Sampson? Yes; it had been witnessed. And could it be, that having seen it, it had all vanished to be seen no more?

This series of regrets tortured Lethierry. There is such a thing as a mental sobbing. Never, perhaps, had he felt his misfortunes more acutely. A sort of numbness follows this acute suffering. Under this burden of sorrow, he gradually sank into a doze.

For about two hours he remained in this state, feverish, sleeping a little, dreaming a good deal. Such torpor is accompanied with a feverish action of the brain, which is inexpressibly wearisome. Towards the middle of the night, a little before or a little after midnight, he shook off his lethargy, aroused himself, and opened his eyes. His window was directly in front of his hammock. He saw something extraordinary.

A form stood in front of his window,—a marvellous form. It was the funnel of a steam-vessel.

Mess Lethierry started, and sat upright in bed. The hammock oscillated like a bough in a tempest. Lethierry stared. A vision filled the window-frame. There was the harbour flooded with moonlight, and in the glitter, close to his house, stood out, tall and round and black, a magnificent object.

The funnel of a steamboat!

Lethierry sprang out of his hammock, ran to the window, lifted the sash, leaned out, and recognized it.

It was the smoke-pipe of the Durande he saw. It stood in the old place.

Four chains supported it, made fast to the bulwarks of a vessel, the irregular outlines of which he could dimly distinguish beneath the funnel.

Lethierry recoiled, turned his back to the window, and dropped in a sitting posture into his hammock again.

Then he returned, and once again beheld the vision.

An instant afterwards, or in about the time occupied by a flash of lightning, he was out on the quay, with a lantern in his hand.

A large sloop laden with some big unwieldly object, out of which rose the smoke-stack he had seen from the window of the Bravées, was made fast to the mooring-ring of the Durande. The bows of the sloop extended beyond the corner of the house, and were level with the quay.

There was no one aboard.

The vessel was of a peculiar shape. Any Guernsey man would have recognized it. It was the old Dutch sloop.

Lethierry jumped aboard, and ran forward to the mass which he saw beyond the mast.

The boiler was there, entire, complete, intact, standing square and firm upon its cast-iron flooring. Not a rivet was missing; the axle of the paddle-wheels had been lifted and made fast near the boiler; the pump was in place; nothing was lacking.

Lethierry examined the machinery.

The lantern and the moon helped him in his scrutiny.

He went over every part of the machinery.

He noted the two cases on the sides of the vessel. He examined the axle of the wheels.

He went into the little cabin; it was empty.

He returned to the engine, and felt it, looked into the boiler, and knelt down to examine it inside.

He placed his lantern inside the furnace, where the light, illuminating all the machinery, produced almost the illusion of an engine-room with its fire.

Then he burst into a wild laugh, sprang to his feet, and

with his eye fixed on the engine, and his arms outstretched towards the funnel, he cried aloud, "Help, help!"

The harbour bell was on the quay, a few yards away. He ran to it, seized the rope, and began to pull it violently.

CHAPTER II.

THE HARBOUR BELL AGAIN.

GILLIATT, after a passage that was uneventful but rather slow on account of the heavy cargo he had aboard, reached St. Sampson after dark, and at nearer ten than nine o'clock.

He had calculated the time. The half-flood had arrived. There was plenty of water, and the moon was shining; so he was able to enter the port without difficulty.

The little harbour was silent. A few vessels were moored there, with their sails brailed up to the yards, the yards on the caps, and without lanterns. At the far end a few others were visible, high and dry in the careenage, where they were undergoing repairs, — large hulls dismasted and stripped, with their planking open at various parts, and looking like huge dead beetles lying on their backs with their legs in the air.

As soon as he had passed the mouth of the harbour, Gilliatt examined the port and the quay. There was no light to be seen either at the Bravées or elsewhere. The place was deserted, save, perhaps, by some one going to or returning from the parsonage; nor was it possible to be sure of this even; for the night blurred every outline, and the moonlight always gives to objects a vague appearance. The distance added to the indistinctness. The parsonage at that time was situated on the other side of the harbour, where a shipyard now stands.

Gilliatt approached the Bravées quietly, and made the sloop fast to the ring of the Durande, under Mess

Lethierry's window. Then he leaped over the bulwarks to the shore.

Leaving the sloop behind him at the quay, he turned the corner of the house, passed up a little narrow street, then along another, did not even notice the pathway which branched off leading to the Bû de la Rue, and in a few minutes found himself at that corner of the wall where in June there were wild mallows with pink flowers, as well as holly, ivy, and nettles. Many a time seated on a stone, behind the bushes, on summer days, he had watched here for hours, even for whole months through a gap in the wall the garden of the Bravées and the two windows of a little room seen through the branches of the trees. The stone was there still, and the bushes, the low place in the wall, and the garden, as quiet and dark as ever. Like an animal returning to its lair, gliding rather than walking, he made his way in. Once seated there, he made no sound, but looked around, and beheld again the garden, the pathways, the flower-beds, the house, the two windows of the chamber. The moon flooded the scene with her silvery light. Gilliatt scarcely dared to breathe, and did all he could to prevent it.

He seemed to be gazing on a vision of paradise, and was afraid that it would vanish. It seemed almost impossible that these things could be really before his eyes; and if they were, it could only be with that imminent danger of melting into air which belongs to things divine. A breath, and the vision would fade away. He shuddered at the thought.

Before him, not far off, on the side of one of the paths in the garden, was a wooden bench painted green. The reader will remember this seat.

Gilliatt looked up at the two windows. He thought of the slumber of one who was possibly in that room. Be-

hind that wall she was no doubt sleeping. He wished himself elsewhere, yet would sooner have died than go away. He pictured her lying there, her bosom rising softly with her gentle breathing. It was she, — that beauteous vision, that creature of spotless purity whose image haunted him day and night. She was there! He thought of her so far removed, and yet so near as to be almost within reach of his ecstasy. He thought of that fair being so long and ardently desired, so distant, so impalpable, with closed eyelids, and face resting on her hand; of the mystery of sleep in its relations with that pure spirit, of what dreams might come to one who was herself a dream. He dared not think beyond, and yet he did. He ventured on those familiarities which a lover's fancy prompts; the thought of how much of the woman there might be in this angelic being disturbed his thoughts. The darkness of night emboldens timid imaginations to take these furtive glances. He was vexed within himself, feeling on reflection as if it were profanity to think of her so boldly; yet still constrained, in spite of himself, he tremblingly gazed into the invisible. He shuddered almost with a sense of pain as he pictured her room, a skirt hanging on a chair, a mantle fallen on the carpet, a belt unbuckled, a handkerchief. He imagined her corset with its lacing trailing on the ground, her stockings, her little shoes. His soul was among the stars.

The stars are made for the human heart of a poor man like Gilliatt no less than for that of the rich and great. There is a certain degree of passion by which every man becomes enveloped in a celestial light. With a rough and primitive nature, this truth is even more applicable. An uncultivated mind is especially susceptible to such fancies.

Delight is a fulness which overflows like any other.

To see those windows was almost too much happiness for Gilliatt.

Suddenly, he beheld the object of his thoughts before him.

From the branches of a clump of bushes, already densely covered with foliage, issued with spectral slowness a celestial figure, a divine face.

Gilliatt felt his strength failing him. It was Déruchette.

Déruchette approached, then paused, walked back a few yards, stopped again, then returned and seated herself upon the wooden bench. The moon shone brightly through the branches, a few clouds floated among the pale stars; the sea murmured to the shadows in an undertone, the town was sleeping, a thin haze was rising from the horizon, the melancholy was profound. Déruchette inclined her head, with those thoughtful eyes which gaze intently yet see nothing. She had nothing on her head but a little cap which showed the beginning of her hair upon her delicate neck. As she sat twisting one of the ribbon strings of her cap mechanically around her finger the half light made her hands seem like those of a statue; her dress was of one of those shades that look white at night: the trees stirred as if they felt the enchantment which she shed around her. The tip of one foot was visible. Her lowered eyelids had that vague contraction which suggests a tear checked in its course, or a thought suppressed. There was a charming indecision in the movements of her arms, which had no support to lean on; a sort of floating grace mingled with every posture; the folds of her dress were exquisite; her face, which might inspire adoration, was meditative, like portraits of the Virgin. It was terrible to think how near she was: Gilliatt could hear her breathe.

A nightingale was singing in the distance. The soft

whispering of the breezes among the branches only seemed to intensify the silence of the night. Déruchette, beautiful, divine, looked in the dim light like a creation from those rays and from the perfumes in the air. That wide-spread enchantment seemed to concentrate and embody itself mysteriously in her; she became its living manifestation. She seemed the out-blossoming of all that shadow and silence.

But the shadow and silence which floated so lightly about her weighed heavily on Gilliatt. He was bewildered; what he experienced is not to be told in words. Emotion is always new, and the word is always enough. Hence the impossibility of expressing it. Joy is sometimes overwhelming. To see Déruchette, to see her herself, to see her dress, her cap, her ribbon, which she twined around her finger, — was it possible to imagine it? Was it possible to be thus near her; to hear her breathe? She breathed! then the stars might breathe also. Gilliatt felt a thrill through him. He was the most miserable and yet the happiest of men. He knew not what to do. His delirious joy at seeing her annihilated him. Was it indeed Déruchette there, and he so near? His thoughts, bewildered and yet intent, were fascinated by that figure as by a dazzling jewel. He gazed upon her neck — her hair. He did not even say to himself that all this would soon belong to him, that before long, — to-morrow, perhaps, — he would have the right to take off that cap, to unknot that ribbon. He was not guilty of the audacity of even thinking of such a thing. Touching in fancy is almost like touching with the hand. Love was to Gilliatt like honey to the bear, — an exquisite dream. He thought confusedly; he knew not what possessed him. The nightingale sang on. He felt as if he were breathing his very life out.

The idea of rising, of jumping over the wall, of speak-

ing to Déruchette, never once occurred to him. If it had, he would have turned and fled. If anything resembling a thought had begun to dawn in his mind, it was this: that Déruchette was there, that he asked nothing more, and that eternity had begun.

A noise aroused them both, her from her reverie, him from his ecstasy.

Some one was walking in the garden though it was impossible to see who was approaching on account of the trees. It was certainly the footstep of a man they heard

Déruchette raised her eyes.

The sound came nearer, then ceased. The person walking had stopped. He must have been quite near. The path beside which the bench stood, wound between two clumps of trees. The stranger was there in the alley between the trees, a few yards from the seat.

Accident had so placed the branches that Déruchette could see the new-comer, but Gilliatt could not.

The moon cast on the ground beyond the trees a shadow which reached to the garden seat.

Gilliatt could see this shadow.

He looked at Déruchette.

She was quite pale; her mouth was partly open, as with a suppressed cry of surprise. She half arose from the bench, and sank back on it again. There was in her attitude a sort of fascination mingled with a desire to fly. Her surprise was enchantment mingled with timidity. She had a smile on her lips, with a fulness like tears in her eyes. She seemed transfigured by that presence, as if the being whom she saw before her did not belong to earth. The reflection of an angel was in her look.

The stranger, who was to Gilliatt only a shadow, spoke. A voice issued from the trees, softer than the voice of a woman, though it was the voice of a man. Gilliatt heard these words: —

"I see you, mademoiselle, every Sunday and every Thursday. They tell me that you were not in the habit of coming so often formerly. I beg your pardon for repeating the remark. I have never spoken to you; it was my duty. I speak to you to-day, for it is still my duty. It is right that I speak to you first. The "Cashmere," sails to-morrow. This is why I have come. You walk every evening in your garden. It would be wrong of me to know your habits so well, if I had not the thought that I have. Mademoiselle, you are poor; since this morning I have become rich. Will you have me for your husband?"

Déruchette clasped her two hands imploringly, and gazed at the speaker, silent, with fixed eyes, and trembling from head to foot.

The voice continued, —

"I love you. God does not wish man to silence the voice of his heart. He has promised him eternity with the intention that he should not be alone. There is but one woman on earth for me. It is you. I think of you as of a prayer. My faith is in God, and my hope is in you. You are my life, and already my supreme happiness."

"Sir," said Déruchette, "there is no one in the house to answer!"

The voice rose again: —

"Yes, I have encouraged this dream. Heaven has not forbidden us to dream. You are like an angel in my eyes. I love you deeply, mademoiselle. To me you are holy innocence personified. I know it is an hour when your household have retired to rest, but I could not choose my time. Do you remember that passage of the Bible which some one read before us; it was the twenty-fifth chapter of Genesis. I have thought of it often since. M. Hérode said to me, 'You must have a rich wife.'

I replied, 'No, I want a poor wife.' I say this to you, mademoiselle, without venturing to approach you; I will step even farther back if it be your wish that my shadow should not touch your feet. Your will is my law. You will come to me if such is your will. I love and wait. You are the living form of a benediction."

"I did not know, sir, that any one noticed me on Sundays and Thursdays," stammered Déruchette.

The voice continued, —

"We are powerless against it. The whole Law is love. Marriage is Canaan; you are to me the promised land of beauty."

Déruchette replied, "I do not mean to do wrong any more than persons who are much more strict."

The voice continued, —

"God manifests his will in the flowers, in the light of dawn, and in the gentle springtime; love, too, is of his ordaining. You are beautiful in this holy shadow of night. This garden has been tended by you; in its perfumes there is something of your breath. The affinities of our souls do not depend on us. They cannot be counted with our sins. You were there, that was all. I was there, that was all. I did nothing but feel that I loved you. Sometimes my eyes rested upon you. I was wrong, but what could I do? It was through looking at you that it all happened. I could not restrain my gaze. There are mysterious impulses which are beyond our control. The heart is the noblest of all temples. To have your presence in my home, — that is the terrestrial paradise for which I long. Say, will you be mine? As long as I was poor, I spoke not. I know your age. You are twenty-one; I am twenty-six. I go to-morrow; if you refuse me, I return no more. Oh, be my betrothed; will you not? More than once have my eyes, in spite of myself, addressed that question to you. I

love you; answer me. I will speak to your uncle as soon as he is able to receive me; but I turn first to you. To Rebecca I plead for Rebecca, — unless you love me not."

Déruchette hung her head, and murmured, —

"Oh, I adore him!"

The words were spoken in a voice so low that only Gilliatt heard them.

She remained with her head lowered, as if by shading her face she hoped to conceal her thoughts.

There was a pause. Not a leaf stirred. It was one of those solemn and peaceful moments when inanimate objects appear to share the slumber of living creatures, and night seems to be listening to the beating of Nature's heart. In the midst of that retirement, like a harmony making the silence more complete, rose the wild murmur of the sea.

The voice was heard again.

"Mademoiselle!"

Déruchette started.

Again the voice spoke.

"You are silent."

"What would you have me say?"

"I wait for your reply."

"God has heard it," said Déruchette.

Then the voice became almost sonorous, and at the same time softer than before, and these words issued from the leaves as from a burning bush: —

"You are my betrothed. Then come to me. Let the blue sky, with all its stars, witness this taking of my soul to thine; and let our first embrace be mingled with that firmament."

Déruchette arose and remained an instant motionless, looking straight before her, doubtless into another's eyes; then, with slow steps, with head erect, her arms droop-

ing, but with the fingers of her hands wide apart, like one who leans on some unseen support, she moved towards the trees, and out of sight.

A moment afterwards, instead of one shadow upon the gravelled walk, there were two; then they intermingled. Gilliatt saw at his feet the embrace of those two shadows.

There are moments when we are entirely unconscious of the flight of time. These two enraptured lovers, who were ignorant of the presence of a witness, and saw him not; this witness of their joy who could not see them, but who knew of their presence, — how long did they remain in this sort of trance? It would be impossible to say. Suddenly a noise burst forth at a distance. A voice was heard crying "Help!" and the harbour bell began to ring. It is probable that in their celestial transports of delight they heard no echo of the tumult.

The bell continued to ring. Any one who sought Gilliatt then at the corner of the wall would have failed to find him.

BOOK II.

GRATITUDE AND DESPOTISM.

CHAPTER I.

JOY MINGLED WITH ANGUISH.

MESS LETHIERRY pulled the bell furiously, then stopped abruptly. A man had just turned the corner of the quay. It was Gilliatt.

Lethierry ran towards him, or rather flung himself upon him, seized his hand, and looked him in the face for a moment without uttering a word. It was the silence of an explosion struggling to find a vent.

Then pulling and shaking and hugging him with all his might, he compelled him to enter the lower room of the Bravées, pushed back with his heel the door which had remained half opened, sat down, or sank into a chair beside a great table lighted by the moon, the reflection of which seemed to impart a strange pallor to Gilliatt's face, and with a voice of mingled laughter and tears, cried: —

"Ah, my son! my player of the bagpipe! I knew that it was you. The sloop, *parbleu!* Tell me the story. You went there, then. Why, they would have burned you a hundred years ago! It is magic! There is n't a screw missing. I have looked at everything already, examined everything, and handled everything. I

guessed that the paddles were in the two cases. And here you are once more! I looked in the little cabin for you. I rang the bell. I wanted to see you. I said to myself, 'Where is he?' I could wait no longer. You must admit that wonderful things do come to pass. You have brought me back to life again. *Tonnerre!* you are an angel! Yes, yes; it is my engine! Nobody will believe it; people will see it, and say, 'It can't be true.' Not a tap, not a pin is missing. The feed-pipe has not budged an inch. It is incredible that there should have been no more damage. We have only to put on a little oil. But how did you accomplish it? To think that the Durande will be moving again. The axle of the wheels must have been taken to pieces by some watchmaker. Give me your word of honour that I am not crazy."

He sprang to his feet, breathed a moment, and continued: —

"Swear it, I say! What a change. I had to pinch myself to be certain I was not dreaming. You are my child, you are my son, you are my Providence! Brave lad! to go and fetch my good old engine! And in the open sea, among those awful rocks! I have seen some strange things in my life, but nothing to equal this. I have known Parisians who were positive demons, but I 'd defy them to have done this. It beats the Bastille. I have seen *gauchos* ploughing in the *Pampas*, with a crooked branch of a tree for a plough and a bundle of thorn-bushes for a harrow, dragged by a leathern strap; they get harvests of wheat that way, with grains as big as hazel-nuts. But that is a trifle compared with your feats. You have performed a miracle, — a real one. Ah, *gredin!* let me hug you. How they will gossip in St. Sampson. I shall set to work at once to rebuild the boat. It is astonishing that the crank is all right. Gentlemen, he has been to the Douvres: I say, to the Douvres! He

went alone to the Douvres! I defy you to find a worse spot. Do you know, have they told you, that it's proved that Clubin sent the Durande to the bottom to swindle me out of money which had been intrusted to him for me. He made Tangrouille drunk. It's a long story. I'll tell you all about his piratical tricks, some day. I, stupid idiot, had confidence in Clubin. But he trapped himself, the villain, for he could n't have got away. There is a God above, my boy! We'll begin to re-build the Durande at once, Gilliatt. We'll have her twenty feet longer. They build them longer now than they did. I'll buy the wood from Dantzic and Bremen. Now I have got the machinery, they will give me credit again. They'll have confidence now."

Mess Lethierry stopped, turned his eyes devoutly heavenward, and muttered, "Yes, there is a power on high!"

Then he placed the middle finger of his right hand between his two eyebrows, and tapped with his nail there, — an action which indicates an important project passing through the mind, and continued: —

"Nevertheless, to begin again, on a grand scale, a little ready money would have been useful. Ah, if I only had my three bank-notes, — the seventy-five thousand francs that scoundrel Rantaine returned, and that villain Clubin stole."

Gilliatt silently felt in his pocket, and drew out something which he placed before Mess Lethierry. It was the leather belt that he had brought back. He opened it, and spread it out on the table; on the inside the word "Clubin" could be deciphered even in the light of the moon. He then took out of the pocket of the belt a box, and out of the box three pieces of paper, which he unfolded and handed to Lethierry.

Lethierry examined them. It was light enough to see

the figure "1000," and the word "*thousand*" was also perfectly visible. Mess Lethierry took the three notes, laid them on the table one after the other, looked at them, looked at Gilliatt, stood for a moment dumb; and then began again, like an eruption after an explosion: —

"These too! You are a marvel. My bank-notes! all three — of a thousand pounds each. My seventy-five thousand francs. Why, you must have gone down to the infernal regions. It is Clubin's belt. *Pardieu!* I can read his vile name. Gilliatt has brought back engine and money too. There will be something to put in the papers now. I will buy some timber of the finest quality. I guess how it was; you found his miserable carcass mouldering away in some corner. We'll have some Dantzic pine and Bremen oak; we'll have a first-rate planking, — oak within and pine without. In old times they did n't build so well, but their work lasted longer; the wood was better seasoned, because they did not build so much. We'll build the hull of elm perhaps. Elm is good for the parts in the water. To be sometimes dry, and sometimes wet, rots the timbers; elm needs to be always wet; it's a wood that feeds upon water. What a splendid Durande we'll build. The lawyers will not trouble me again. I shall want no more credit. I have some money of my own. Did anybody ever see a man like Gilliatt? I was struck all of a heap, — I was a dead man! He comes and sets me up again as firm as ever! And all the while I never once thought about him, — he had gone clean out of my mind; but I recollect everything now. Poor lad! Ah, by the way, you know you are to marry Déruchette."

Gilliatt leaned back against the wall, like one who staggers, and said in a tone that was very low but distinct: —

"No."

Mess Lethierry started.

"How, no!"

"I do not love her," Gilliatt replied.

Mess Lethierry went to the window, opened and reclosed it, picked up the three bank-notes, folded them, placed the iron box on top of them, scratched his head, seized Clubin's belt, flung it violently against the wall, and exclaimed: —

"You must be mad!"

He thrust his fists into his pockets, and exclaimed:

"You don't love Déruchette? What! was it at me, then, that you used to play the bagpipe?"

Gilliatt, still supporting himself by the wall, turned as pale as death. As he became paler, Lethierry became redder.

"Here 's an idiot for you! He does n't love Déruchette. Very good; make up your mind to love her, for she shall never marry any one but you. A devilish pretty story that; and you think that I believe you! If there is anything really the matter with you, send for a doctor; but don't talk nonsense. You can't have had time to quarrel, or get out of temper with her. It is true that lovers are great fools sometimes. Come now, what are your reasons? If you have any, tell me. People don't make such geese of themselves without some reason. But I have a piece of cotton in my ears; perhaps I did n't understand. Repeat what you said."

Gilliatt replied, —

"I said, No!"

"You said, No. He sticks to it, the lunatic! You must be crazy. You said, No. Here 's a stupidity beyond anything ever heard of. Why, people have had their heads shaved for much less than that. What! you don't like Déruchette? Oh, then, it was out of affection for the old man that you did all these things? It was for

the sake of papa that you went to the Douvres, that you endured cold and heat, and almost died of hunger and thirst, and ate limpets off the rocks, and had the fog, the rain, and the wind for your bedroom, and brought me back my machinery, just as you might bring a pretty woman her little canary that had escaped from its cage. And that tempest we had three days ago. Do you think I don't remember that? You must have had a fine time of it! It was in the midst of all this misery, alongside of my old craft, that you shaped, and cut, and turned, and twisted, and dragged about, and filed, and sawed, and carpentered, and schemed, and performed more miracles there by yourself than all the saints in paradise. Ah, you annoyed me enough once with your bagpipe. They call it a *biniou* in Brittany. Always the same tune, too, silly fellow. And yet you don't love Déruchette? I don't know what is the matter with you. I recollect it all now. I was there in the corner; Déruchette said, 'He shall be my husband;' and so you shall. You don't love her! Either you must be mad, or else I am mad. And you stand there, and won't say a word. I tell you you are not at liberty to do all the things you have done, and then say, 'I don't love Déruchette.' People don't do other people services in order to put them in a passion. Well; if you don't marry her, she shall remain single all her life. In the first place, I need you. You must be the captain of the Durande. Do you imagine I mean to part with you like this? No, no, my brave boy; I won't let you off! I have got you now; I'm not even going to listen to you. Where can I find a sailor like you? You are the man I want. But why don't you speak?"

Meanwhile the harbour bell had aroused the household and the neighbourhood. Douce and Grace had risen, and now entered the lower room, silent and astonished. Grace had a candle in her hand. A group of neighbours, towns-

people, sailors, and labourers, who had rushed out of their houses, were outside on the quay, gazing in wonder at the funnel of the Durande and the sloop. Some, hearing Lethierry's voice in the lower room, began to slip in through the half-open door. Between the faces of two worthy old women appeared that of Sieur Landoys, who seemed to have a happy faculty of always being where he wanted to be.

Men feel a satisfaction in having witnesses of their joy. The sort of scattered support which a crowd gives, pleases them at such times; they seem to draw new life from it. Mess Lethierry suddenly perceived that there were people around him; and he welcomed the audience at once.

"So you are here, my friends! I am very glad to see you. You know the news? That man has been there, and brought it back. How d'ye do, Sieur Landoys? When I woke up just now, the first thing I spied was the smoke-stack. It was under my window. There's not a nail missing. They rave about Napoleon's exploits; but I think more of this than of the battle of Austerlitz. You have just left your beds, my good friends. The Durande caught you napping. While you are putting on your night-caps and blowing out your candles there are others working like heroes. We are a set of cowards and do-nothings; we sit at home rubbing our rheumatic limbs; but happily that does not prevent there being some men of another stamp. The man of the Bû de la Rue has arrived from the Douvres. He has fished up the Durande from the bottom of the sea; and fished up my money out of Clubin's pocket, from a still greater depth. But how did you contrive to do it? All the powers of darkness were against you, the wind and the sea, the sea and the wind. It must be true that you are a magician. Those who say so are not so stupid after all. The Du-

rande is back again. The tempests may rage now; this cuts the ground from under their feet. My friends, I can inform you that there was no shipwreck after all. I have examined all the machinery. It is as good as new, — perfect. The valves move as easily as rollers. You would think they were made yesterday. You know that the waste water is carried away by a pipe inside another pipe, through which the water passes to the boilers; this is to economize heat. Well; the two pipes are there just as good as new. So is the entire engine, in fact. She is all there, paddle-wheels and all. Ah, he shall marry her!"

"Marry the engine?" asked Sieur Landoys.

"No, the girl; yes, the engine, — both of them. He shall be my double son-in-law. He shall be her captain. Good-day, Captain Gilliatt; for there will soon be a captain of the Durande. We are going to do a thundering business again. There will be trade and passengers and big cargoes of oxen and sheep. I would n't exchange St. Sampson for London now. And there stands the author of all this good fortune. It is a strange adventure, I can tell you. You will read about it on Saturday in old Mauger's 'Gazette.' What's the meaning of these louis-d'ors here?"

For Mess Lethierry had just noticed that there was some gold in the box that lay on the notes. He seized it, opened and emptied it into the palm of his hand, and put the handful of guineas on the table.

"For the poor, Sieur Landoys. Give those sovereigns to the constable of St. Sampson from me. You recollect Rantaine's letter. I showed it to you. Very well; I've got the bank-notes. Now we can buy some oak and fir, and go to carpentering. Look you! Do you remember the gale three days ago, — that hurricane of wind and rain? Gilliatt endured all that out on the Douvres. That did n't prevent his taking the wreck to pieces, as I

might take my watch. Thanks to him, I am on my legs again. Old 'Lethierry's galley' is going to run again, ladies and gentlemen. A nut-shell with a couple of wheels and a funnel. I always had that idea. I used to say to myself, I will certainly do it some day. That was a long time ago. The idea came in my head one day in Paris, at the coffee-house on the corner of the Rue Christine and the Rue Dauphine, while I was reading a paper that contained an account of the new invention. Do you know that Gilliatt would think nothing of putting that engine at Marly in his pocket and walking off with it? He is wrought-iron, that man; tempered steel; a sailor that can't be beat, an excellent smith, an extraordinary fellow, much cleverer than the Prince of Hohenlohe. He is what I call a man of brain. We are children in comparison with him. We may think ourselves sea-wolves, but there is the sea-lion! Hurrah for Gilliatt! I do not know how he managed it. He certainly must be the very devil! And how can I do otherwise than give him Déruchette?"

Déruchette had been in the room several minutes. She had not spoken or moved since she entered. She had glided in like a shadow and sat down almost unperceived just back of where Mess Lethierry was standing, loquacious, excited, joyful, gesticulating wildly, and talking in a loud voice. A little while afterwards another silent apparition entered. A man attired in black, with a white cravat, holding his hat in his hand, appeared in the doorway. There were now several candles in the group, which had gradually increased in number. These lights were near the man attired in black. His profile and youthful and pleasing complexion showed itself against the dark background with the clearness of an engraving on a medal. He leaned his shoulder against the frame of the door, and held his left hand to his forehead, — an attitude of unstudied grace, which made his

brow look even broader than it really was by reason of the smallness of his hand. There was an expression of anguish in his contracted lips, as he looked on and listened with profound attention. The by-standers recognizing M. Caudray, the rector of the parish, had stepped back to allow him to pass; but he remained upon the threshold. There was hesitation in his posture, but decision in his eyes, which now and then met those of Déruchette. With regard to Gilliatt, whether by chance or design, he was in shadow, and could not be seen distinctly.

At first Mess Lethierry did not observe Caudray, but he saw Déruchette. He went to her and kissed her affectionately on the forehead, pointing at the same time towards the dark corner where Gilliatt was standing.

"Déruchette," he said, "we are rich again; and there is your future husband."

Déruchette raised her head, and looked towards the dusky corner, in evident bewilderment.

"The marriage will take place immediately, to-morrow, if possible," Mess Lethierry continued. "We will have a special license; the formalities here are not very troublesome; the dean can do what he pleases; people are married before they have time to turn round. It is not as it is in France, where you must have bans, and publications, and delays, and all that fuss. You will be able to boast of being the wife of a brave man. No one can say he is not. I thought so from the day when I saw him come back from Herm with the little cannon. But now he comes back from the Douvres with his fortune and mine, and the fortune of this country. A man of whom the world will have plenty to say some day. You said you would marry him, and you shall marry him; and you will have little children, and I will be a grandfather, and you will have the good fortune to be the wife

of a noble fellow, who can work and who can be of use to his fellow-men, — a surprising fellow, worth a hundred others; a man who can rescue other people's inventions, a providence! At all events, you will not have married, like so many other silly girls about here, a soldier or a priest, — that is, a man who kills or a man who lies. But what are you doing there, Gilliatt? Nobody can see you. Douce, Grace, everybody, bring a light, I say. Show up my son-in-law for me. I betroth you to each other, my children; here stands your husband, and here is my son, — Gilliatt of the Bû de la Rue, this noble fellow, this splendid sailor. I will have no other son-in-law, and you no other husband; I pledge my word to that once more in God's name. Ah, you are here, Monsieur the Curé. You must marry these young people for me."

Lethierry's eye had just lighted on Caudray.

Douce and Grace had done as they were directed. Two candles placed on a neighbouring table illumined Gilliatt from head to foot.

"There 's a fine fellow for you," said Mess Lethierry.

Gilliatt's appearance was appalling.

He was in the same condition in which he had that morning set sail from the rocks, — in rags, his bare elbows showing through his sleeves, his beard long, his hair rough and wild, his eyes bloodshot, his skin peeling, his hands covered with wounds, his feet naked. Some of the blisters left by the devil-fish were still visible upon his arms.

Lethierry gazed at him admiringly, nevertheless.

"This is my son-in-law," he said. "See how he has struggled with the sea. He 's in rags, but what shoulders and hands! There 's a fine fellow for you!"

Grace ran to Déruchette and supported her head. She had fainted.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEATHER TRUNK.

BY daybreak all St. Sampson was up and out and the people of St. Peter's Port began to flock there. The resurrection of the Durande caused a commotion in the island equal to that caused by the miracle of Salette in the south of France. There was a crowd on the quay staring at the funnel standing erect in the sloop. They were anxious to see and handle the machinery; but Lethierry, after making a new and triumphant survey of the whole by daylight, had placed two sailors aboard with instructions to prevent any one from approaching it. The smoke-stack, however, furnished sufficient food for contemplation. The crowd gaped with astonishment. They talked of nothing but Gilliatt. They remarked on his nickname of "Wicked Gilliatt;" and their admiring comments generally ended with the remark, "It is not pleasant to have people on the island who can do things like that."

Mess Lethierry was seen from outside the house, seated at a table before the window, writing, with one eye on the paper and another on the sloop. He was so completely absorbed that he had only stopped once to call Douce and ask after Déruchette. "Mademoiselle has risen, and has gone out," Douce replied. "She is wise to go out for a little air," answered Lethierry. "She was a little faint last night, owing to the heat. There was a crowd in the room. This, and her surprise and joy, and the windows

being all closed, overcame her. She will have a husband to be proud of." Then he resumed his writing. He had already finished and sealed two letters, addressed to the most important ship-builders at Bremen. He soon finished a third.

A sound upon the quay caused him to look up. He leaned out of the window, and saw coming up the path which led from the Bû de la Rue, a boy pushing a wheelbarrow. The lad was going towards St. Peter's Port. In the barrow was a portmanteau of brown leather, studded with brass nails.

"Where are you going, my lad?" shouted Mess Lethierry.

The boy stopped, and replied, —

"To the 'Cashmere.'"

"What for?"

"To take this trunk aboard."

"Very good; you can take these three letters too."

Mess Lethierry opened his table drawer, took out a piece of string, tied the three letters which he had just written together, and threw the packet to the boy, who caught it between his hands.

"Tell the captain of the 'Cashmere' they are my letters, and to take good care of them. They are for Germany, — Bremen *via* London."

"I can't speak to the captain, Mess Lethierry."

"Why not?"

"The 'Cashmere' is not at the quay."

"Ah!"

"She is in the roads."

"Ay, true; on account of the tide."

"I can only speak to the man who takes the things aboard."

"You will tell him, then, to attend to the letters."

"Very well, Mess Lethierry."

"At what time does the 'Cashmere' sail?"

"At twelve."

"The tide will be coming in then."

"But the wind is favourable," answered the lad.

"Boy," said Mess Lethierry, pointing with his forefinger to the engine in the sloop, "do you see that? There is something that laughs at winds and tides."

The boy put the letters in his pocket, picked up his barrow again, and went on towards the town. Mess Lethierry called "Douce! Grace!"

Grace opened the door a little way.

"What is it, Mess?"

"Come in and wait a moment."

Mess Lethierry took a sheet of paper, and began to write. If Grace, standing behind him, had been curious, and had leaned forward to see what he was writing, she might have read as follows: —

"I have written to Bremen for the lumber. I have appointments all the morning with carpenters for the estimate. The rebuilding will go on fast. You must go to the Deanery for a licence yourself. It is my wish that the marriage should take place as soon as possible, — immediately would be better. I am busy about the Durande. Do you busy yourself about Déruchette."

He dated it, and signed "Lethierry." He did not take the trouble to seal it, but merely folded it, and handed it to Grace, saying, —

"Take that to Gilliatt."

"To the Bû de la Rue?"

"To the Bû de la Rue."

BOOK III.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE CASHMERE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAVELET NEAR THE CHURCH.

WHEN there is a crowd at St. Sampson, St. Peter's Port is deserted. An object of curiosity at any given place is like an air-pump. News travels fast in small places. Going to see the funnel of the Durande under Mess Lethierry's window had been, since sunrise, the business of the Guernsey folks. Every other event was eclipsed by this. The death of the dean of St. Asaph was forgotten, together with the interest in the Rev. Mr. Caudray, his suddenly acquired wealth, and his intended departure on the "Cashmere." The machinery of the Durande brought back from the Douvres rocks was the topic of the day. People were incredulous. The shipwreck had appeared extraordinary, the salvage seemed impossible. Everybody hastened to assure himself of the truth by the help of his own eyes. Business of every kind was suspended. Long processions of towns-folk with their families, from the "Vesin" up to the "Mess," men and women, gentlemen, mothers with children, infants with dolls, were coming by every road or pathway to see "the thing to be seen" at the Bravées, and turning their backs upon St. Peter's Port. Many shops at St. Peter's Port were closed. In the Commercial Arcade

there was an absolute stagnation in buying and selling. The Durande engrossed everybody's attention. Not a single shopkeeper had made a sale that morning, except a jeweller, who marvelled much at having sold a wedding-ring to "a man who seemed to be in a great hurry, and who asked where the dean's house was." The shops that remained open were centres of gossip, where loungers discussed the miraculous salvage. There was not a promenader on the Hyvreuse, which is known in these days, nobody knows why, as Cambridge Park; no one was visible on High Street, then called the Grande Rue; nor in Smith Street, then known as the Rue des Forges, nor in Hauteville. Even the Esplanade was deserted. One might have supposed it was Sunday. A visit from a royal personage to review the militia at the Ancresse could not have drained the town more completely. All this hubbub about a "nobody" like Gilliatt, caused a good deal of shrugging of the shoulders among persons of grave and correct habits.

The church of St. Peter's Port, with its three gable-ends, its transept and steeple, stands near the water's edge at the end of the harbour, and nearly on the landing-place itself, where it welcomes those who arrive, and bids the departing "God-speed." This edifice is the most prominent feature in the long line of buildings on the sea-front of the town.

It is both the parish church of St. Peter's Port and the Deanery of the whole island. Its officiating minister is the surrogate of the bishop, a clergyman invested with full powers.

The harbour of St. Peter's Port, a very fine and large port at the present day was at that epoch, and even up to ten years ago, much smaller than the harbour of St. Sampson. It was enclosed both on the right and left side by massive walls which curved until they almost

met again at the mouth of the harbour, where a little white lighthouse stood. Under this lighthouse a narrow opening, still furnished with two rings for the chain with which it was customary to close the passage in ancient times, formed the only entrance for vessels. The harbour of St. Peter's Port might be compared to the claws of a huge lobster opened a little way. These odd pincers tore a scrap of sea from old ocean and tried to compel it to remain calm. But during easterly winds the waves rolled heavily against the narrow entrance, the harbour was rough, and it was advisable not to enter it. This having been the case on the "Cashmere's" arrival, the vessel had anchored in the roads.

The vessels, during easterly winds, preferred this course, which also saved them the port dues. At such times the boatmen of the town, a hardy race of mariners whom the new harbour has thrown out of employment, came in their boats to fetch passengers from the landing-place or at stations on the shore, and carried them with their luggage, often in heavy seas, but always without accident, to the vessels about to sail. The east wind blows off the shore, and is very favourable for the passage to England; the vessel at such times rolls, but does not pitch.

When a vessel happened to be in the port, everybody embarked from the quay. When it was in the roads they took their choice, and embarked from any point on the coast. In every creek or inlet there was a boat for hire. The Havelet was one of these creeks. The little harbour (for that is the signification of the word) was near the town, but was such a lonely place that it seemed a long way off. This seclusion was due to the shelter afforded by the high cliffs of Fort St. George, which overlooked this retired inlet. The Havelet was accessible by several paths. The most direct was along the water's

edge. This path had the advantage of taking one from the town to the church in five minutes, and the disadvantage of being covered by the sea twice a day. The other paths were more or less abrupt, and led down to the creek through gaps in the steep rocks. Even in broad daylight it was dusk in the Havelet. Huge walls of granite hemmed it in on three sides, and thick bushes and brambles cast a sort of soft twilight upon the rocks and waves below. No spot could be more peaceful than this in calm weather, nor more tumultuous during heavy seas. The ends of some of the branches there were always wet with the foam. In the springtime, the place was full of flowers, of birds nests, of perfumes, of butterflies, and bees. Thanks to recent improvements, this romantic nook no longer exists. Fine straight lines have taken the place of these wild features; masonry, quays, and little gardens have made their appearance; terraces have become the rage, and modern taste has finally subdued the eccentricities of the cliff and the irregularities of the rocks below.

CHAPTER II.

DESPAIR CONFRONTS DESPAIR.

IT was a little before ten o'clock in the morning. The crowd at St. Sampson was apparently increasing. The multitude, feverish with curiosity, was moving towards the north; and the Havelet, which lies to the southward was more deserted than ever.

Notwithstanding this, there was a boat there and a boatman. In the boat was a travelling-bag. The boatman seemed to be waiting for some one.

The "Cashmere" was visible at anchor outside the harbour, and as she did not start till midday there was as yet no movement aboard.

Any one passing along the cliffs overhead might have heard the murmur of conversation in the Havelet, and if he had leaned over the overhanging cliff might have seen, some distance from the boat, in a nook among the rocks and bushes, where the eye of the boatman could not reach them, a man and a woman. It was Caudray and Déruchette.

These quiet nooks on the sea-shore, the favourite haunts of lady bathers, are not always so solitary as is believed. One is sometimes observed and watched there. Those who seek shelter and solitude in them may easily be followed through the thick bushes; and, thanks to the multiplicity and entanglement of the paths, the granite and the shrubs which favour the stolen interview, may also favour the witness.

Caudray and Déruchette stood face to face, looking into each other's eyes, and holding each other by the hand. Déruchette was speaking. Caudray was silent. A tear that had gathered upon his eye-lash hung there and did not fall.

Grief and profound emotion were imprinted on his strong, intellectual countenance. A painful resignation was there too, — a resignation hostile to faith, though springing from it. Upon this face which had seemed so angelic until now, there was a stern almost bitter expression. He who had hitherto meditated only on doctrine, had begun to meditate on Fate, — an unhealthy occupation for a priest. Faith dissolves under its action. Nothing disturbs the religious mind more than that bending under the weight of the unknown. Life seems a perpetual succession of misfortunes to which man is forced to submit. We never know from what side the sudden blow will come. Misery and happiness enter or make their exit like unexpected guests. Their laws, their orbit, their principle of gravitation, are beyond man's ken. Virtue does not lead to happiness, nor crime to retribution: conscience has one logic, fate another; and neither coincide. Nothing is foreseen. We live as we can, — from hand to mouth, as it were. Conscience is the straight line, life is the whirlwind which creates above man's head black chaos or blue sky as the case may be. Fate does not practise the art of gradations. Her wheel turns so fast sometimes that we can scarcely distinguish the interval between one revolution and another, or the link between yesterday and to-day. Caudray was a believer whose faith did not exclude reason, and whose priestly training did not shut him out from passion. The religions which impose celibacy on the priesthood know what they are about. Nothing is more destructive to the individuality of a priest than

love. All sorts of clouds seemed to darken Caudray's soul.

He had looked too long into Déruchette's eyes.

These two beings evidently worshipped each other.

There was in Caudray's eye the mute adoration of despair.

Déruchette spoke: —

"You must not leave me. I cannot bear it. I thought I could bid you farewell. I cannot. Why did you come yesterday? You should not have come if you were going so soon. I never spoke to you. I loved you, but knew it not. That day, when M. Hérode read the story of Rebecca to us, and when your eyes met mine, my cheeks were like fire, and I thought, "Oh, how Rebecca must have blushed! And yet, if any one had told me yesterday that I loved you, I should have laughed at them. It is this that makes our love seem so terrible. It appears almost like an act of treachery. I was not on my guard. I went to church, I saw you, I thought everybody there was like myself. I am not reproaching you; you did nothing to make me love you; you did nothing but look at me; it is not your fault if you look at people; and yet it made me adore you. I did not even suspect it. When you took up the book it was a flood of light; when others took it, it was only a book. You raised your eyes sometimes; you spoke of archangels. Ah, you were my archangel! What you said penetrated my mind at once. Before you came I do not know whether I even believed in God. Since I have known you, I have learned to pray. I used to say to Douce, dress me quickly, lest I should be late at service; and I hastened to the church. I did not know the cause. I said to myself, 'How devout I am becoming!' It is from you that I have learned that I do not go to church for God's service. It is true; I went for your sake. You

spoke so well, and when you raised your hands to heaven, you seemed to hold my heart within your two white hands. I was foolish, but I did not know it. Shall I tell you where you did wrong? It was in coming to me in the garden; it was in speaking to me. If you had said nothing, I should have known nothing. If you had gone away I should, perhaps, only have been sad, but now I should die. Now I know that I love you, you cannot leave me. Of what are you thinking? You do not seem to listen to me."

"You heard what was said last night?" Caudray responded.

"Ah me!"

"What can I do against that?"

They were silent for a moment. Caudray continued:

"There is but one thing left for me to do, — depart.

"And me, to die. Oh, how I wish there was no sea, but only sky. It seems to me as if that would settle all, and that our departure would be the same. It was wrong to speak to me; oh, why did you speak to me? Do not go! What will become of me? I tell you I shall die. You will be far away when I am in my grave. Oh, my heart will break! I am very wretched; yet my uncle is not unkind."

It was the first time in her life that Déruchette had ever said "my uncle." Until then she had always said "my father."

Caudray stepped back, and made a sign to the boatman. Déruchette heard the sound of the boat-hook on the shingle, and the step of the man on the gunwale of the boat.

"No! no!" cried Déruchette.

"It must be, Déruchette," replied Caudray.

"No! never! For the sake of an engine, impossible! Did you see that horrible man last night? You cannot

leave me thus. You are wise; surely, you can find a way out of this trouble! It is impossible that you bade me come here this morning with the idea of leaving me. I have never done anything to deserve this; you can have no cause to reproach me. Is it by that vessel you intend to sail? I will not let you go. You shall not leave me! Heaven does not open thus to close so soon I know you will remain. Besides, it is not yet time. Oh, how I love you!"

And pressing close to him, she interlaced the fingers of both her hands behind his neck, as if partly to make a bond of her two arms for detaining him, and partly, with clasped hands, to pray.

But he put her gently from him in spite of her determined resistance.

Déruchette sank down upon a projecting rock covered with ivy. As she did so, she unconsciously pushed the sleeve of her dress up to the elbow, showing her beautiful bare arm. There was a strangely haggard look in her eyes. The boat was approaching.

Caudray took her head between his hands. The maiden had the air of a widow, and the youth that of a grandfather. He touched her hair with a sort of reverent care, fixed his eyes upon her for some moments, then kissed her tenderly but solemnly on the forehead, and in accents trembling with anguish, and which plainly revealed the struggle in his soul, he uttered the word which has so often resounded in the depths of the human heart, "Farewell!"

Déruchette burst into loud sobs.

At this moment they heard a voice near them, which said solemnly and deliberately: —

"Why do you not marry?"

Caudray raised his head. Déruchette looked up.

Gilliatt stood before them.

He had approached by a side path.

He did not look like the same man they had seen the night before. He had arranged his hair, shaved off his beard, put on his shoes and stockings, and a white shirt, with a broad collar turned over, sailor fashion. He wore a sailor's costume, but every article was new. He had a gold ring on his little finger. He seemed perfectly calm.

His sunburnt skin had become pale.

They gazed at him astonished. Though so changed, Déruchette recognized him. But the words he had spoken were so foreign to what was passing in their minds at that moment, that they left no distinct impression.

Gilliatt spoke again.

"Why should you say farewell? Become man and wife, and go together."

Déruchette started. A nervous trembling shook her from head to foot.

"Miss Lethierry is of age," Gilliatt continued. "It depends entirely upon herself. Her uncle is only her uncle. You love each other —"

"How came you here?" Déruchette interrupted in a gentle voice.

"Make yourselves one," repeated Gilliatt.

Déruchette began to have some idea of the meaning of his words.

"My poor uncle!" she stammered out.

"If the marriage was still to take place he would refuse," said Gilliatt. "When it is over he will consent. Besides, you are going to leave Guernsey. When you return he will forgive you."

"Besides, he is thinking of nothing just now but the rebuilding of his boat," Gilliatt added, with a slight touch of bitterness. "This will occupy his mind during your absence. The Durande will console him."

"I cannot," said Déruchette, in a state of stupor which

was not without its gleam of joy. "I cannot leave him unhappy."

"It will be only for a short time," answered Gilliatt.

Caudray and Déruchette had been, as it were, bewildered. They began partially to recover themselves now. The meaning of Gilliatt's words grew plainer as their surprise diminished. There was still a slight doubt in their minds, but they were not inclined to resist. We yield easily to those who come to save us. Objections to a return into paradise are weak. There was something in the attitude of Déruchette, as she leaned imperceptibly upon her lover, which seemed to make common cause with Gilliatt's words. The strangeness of this man's presence, and of his utterances, which, in the mind of Déruchette in particular, created intense astonishment, was a thing quite apart. He said to them, "Become man and wife!" This was clear; if there was any responsibility, he assumed it. Déruchette had a vague feeling that he, for many reasons, had a right to decide her fate. Caudray murmured thoughtfully, —

"True, an uncle is not a father."

His resolution was weakened by this sudden and fortunate turn in affairs. The scruples of the clergyman melted in the flame, in his love for Déruchette.

Gilliatt's tone became abrupt and harsh, and one could detect a feverish pulsation in it.

"There must be no delay," he said curtly. "The 'Cashmere' sails in two hours. You have just time, but that is all. Come."

Caudray surveyed him attentively, then suddenly exclaimed, —

"I recognize you. It was you who saved my life."

"I think not," Gilliatt replied.

"Yonder," said Caudray, "at the extremity of the Banques."

"I do not know the place," said Gilliatt.

"It was on the very day I arrived here."

"Let us lose no time," interrupted Gilliatt.

"And if I am not mistaken you are the man we saw last night."

"Possibly."

"What is your name?"

Gilliatt raised his voice:—

"Boatman! wait here for us. We shall return soon. You asked me, Miss Lethierry, how I came to be here. The answer is very simple. I followed you. You are twenty-one. In this country, when persons are of age, and depend only on themselves, they can be married when they please. Let us take the path along the beach. It is passable; the tide will not rise till noon. But we must lose no time. Come with me."

Déruchette and Caudray seemed to consult each other by a glance. They were standing close together, motionless. They were intoxicated with joy, but there is a strange hesitation sometimes on the very threshold of happiness. They understood, as it were, without understanding.

"His name is Gilliatt," whispered Déruchette.

Gilliatt interrupted them with a tone of authority.

"What do you linger for?" he asked. "I tell you to follow me."

"Whither?" asked Caudray.

"There!"

And Gilliatt pointed towards the spire of the church.

Gilliatt walked on ahead, and they followed him. His step was firm, but they walked unsteadily.

As they approached the church, a dawning smile became visible on the pure and beautiful countenances of the two lovers. In the hollow eyes of Gilliatt there was the darkness of despair.

The beholder might have imagined that he saw a spectre leading two souls to paradise.

Caudray and Déruchette scarcely realized what had happened.

The interposition of this man was like the branch clutched at by the drowning. They followed their guide with the docility of despair, leaning on the first comer. Those who feel themselves near death easily accept the accident which seems to save. Déruchette, being most ignorant of life, was more confident. Caudray was thoughtful. Déruchette was of age, it is true. The English formalities of marriage are simple, especially in primitive regions, where the clergyman has almost a discretionary power; but would the dean consent to celebrate the marriage without even inquiring whether the uncle consented? This was the question. Nevertheless, they would soon learn. At all events, the attempt would afford them a respite.

But who was this man? And if it was really he whom Lethierry had declared should be his son-in-law the night before, what could be the meaning of his actions? The very obstacle itself seemed to have become a kind providence. Caudray yielded; but his yielding was only the hasty and tacit assent of a man who feels himself saved from despair.

The pathway was uneven, and sometimes wet and difficult to pass. Caudray, absorbed in thought, did not observe the occasional pools of water or the heaps of gravel. But from time to time Gilliatt turned and said to him, "Take heed of those stones. Give her your hand."

CHAPTER III.

THE FORETHOUGHT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE clock struck ten as they entered the church. By reason of the early hour, and also on account of the deserted condition of the town that day, the church was empty.

At the farther end, however, near the table which in the reformed church fills the place of an altar, there were three persons, — the dean, his curate, and the registrar. The dean, who was the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode, was seated; the curate and the registrar stood beside him.

An open Bible lay on the table.

Beside the dean, upon a credence-table, was another book. It was the parish register. That, too, was open, and an observant eye might have detected a freshly written page on which the ink was not yet dry. A pen and writing materials lay beside the register.

The Reverend Jaquemin Hérode rose on perceiving Caudray.

"I have been expecting you," he said. "All is ready."

The dean, in fact, was attired in his clerical robes.

Caudray glanced at Gilliatt.

The Reverend Doctor added, "I am at your service, brother;" and bowed.

It was a bow which turned neither to right nor left. It was evident from the direction of the dean's glance

that he did not recognize the existence of any one but Caudray, for Caudray was a clergyman and a gentleman. Neither Déruchette, who stood a little to one side, nor Gilliatt, who was in the rear, were included in the salutation. In his look was a sort of tacit understanding in which Caudray alone was included. The observance of these little niceties constitutes an important feature in the maintenance of order and the preservation of society.

The dean, with a graceful and dignified urbanity, continued: —

"I congratulate you, my colleague, from a double point of view. You have lost your uncle, and are about to take a wife; you are blessed with riches on the one hand, and happiness on the other. Moreover, thanks to the boat which they are about to rebuild, Mess Lethierry, too, will be rich, — which is as it should be. Miss Lethierry was born in this parish; I have verified the date of her birth in the register. She is of age, and her own mistress. Her uncle, too, who is her only relative, consents. You are anxious to be united immediately on account of your approaching departure. This I can understand; but it being the marriage of the rector of the parish, I should have been gratified to have seen it attended with a little more solemnity. I will consult your wishes by not detaining you longer than necessary. The essentials will be soon complied with. The form is already drawn up in the register, and only the names remain to be filled in. By the provisions of the law and custom, the marriage can be celebrated immediately after the issue of the licence. The declaration necessary for the licence has been duly made. I will hold myself responsible for a slight irregularity, inasmuch as the application for a licence ought to have been registered seven days in advance; but I yield to

necessity and the urgency of your departure. Be it so, then. I will proceed with the ceremony. My curate will be the witness for the bridegroom; as regards the witness for the bride — "

The dean turned towards Gilliatt. Gilliatt made a movement of his head.

" That is sufficient," said the dean.

Caudray remained motionless; Déruchette was happy, but equally powerless to move.

" Nevertheless," continued the dean, " there is still one obstacle. "

Déruchette started.

The dean continued: —

" The representative here present of Mess Lethierry applied for the licence for you, and signed the declaration on the register. " And with the thumb of his left hand the dean pointed to Gilliatt, which prevented the necessity of pronouncing his name. " The messenger from Mess Lethierry," he added, " informed me this morning that being too much occupied to come in person, Mess Lethierry desired that the marriage should take place immediately. This desire expressed verbally, is not sufficient. In consequence of the slight irregularity attending the issue of the license, which I take upon myself, I cannot proceed so hastily without making a personal inquiry of Mess Lethierry, unless some one can produce his signature. However great my desire to serve you, I cannot be satisfied with a mere verbal message. I must have some written authority. "

" That need not delay us," said Gilliatt, handing a paper to the dean. The dean took it, scanned it hastily, seemed to pass over some lines as unimportant, and read aloud: " Go to the dean for the license. I wish the marriage to take place as soon as possible. Immediately would be better. "

He placed the paper on the table, and proceeded: —

"It bears Lethierry's signature. It would have been more respectful to have addressed it to me. But as it is a question of serving a colleague, I ask no more."

Caudray glanced again at Gilliatt. There are moments when mind and mind comprehend each other. Caudray felt that there was some deception but he had not the strength, perhaps he had not even the desire, to reveal it. Whether from obedience to a latent heroism which he but imperfectly divined, or whether from a deadening of the conscience, arising from the suddenness with which happiness had been placed within his reach, he uttered not a word.

The dean took the pen, and aided by the clerk, filled up the blanks on the page of the register; then rose, and by a gesture invited Caudray and Déruchette to approach the table.

The ceremony began.

It was a strange moment. Caudray and Déruchette stood side by side before the minister. One who has ever dreamed of a marriage in which he himself was chief actor, may conceive of the feeling which they experienced.

Gilliatt stood at a little distance in the shadow of the pillars.

Déruchette, on rising that morning, unspeakably wretched and despairing, and thinking only of death and the winding-sheet, had dressed herself in white. The attire, which had been associated in her mind with the grave, was well suited to her nuptials. A white dress is all that is necessary for a bride.

Her face was radiant with happiness. Never had she appeared more beautiful. Her features were remarkable for prettiness rather than beauty. Their only fault, if fault it be, lay in a certain excess of grace. Déruchette

in repose, — that is, neither disturbed by passion nor grief, — was graceful above all.

A face like this transfigured is our ideal of the Virgin. Déruchette, touched by sorrow and love, seemed to have caught that nobler and more holy expression. It makes the difference between the field daisy and the lily.

The tears had scarcely dried upon her cheeks; one perhaps still lingered in the midst of her smiles. Traces of tears indistinctly visible form a pleasing but touching accompaniment of joy.

The dean, standing near the table, placed his hand upon the open book, and asked in a distinct voice whether they knew of any impediment to their union.

There was no reply.

Caudray and Déruchette advanced a step or two towards the table.

" Joseph Ebenezer, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? " asked the dean.

Caudray replied, " I will. "

" Durande Déruchette, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? " the dean continued.

Déruchette, in an agony of soul, springing from her very excess of happiness, murmured rather than uttered:

" I will. "

Then followed the beautiful form of the Anglican marriage service. The dean looked around, and in the dim light of the church, uttered the solemn words:

" Who giveth this woman to be married to this man? "

Gilliatt answered, " I do! "

There was an interval of silence. Caudray and Déruchette felt a vague sense of oppression in spite of their joy.

The dean placed Déruchette's right hand in Caudray's; and Caudray repeated after him: —

" I take thee, Durande Déruchette, to be my wedded

wife for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

The dean then placed Caudray's right hand in that of Déruchette, and Déruchette said after him: —

"I take thee to be my wedded husband for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health, to love, cherish, and obey, till death do us part; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

"Where is the ring?" asked the dean.

The question took them by surprise. Caudray had no ring; but Gilliatt removed the gold ring which he wore upon his little finger. It was doubtless the wedding-ring which had been sold that morning by the jeweller in the Commercial Arcade.

The dean laid the ring on the Bible; then handed it to Caudray, who took Déruchette's little trembling hand, slipped the ring on her fourth finger, and said:

"With this ring I thee wed!"

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," continued the dean.

"Amen," said his curate.

Then the dean said, "Let us pray."

Caudray and Déruchette turned towards the table, and knelt down.

Gilliatt, standing near, inclined his head.

They knelt before God; he was bending beneath the burden of his fate.

CHAPTER IV.

"FOR YOUR WIFE: WHEN YOU MARRY."

AS they left the church they could see the "Cashmere" making preparations for departure.

"You are in time," said Gilliatt.

They again took the path leading to the Havelet.

Caudray and Déruchette went first; Gilliatt, this time, walking behind them. They were like two somnambulists. Their bewilderment had not passed away, but only changed in form. They took no heed of where they were going, or of what they did. They hurried on mechanically, scarcely conscious of the existence of anything, — feeling that they were united forever, but scarcely able to connect two ideas in their minds. In ecstasy like theirs it is as impossible to think as it is to swim in a torrent. In the midst of their trouble and despair they had been raised to the seventh heaven of delight. They were in Elysium. They did not speak, but their souls were absorbed in sweet communion.

The footsteps of Gilliatt behind them reminded them of his presence now and then. They were deeply moved, but could find no words. Such excess of emotion results in stupor; theirs was delightful but overwhelming. They were man and wife: every other idea was secondary to that. Gilliatt had done them an inestimable kindness; that was all that they could grasp. In their secret hearts they thanked him fervently, profoundly,

Déruchette felt that there was some mystery to be explained later, but not now. Meanwhile they accepted their unexplained happiness. They submitted to the decision of this determined man who made them happy as if he had a right to do it. To question him, to talk with him, seemed impossible. Too many impressions were rushing upon them at once for that. Their mental absorption was pardonable.

Events sometimes succeed each other with the rapidity of hailstones. Their effect is overpowering; they deaden the senses and render incidents incomprehensible even to those whom they chiefly concern. We become scarcely conscious of our own adventures; we are overwhelmed without guessing the cause, or crowned with happiness without realizing it. For some hours Déruchette had been subjected to every kind of emotion: first, surprise and delight at meeting Caudray in the garden; then horror at the monster whom her uncle had presented to her as her husband; then anguish when the angel of her dreams spread his wings and seemed about to depart; and now joy, such joy as she had never known before, founded on an inexplicable enigma,—the restoration of her lover by the very monster who had so horrified her.

Gilliatt, her evil destiny of last night, to-day became her saviour! She could not explain it satisfactorily to her own mind. It was evident that Gilliatt had devoted the entire morning to preparing the way for their marriage. He had done everything; he had answered for Mess Lethierry, seen the dean, obtained the licence, signed the necessary declaration, and thus the marriage had been rendered possible. But Déruchette did not understand it. Even if she had, she would not have comprehended the reasons.

She could do nothing but close her eyes, and grate-

fully yield herself up to the guidance of this good spirit. There was no time for explanations, and expressions of gratitude seemed too insignificant.

The little power of thought which they retained was scarcely more than sufficient to guide them on their way, to enable them to distinguish the sea from the land, and the "Cashmere" from any other vessel.

In a few minutes they reached the little landing.

Caudray entered the boat first. As Déruchette was about to follow, she felt some one pluck her gently by the sleeve. It was Gilliatt who had placed a finger upon a fold of her dress.

"Madam," he said, "you are starting on a journey very unexpectedly. It has struck me that you will have need of dresses and linen. You will find a trunk aboard the 'Cashmere,' containing a lady's clothing. It came to me from my mother. It was intended for my wife if I should ever marry. Permit me to ask your acceptance of it."

Déruchette, partially aroused from her dream, turned towards him. In a voice that was scarcely audible, Gilliatt continued:—

"I do not wish to detain you, madam, but I feel that I ought to give you some explanation. On the day of the misfortune, you were sitting in the lower room; you uttered certain words. It is not at all strange that you have forgotten them. We cannot be expected to remember every word we speak. Mess Lethierry was in great trouble. It was certainly a noble vessel, and one that did good service. The misfortune was recent; there was a great excitement. There are things which one naturally forgets. It was only a vessel wrecked among the rocks; one cannot be always thinking of an accident. But what I wished to tell you was that as it was said that no one would go, I went. They said it was impos-

sible; but it was not. I thank you for listening to me a moment. You can understand, madam, that if I went there, it was not with the thought of displeasing you. This is a thing, besides, of old date. I know that you are in haste. If there was time, if we could talk about this, you might perhaps remember. But this is all useless now. The history of it goes back to a day when there was snow upon the ground. And then on one occasion, as I passed you, I thought you looked kindly on me. That is how it all happened. With regard to last night, I had not had time to go to my home. I came from my labour; I was all torn and ragged; I startled you, and you fainted. I was to blame; people do not go like that to strangers' houses; I ask your forgiveness. That is about all I wanted to say. You are about to sail. You will have fine weather; the wind is in the east. Farewell. You will not blame me for troubling you with these things. This is the last minute, you know."

"I am thinking of the trunk you spoke of," replied Déruchette. "Why do you not keep it for your wife, when you marry?"

"It is not likely that I shall ever marry, madam," replied Gilliatt.

"That would be a pity," said Déruchette; "you are so good. Thank you."

And Déruchette smiled. Gilliatt returned her smile. Then he assisted her into the boat.

In less than a quarter of an hour Caudray and Déruchette were aboard the "Cashmere."

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT TOMB.

GILLIATT walked swiftly along the beach, passed hastily through St. Peter's Port, and then hurried towards St. Sampson by way of the shore. In his anxiety to avoid people he knew, he shunned the highways now crowded with pedestrians excited over his great achievement.

For a long time, as the reader knows, he had had a way of traversing the country in every direction without being seen by any one. He knew all the by-paths, and preferred lonely and circuitous routes; he had the shy habits of a wild beast who knows that he is disliked, and keeps at a distance. When quite a child, he had been quick to feel how little welcome men showed in their faces at his approach, and he had gradually contracted that habit of holding himself aloof which had since become an instinct.

He passed the Esplanade, then the Salerie. Now and then he turned and looked behind him at the "Cashmere" in the roads, which had just set sail. There was very little wind, and Gilliatt moved faster than the vessel as he walked with downcast eyes among the rocks on the water's edge. The tide was beginning to rise.

Suddenly he paused, and, turning his back upon the sea, contemplated for some minutes a clump of oaks beyond the rocks that hid the road to Vale. They were the oaks at the spot called the Basses Maisons. It was

there that Déruchette once wrote the name of Gilliatt in the snow. Many a day had passed since that snow had melted away.

He continued on his way.

The day was beautiful, — more beautiful than any that had been seen that year. It was one of those spring days when May suddenly pours forth all its beauty, and when Nature seems to have no thought but to rejoice and be happy. Amid the many murmurs from forest and village, from the sea and the air, a sound of cooing could be distinguished. The first butterflies of the year were resting on the early roses. Everything in Nature seemed new, — the grass, the mosses, the leaves, the perfumes, even the rays of light. The sun shone as if it had never shone before. The pebbles seemed bathed in coolness. Birds but lately fledged sang from the trees, or fluttered among the boughs in their attempts to use their new-found wings. There was a combined chattering of goldfinches, pewits, tomtits, woodpeckers, bullfinches, and thrushes. Lilacs, lilies of the valley, daphnes, and melilots mingled their hues in the thickets. A beautiful aquatic plant peculiar to Guernsey covered with an emerald green the pools where the kingfishers and the water-wagtails, which make such graceful little nests, came down to bathe. Through every opening in the branches appeared the deep blue sky. A few wanton clouds chased each other along the azure sky, with the undulating grace of nymphs. The ear seemed to catch the sound of kisses wafted from invisible lips. Every old wall had its bunch of gillyflowers like a bridegroom. The plum-trees and laburnums were in bloom; their white and yellow blossoms gleamed through the interlacing boughs. The spring had showered all her gold and silver on the woods. The new shoots and leaves were green and fresh. Calls of welcome were in the

air; the approaching summer opened her hospitable doors for birds coming from afar. It was the time of the arrival of the swallows. Clumps of furze-bushes bordered the steep sides of the roads until it should be time for the hawthorn. The pretty and the beautiful reigned side by side; the magnificent and the graceful, the great and the small. No note in the grand concert of Nature was lost. Microscopic beauties took their place in the vast universal plan in which everything was as distinguishable as if seen in limpid water. Everywhere a divine fulness, a mysterious sense of expansion, suggested the unseen workings of the moving sap. Glittering things glittered more than ever; loving natures seemed to become more tender. There was a hymn in the flowers, and a radiance in the sounds of the air. The widely diffused harmony of Nature burst forth on every side. All things that felt the dawn of life invited others to put forth shoots. A movement coming from below, and also from above, stirred vaguely every heart susceptible to the powerful though covert influence of germination. The flower gave promise of the fruit; young maidens dreamed of love. It was Nature's universal bridal. It was sunny and bright and warm; through the hedges in the meadows children could be seen laughing and playing games. The apple, peach, cherry, and pear trees filled the orchards with their masses of white and pink blossoms. In the fields were primroses, cowslips, milfoil, daffodils, daisies, speedwell, hyacinths, St. John's wort, violets, blue borage and yellow irises, together with those beautiful little pink star-shaped flowers which are always found in large patches, and which are consequently called "companions." Insects covered with golden scales glided between the stones. The flowering houseleek covered the thatched roofs with purple bloom; and the

bees were abroad, mingling their humming with the murmurs from the sea.

When Gilliatt reached St. Sampson, the water had not yet risen at the farther end of the harbour, and he was able to cross it dry-shod and unobserved, behind the hulls of several vessels drawn up for repairs. A number of flat stones placed at regular distances were of great assistance to him in crossing. He was not noticed. The crowd was at the other end of the port near the narrow entrance, by the Bravées. There, his name was in everybody's mouth. They were, in fact, talking so much about him that no one paid attention to him. He passed, protected to some extent by the very commotion he had caused.

He saw the sloop lying where he had moored it, with the funnel standing between its four chains, the movements of carpenters at work, and confused outlines of figures passing to and fro; and he could distinguish the loud and cheery voice of Mess Lethierry giving orders.

He threaded the narrow alleys behind the Bravées. There was no one else there. Public curiosity was concentrated on the front of the house. He chose the footpath that skirted the low wall of the garden, but stopped at the angle where the wild mallow grew. He saw once more the big stone where he used to spend his time, — the wooden bench where Déruchette was wont to sit, and glanced again at the path where he had seen the shadow of two forms which had vanished from his gaze forever.

He soon went on his way, climbed the hill of Vale Castle, descended it, and directed his steps towards the Bû de la Rue.

The Houmet-Paradis was a solitude.

His house was exactly as he had left it that morning, after dressing himself to go to St. Peter's Port.

A window was open, through which his bagpipe might have been seen hanging to a nail upon the wall. Upon the table was the little Bible given to him as a token of gratitude by the stranger whom he now knew as Caudray.

The key was in the door. He approached, placed his hand upon it, turned it twice in the lock, then put it in his pocket, and departed.

He did not walk in the direction of the town, but towards the sea.

He crossed the garden diagonally, taking the shortest cut without regard to the beds, but taking care not to tread upon the plants which he had placed there because he heard that they were favourites with Déruchette.

He climbed the parapet, and let himself down upon the rocks below. Going straight on, he began to follow the long ridge which connected the Bû de la Rue with the huge granite obelisk rising perpendicularly out of the sea, and known as the Beast's Horn.

The famous Gild-Holm-'Ur seat was on this rock.

He strode from rock to rock like a giant striding over mountain peaks. To make long strides over a ridge of jagged rocks is like walking on the ridge of a roof.

A fisherwoman with dredge-nets, who had been wading barefooted among the pools of sea-water, and had just regained the shore, called out to him, "Take care! The tide is coming in."

But he hastened on.

Having reached the big rock on the point, — the Horn, which rises like a pinnacle out of the sea, — he stopped. It was the extreme end of the promontory.

He looked around.

Out at sea were a few fishing-boats at anchor. From time to time, little rivulets of silver streamed from them in the sun, — it was the water running from the

nets. The "Cashmere" was not yet off St. Sampson. She had set her maintopsail, and was between Herm and Jethou.

Gilliatt walked around to the other side of the rock, and came up under the Gild-Holm-'Ur seat, at the foot of the steep stairs where he had helped Caudray down less than three months before. He ascended.

Most of the steps were already under water. Only two or three were still dry. He mounted them.

The steps led up to the Gild-Holm-'Ur. He reached the niche, gazed at it for a moment, pressed his hand on his eyes, and let it glide gently from one eyelid to the other, — a gesture by which he seemed to obliterate the memory of the past, — then sat down in the hollow, with the perpendicular wall behind him and the ocean at his feet.

The "Cashmere" at that moment was passing the great round sea-washed tower, defended by one serjeant and a cannon, which marks half the distance between Herm and St. Peters' Port.

A few flowers waved among the crevices in the rock above Gilliatt's head. The sea was blue as far as eye could reach. The wind came from the east; there was a little surf in the direction of the island of Sark, of which only the western end is visible from Guernsey. In the distance one could dimly discern the coast of France like a line of mist, and the long strip of yellow sand at Carteret. Now and then a white butterfly fluttered by. Butterflies frequently fly out to sea.

The breeze was scarcely perceptible. The blue expanse above as well as below was perfectly tranquil. Not a ripple agitated those serpent-like lines of more or less intense azure which indicate the contour of the reefs below.

The "Cashmere," making but slight progress, had set

her topsail and studdingsails to catch the breeze. All her canvas was spread, but the wind being a side one, her studdingsails only compelled her to hug the Guernsey coast more closely.

She had passed the St. Sampson beacon, and was off the hill of Vale Castle. The moment was fast approaching when she would round Bû de la Rue Point.

Gilliatt watched her approach.

The air and sea were still. The tide rose not in waves, but by an imperceptible swell. The level of the water crept upwards, without any palpitation. The subdued murmur from the open sea was soft as the breathing of a child.

In the direction of the harbour of St. Sampson, the sound of carpenters' hammers could be faintly heard. The carpenters were probably at work constructing the tackle, gear, and apparatus for removing the engine from the sloop.

The sounds, however, scarcely reached Gilliatt by reason of the mass of granite at his back.

The " Cashmere " approached with the slowness of a phantom ship.

Gilliatt watched it intently.

Suddenly a touch and a sensation of cold caused him to look down. The sea had reached his feet.

He lowered his eyes, then raised them again.

The " Cashmere " was quite near now.

The side of the rock in which the rains had hollowed out the Gild-Holm-'Ur seat was so completely vertical, and there was so much water at its base, that in calm weather vessels were able to pass within a few cables' lengths of it without danger.

The " Cashmere " was abreast of the rock. It rose straight upwards as if it had grown out of the water; or like the lengthening out of a shadow.

The rigging stood out darkly against the sky and in the magnificent expanse of the sea. The tall sails, passing for a moment between the beholder and the sun, became illumined with a singular glory and transparency. The water murmured softly, but no sound attended the majestic passing of the vessel. The deck was as plainly visible to Gilliatt as if he had been standing upon it.

The " Cashmere " almost grazed the rock.

The steersman was at the helm, a cabin-boy was climbing the shrouds, a few passengers were leaning over the bulwarks contemplating the beauty of the scene, the captain was smoking; but Gilliatt saw nothing of all this.

There was a nook on deck on which the broad sunlight fell. It was on this corner that Gilliatt's eyes were fixed. In the sunlight there, sat Déruchette and Caudray. They were sitting together side by side, like two birds, warming themselves in the noonday sun, upon one of those covered seats with a little awning which well-ordered packet-boats provided for passengers, and which were marked " For ladies only," when they happened to be on an English vessel. Déruchette's head was resting on Caudray's shoulder; his arm was around her waist; they held each other's hands with their fingers interwoven. A celestial light beamed on these two beautiful and innocent faces, one so virginal, the other so heavenly in expression. Their chaste embrace was indicative at the same time of their earthly union and their purity of soul. The seat was a sort of alcove, almost a nest; at the same time it formed a sort of halo around them, — the tender aureole of love melting into a cloud.

The silence was like the silence of heaven.

Caudray's gaze was fixed in rapt contemplation.

GILLIATT WATCHING THE CASHMERE DISAPPEAR FROM VIEW.

Déruchette's lips moved; and in that perfect silence, as the wind carried the vessel near shore, and it glided within a few feet of the Gild-Holm-'Ur, Gilliatt heard the soft and musical voice of Déruchette exclaiming:

"Look yonder! It seems as if there were a man upon the rock."

The vessel passed on.

Leaving the promontory of the Bû de la Rue behind her, the "Cashmere" glided out upon the broad expanse. In less than a quarter of an hour, her masts and sails formed upon the water merely a sort of white obelisk rapidly diminishing in size. Gilliatt felt that the water had reached his knees.

He watched the vessel speeding on her way.

The breeze freshened. He could see the "Cashmere" run out her lower studdingsails and her staysails in order to take advantage of the rising wind. She was already out of the waters of Guernsey. Gilliatt followed the vessel with his eyes. The waves had reached his waist.

The tide was rising. Time was passing.

The sea-mews and cormorants circled excitedly around him, as if trying to warn him of his danger. Perhaps some of his old companions of the Douvres were among them and had recognized him.

An hour passed.

The wind from the sea was scarcely felt in the roads; but the outlines of the "Cashmere" were rapidly fading in the distance. The sloop, according to all appearance, was sailing fast. It was already nearly off the Caskets.

But there was no foam around the Gild-Holm-'Ur; no wave beat against its granite sides. The water rose peacefully. It was nearly up to Gilliatt's shoulders.

Another hour passed.

The " Cashmere " was beyond the waters of Alderney. The Ortachs concealed it from view for a moment; it passed behind the rocks and emerged again as from an eclipse. The sloop was hastening northward. It was only a white speck now glittering in the sunlight.

The birds were still hovering over Gilliatt, uttering short, shrill cries.

Only his head was visible now. The tide was nearly at the flood.

Gilliatt was still watching the " Cashmere. "

Evening was approaching. Behind him, in the roads, a few fishing-boats were returning home.

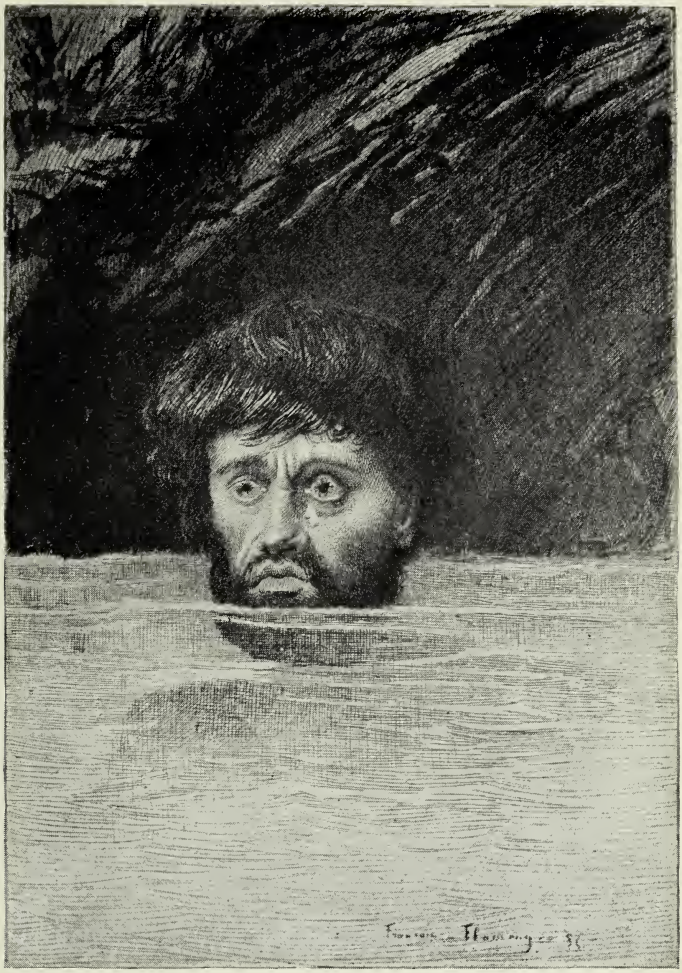
Gilliatt's eyes remained fixed upon the vessel in the distant horizon.

Their expression resembled nothing earthly. A strange lustre shone in their calm yet tragic depths. There was in them the knowledge of hopes never to be realized; the calm but sorrowful acceptance of an end widely different from his dreams; the solemn acceptance of an accomplished fact. The flight of a star might be followed by such a gaze. By degrees the shadow of approaching death began to darken them, though they were still riveted upon that point in space. The wide water around the Gild-Holm-'Ur and the vast gathering twilight closed in upon them at the same instant.

The " Cashmere, " now scarcely perceptible, had become a mere spot in the thin haze. Gradually, this spot grew paler. Then it dwindled still more. Then it disappeared altogether.

As the vessel vanished from sight in the horizon, the head of Gilliatt disappeared beneath the water. Nothing was visible now but the sea.

THE END.



"GILLIATT'S EYES REMAINED FIXED UPON THE VESSEL IN THE DISTANT HORIZON."

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